



Thomas Delthick

Henry Seymour.
1834.



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THE
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

CONTAINING ALL HIS
ORIGINAL POEMS, TALES,
AND
TRANSLATIONS,

Now first Collected and Published together

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

ALSO AN
ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

L O N D O N :

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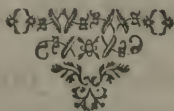
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THE
S P E E C H E S
O F

A J A X A N D U L Y S S E S :

From the Thirteenth Book of

O V I D ' s M E T A M O R P H O S E S .

THE chiefs were set, the soldiers crown'd
the field :

To these the master of the sevenfold
shield

Upstart'd fierce : and kindled with disdain,
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian gallies hall'd a-ground.
Then stretching out his hands, O Jove, he cry'd,
Must then our cause before the fleet be try'd ?
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In fight of what he durst not once defend ?

But basely fled that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming
prey.

So much 'tis safer at the noisy bar
With words to flourish, than engage in war.
By diff'rent methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great ;
His arms are a smooth tongue, and soft deceit.
Nor need I speak my deeds, for those you see ;
The sun and day are witnesses for me.
Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And vouch the silent stars, and conscious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it less.
That gift, those honors, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain :
Losing he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.
Were mine own valour question'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good :
My fire was Telamon, whose arms, employ'd
With Hercules, these Trojan walls destroy'd ;
And who before, with Jason, sent from Greece,
In the first ship brought home the golden fleece :

Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (th' inquisitor of guilty lives
In shades below; where Sisyphus, whose son
This thief is thought, rolls up the restless heavy
stone,)

Just Æacus the king of Gods above
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor should I seek advantage from my line,
Unless (Achilles) it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our stock, and the Sisyphian seed
By fraud and theft asserts his father's breed.
Then must I lose these arms, because I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name?
Nor shunn'd the cause, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long lurking was to war betray'd:
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the snare,
(Ill for himself) and dragg'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward vest,
And he, who shunn'd all honors, gain the best;

And let me stand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first appear'd
in fight.

Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
I had it been true the madness which he feign'd,
Or so believ'd; the less had been our shame,
The less his counsell'd crime, which brands the
Grecian name;

Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
In a bare isle, to wants and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with solitary groans,
His suff'rings and our baseness he bemoans;
And wishes (so may heav'n his wish fulfil)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.

Now he, with us to Troy's destruction sworn,
Our brother of the war, by whom are borne
Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds,
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with
wounds,

To find him food and clothing, must employ
Against the birds the shafts due to the fate of
Troy.

Yet still he lives, and lives from treason free,
Because he left Ulysses' company:

Poor Palamede might wish, so void of aid
Rather to have been left, than so to death betray'd.
The coward bore the man immortal spite,
Who sham'd him out of madness into fight :
Nor daring otherwise to vent his hate,
Accus'd him first of treason to the state ;
And then for proof produc'd the golden store
Himself had hidden in his tent before :
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our host,
By exile one, and one by treason lost.
Thus fights Ulysses, thus his fame extends,
A formidable man, but to his friends :
Great, for what greatness is in words and sound :
Ev'n faithful Nestor less in both is found :
But that he might without a rival reign,
He left his faithful Nestor on the plain ;
Forsook his friend ev'n at his utmost need,
Who tir'd and tardy, with his wounded steed,
Cry'd out for aid, and call'd him by his name ;
But cowardise has neither ears nor shame :
Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulyssean lye,

I vouch ev'n Diomede, who, tho' his friend,
Cannot that act excuse, much less defend :
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear ;
And sure enough he heard, but durst not hear.

The Gods with equal eyes on mortals look ;
He justly was forsaken, who forfook :
Wanted that succour he refus'd to lend,
Found every fellow such another friend :
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,
His elocution was increas'd by fear :
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death.
Though he had judg'd himself by his own laws,
And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common
cause :

With my broad buckler hid him from the foe ;
(Ev'n the shield trembled as he lay below ;)
And from impending fate the coward freed :
Good heav'n forgive me for so bad a deed !
If still he will persist, and urge the strife,
First let him give me back his forfeit life :
Let him return to that opprobrious field ;
Again creep under my protecting shield :
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quiv'ring heart confess his fear ;

There put him in the very jaws of fate ;
And let him plead his cause in that estate :
And yet when snatch'd from death, when from
below

My lifted shield I loos'd and let him go,
Good heav'ns, how light he rose, with what a
bound

He sprung from earth, forgetful of his wound :
How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply ;
Who had not strength to stand, had speed to fly !

Hector came on, and brought the Gods along ;
Fear seiz'd alike the feeble and the strong :
Each Greek was an Ulysses ; such a dread
Th' approach, and ev'n the sound of Hector bred :
Him, flesh'd with slaughter, and with conquest
crown'd,

I met, and over-turn'd him to the ground.
When after, matchless as he deem'd in might,
He challeng'd all our host to single fight,
All eyes were fix'd on me : the lots were thrown ;
But for your champion I was wish'd alone :
Your vows were heard, we fought and neither yield ;
Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the field.
With Jove to friend th' insulting Trojan came,
And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame :

Was it the strength of this tongue-valiant lord,
 In that black hour, that sav'd you from the sword;
 Or was my breast expos'd alone, to brave
 A thousand swords, a thousand ships to save?
 The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
 For a sav'd fleet, less than a single shield?
 Think it no boast, O Grecians, if I deem
 These arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them;
 Or, I with them an equal honor share;
 They honor'd to be worn, and I to wear.
 Will he compare my courage with his flight?
 As well he may compare the day with night.
 Night is indeed the province of his reign:
 Yet all his dark exploits no more contain
 Than a spy taken, and a sleeper slain;
 A priest made pris'ner, Pallas made a prey:
 But none of all these actions done by day:
 Nor ought of these was done, and Diomed away.
 If on such petty merits you confer
 So vast a prize, let each his portion share;
 Make a just dividend; and if not all,
 The greater part to Diomed will fall.
 But why for Ithacus such arms as those,
 Who naked and by night invades his foes?
 The glitt'ring helm by moonlight will proclaim
 The latent robber, and prevent his game:

Nor could he hold his tott'ring head upright
 Beneath that motion, or sustain the weight;
 Nor that right arm could tofs the beamy lance;
 Much lefs the left that ampler fhield advance;
 Pond'rous with precious weight, and rough with
 coft

Of the round world in rifing gold emboss'd.
 That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
 And look as for the gold he ftolc the fhield;
 Which fhould your error on the wretch beftow,
 It would not frighten, but allure the foe:
 Why afks he, what avails him not in fight,
 And would but cumber and retard his flight,
 In which his only excellence is plac'd?
 You give him death, that intercept his hafte.
 Add, that his own is yet a maiden-fhield,
 Nor the leaft dint has fuffer'd in the field,
 Guiltlefs of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
 Worn out of fervice, muft forfake his lord.
 What farther need of words our right to fcan?
 My arguments are deeds, let action fpeak the man.
 Since from a champion's arms the ftrife arofe,
 So caft the glorious prize amid the foes;
 Then fend us to redeem both arms and fhield,
 And let him wear who wins 'em in the field.

He said : a murmur from the multitude,
Or somewhat like a stiff'd shout, ensu'd :
Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention spoke :
Soft was his tone, and sober was his face ;
Action his words, and words his action grace.

If heav'n, my lords, had heard our common
pray'r,
These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir ;
Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
And we with great Achilles had been blest'd.
But since hard fate, and heav'n's severe decree,
Have ravish'd him away from you and me,
(At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew)
Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
Than he who gave Achilles to your host ?
This only I request, that neither he
May gain, by being what he seems to be,
A stupid thing, nor I may lose the prize,
By having sense, which heav'n to him denies :
Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cause employ'd :

Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.
Make not a crime, where nature made it none;
For ev'ry man may freely use his own.
The deeds of long descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect : but since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine;
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descended in the same degree:
My fire Laertes was Arcefus' heir,
Arcefus was the son of Jupiter :
No paricide, no banish'd man, is known
In all my line : let him excuse his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's side,
By both my parents to the Gods ally'd ;
But not because that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim desert,
Or that my fire from paricide is free ;
But judge by merit betwixt him and me :
The prize be to the best ; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great fire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim :

Be kindred and relation laid aside,
And honor's cause by laws of honor try'd :
For if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with ease withstood.
Peleus, the hero's fire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit first these trophies of the field ;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, send the shield :
And Teucer has an uncle's right ; yet he
Waves his pretensions, nor contends with me.

Then, since the cause on pure desert is plac'd,
Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon
laft ?

I not presume on every act to dwell,
But take these few, in order as they fell.

Thetis, who knew the fates, apply'd her
care

To keep Achilles in disguise from war ;
And till the threatening influence were past,
A woman's habit on the hero cast :
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd vest,
And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)
Found no Pelides there : at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame ;
She, not discover'd by her mien or voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice ;

And while on female toys her fellows look,
Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin shook ;
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke :
O Goddess-born ! resist not heav'n's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee ;
Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war ;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
And after cur'd : to me the Thebans owe,
Lesbos and Tenedos, their overthrow ;
Scyros and Cylla : not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrnefus and strong Chrysa fell :
And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due :
Those arms I put into his living hand,
Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.

When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to revenge th' offence,
'Twas a dead calm, or adverse blasts, that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd :
Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear :
That by his daughter's blood we must appease
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas.

Affection, int'rest, fame, his heart assail'd ;
 But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd :
 Bold, on himself he took the pious crime,
 As angry with the Gods, as they with him,
 No subject could sustain their sov'reign's look,
 Till this hard enterprize I undertook :
 I only durst th' imperial pow'r control,
 And undermin'd the parent in his soul ;
 Forc'd him t' exert the king for common good,
 And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood.
 Never was cause more difficult to plead,
 Than where the judge against himself decreed :
 Yet this I won by dint of argument ;
 The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
 And his own office, sham'd him to consent.

'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,
 And to this heavy task was I design'd :
 Reasons against her love I knew were vain :
 I circumvented whom I could not gain :
 Had Ajax been employ'd, our slacken'd sails
 Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.

Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
 A fearless envoy, fit for a bold embassy :
 Secure, I enter'd through the hostile court,
 Glitt'ring with steel, and crouded with resort :

There in the midst of arms, I plead our cause,
 Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
 Accuse the foes, as authors of the strife,
 Reproach the ravisher, demand the wife.

Priam, Antenor, and the wiser few,
 I mov'd; but Paris and his lawless crew
 Scarce held their hands, and lifted swords: but
 stood

In act to quench their impious thirst of blood:
 This Menelaus knows; expos'd to share
 With me the rough preludium of the war.

Endless it were to tell what I have done,
 In arms, or counsel, since the siege begun:
 The first encounters past, the foe repell'd,
 They skulk'd within the town, we kept the field.
 War seem'd asleep for nine long years; at length,
 Both sides resolv'd to push, we try'd our strength.
 Now what did Ajax while our arms took breath,
 Vers'd only in the gross mechanic trade of death?
 If you require my deeds, with ambush'd arms
 I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with false alarms;
 Secur'd the ships, drew lines along the plain,
 The fainting cheer'd, chastis'd the rebel-train,
 Provided forage, our spent arms renew'd;
 Employ'd at home, or sent abroad, the common
 cause pursu'd.

The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Despair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
What subject durst arraign the pow'r supreme,
Producing Jove to justify his dream?
Ajax might wish the soldiers to retain
From shameful flight, but wishes were in vain;
As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of course his thund'ring tongue affords.
But did this boaster threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their stay? }
None, none of these, but ran himself away. }
I saw him run, and was ashamed to see;
Who ply'd his feet so fast to get aboard as he?
Then speeding thro' the place, I made a stand, }
And loudly cry'd, O base degen'rate band, }
To leave a town already in your hand!
After so long expence of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual shame!
These words, or what I have forgotten since,
(For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence)
Reduc'd their minds, they leave the crowded port,
And to their late forsaken camp resort;
Dismay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Thersites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide opening mouth with blows I seal'd.

Then, rising, I excite their souls to fame,
And kindle sleeping virtue into flame.
From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is justly mine, who drew him back from flight.

Which of the Grecian chiefs consorts with
thee?

But Diomede desires my company,
And still communicates his praise with me.
As guided by a God, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowship, amid the foes :
And sure no little merit I may boast,
Whom such a man selects from such an host ;
Unforc'd by lots I went without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night :
On the same errand sent, we met the spy
Of Hector, double-tongu'd, and us'd to lye ;
Him I dispatch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
I drew him first to tell what treach'rous Troy de-
sign'd :

My task perform'd, with praise I had retir'd,
But not content with this, to greater praise aspir'd ;
Invaded Rhœsus, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own strength, I slew ;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal seat :

Refuse me now his arms, whose fiery steeds
Were promis'd to the spy for his nocturnal deeds:
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days out-balance this one night.

Nor fought I darkling still: the sun beheld
With slaughter'd Lycians when I strew'd the
field:

You saw, and counted as I pass'd along,
Alastor, Cromius, Ceranos the strong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,
Choon, Chersidamas; and five beside,
Men of obscure descent, but courage try'd:
All these this hand laid breathless on the ground;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
All honest, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you see.

At this he bar'd his breast, and show'd his
scars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars;
Nor is this part unexercis'd, said he;
That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:
Safe in his shield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I:
But this avails me not; our boaster strove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,

To save the fleet: this I confess is true,
(Nor will I take from any man his due:)
But thus assuming all, he robs from you. }
Some part of honor to your share will fall,
He did the best indeed, but did not all.
Patrocles in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he seem'd, with equal ardor fought;
Preserv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.

But Ajax boasts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat sought:
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he;
He but the ninth, and, not by public voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice:
They fought; nor can our hero boast th' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.

Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave soul was fled: full of my friend,
I rush'd amid the war, his relics to defend:
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away:

Those arms, which on these shoulders then I bore,
 'Tis just you to these shoulders should restore.
 You see I want not nerves, who could sustain
 The pond'rous ruins of so great a man :
 Or if in others equal force you find,
 None is endu'd with a more grateful mind.

Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
 These arms thus labour'd for her son prepare;
 That Ajax after him the heav'nly gift should
 wear?

For that dull soul to stare, with stupid eyes,
 On the learn'd unintelligible prize !
 What are to him the sculptures of the shield,
 Heav'n's planets, earth, and ocean's watry field?
 The Pleiads, Hyads ; less, and greater Bear,
 Undipp'd in seas ; Orion's angry star ;
 Two diff'ring cities, grav'd on either hand ?
 Would he wear arms he cannot understand ?

Beside, what wise objections he prepares
 Against my late accession to the wars ?
 Does not the fool perceive his argument
 Is with more force against Achilles bent ?
 For if dissembling be so great a crime,
 The fault is common, and the same in him :
 And if he taxes both of long delay,
 My guilt is less, who sooner came away.

His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her son; and me, my pious wife.
To them the blossoms of our youth were due:
Our riper manhood we reserv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
When with so great a man my guilt I share:
My wit to war the matchless hero brought,
But by this fool he never had been caught.

Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
Such foul aspersions, when he spares not you:
If Palamede unjustly fell by me,
Your honor suffer'd in th' unjust decree:
I but accus'd, you doom'd: and yet he dy'd,
Convinc'd of treason, and was fairly try'd:
You heard not he was false; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifest; the bribe reveal'd.

That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your justice, for the fact's your own:
'Tis true, th' advice was mine; that staying there }
He might his weary limbs with rest repair, }
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war. }
He took the counsel, and he lives at least;
Th' event declares I counsell'd for the best:

Though faith is all, in ministers of state;
For who can promise to be fortunate?
Now since his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak address, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his persuasive sense,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus shall run backward; Ida stand
A leafless mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counsels
fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

Hard Philoctetes, exercise thy spleen
Against thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curse my devoted head, above the rest,
And wish in arms to meet me breast to breast:
Yet I the dangerous task will undertake,
And either die myself, or bring thee back.

Nor doubt the same success, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to these tents I bore,
Surpriz'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
Heav'n's dark decrees and answers to display,
And how to take the town, and where the secret
lay:

Yet this I compass'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian maid;

That work was mine ; for Pallas, tho our friend,
 Yet while she was in Troy, did Troy defend.
 Now what has Ajax done, or what design'd ?
 A noisy nothing, and an empty wind.
 If he be what he promises in show,
 Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go ?
 Our boasting champion thought the task not light
 To pass the guards, commit himself to night ;
 Not only through a hostile town to pass,
 But scale, with steep ascent, the sacred place ;
 With wand'ring steps to search the citadel,
 And from the priests their patroness to steal :
 Then through surrounding foes to force my way,
 And bear in triumph home the heav'nly prey ;
 Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
 Before that monstrous bulk, his sev'nfold shield.
 That night to conquer Troy I might be said,
 When Troy was liable to conquest made.

Why point'st thou to my partner of the war ?
 Tydides had indeed a worthy share
 In all my toil, and praise ; but when thy might
 Our ships protected, didst thou singly fight ?
 All join'd, and thou of many wert but one ;
 I ask'd no friend, nor had, but him alone :

Who, had he not been well assur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than strength, my valiant
friend

Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend :
As good at least Eurypylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name :
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with sword and spear :
All these had been my rivals in the shield,
And yet all these to my pretensions yield.

Thy boist'rous hands are then of use, when I
With this directing head those hands apply.
Brawn without brain is thine : my prudent care
Foresees, provides, administers the war :

Thy province is to fight; but when shall be
The time to fight, the king consults with me :
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd ;
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.

By how much more the ship her safety owes
To him who steers, than him that only rows,
By how much more the captain merits praise
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys ;
By so much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canst but execute what I design.

What gain'st thou, brutal man, if I confess
 Thy strength superior, when thy wit is less?
 Mind is the man: I claim my whole desert
 From the mind's vigor, and th' immortal part.

But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
 Be grateful to your watchman of the war:
 For all my labours in so long a space,
 Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
 Enter the town; I then unbarr'd the gates,
 When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
 By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
 Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;
 By falling Troy, by yonder tott'ring tow'rs,
 And by their taken Gods, which now are ours;
 Or if there yet a farther task remains,
 To be perform'd by prudence or by pains;
 If yet some desp'rate action rests behind,
 That asks high conduct, and a dauntless mind;
 If ought be wanting to the Trojan doom,
 Which none but I can manage and o'ercome;
 Award those arms I ask, by your decree:
 Or give to this what you refuse to me.

He ceas'd: and ceasing with respect he bow'd,
 And with his hand at once the fatal statue
 shew'd.

Heav'n, air, and ocean rung, with loud applause,
And by the gen'ral vote he gain'd his cause.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

The Death of A J A X.

He who could often, and alone, withstand
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
Now cannot his unmaster'd grief sustain,
But yields to rage, to madness, and disdain;
Then snatching out his fauchion, Thou, said
he,
Art mine; Ulysses lays no claim to thee.
O often try'd, and ever trusty sword,
Now do thy last kind office to thy lord:
'Tis Ajax who requests thy aid, to show
None but himself, himself could overthrow.
He said, and with so good a will to die
Did to his breast the fatal point apply,
It found his heart, a way till then unknown,
Where never weapon enter'd but his own:
No hands could force it thence, so fixt it stood,
'Till out it rush'd, expell'd by streams of spouting
blood.

The fruitful blood produc'd a flow'r, which }
grew }
On a green stem; and of a purple hue : }
Like his, whom unaware Apollo slew : }
Inscrib'd in both, the letters are the same,
But those express the grief, and these the name.



T H E
Story of ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, and GALATEA.

From the Thirteenth Book of
OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

A CIS, the lovely youth, whose loss I mourn,
From Faunus, and the nymph Symethis
born,

Was both his parents pleasure ; but to me

Was all that love could make a lover be.

The Gods our minds in mutual bands did join :

I was his only joy, and he was mine.

Now sixteen summers the sweet youth had seen ;

And doubtful down began to shade his chin :

When Polyphemus first disturb'd our joy,

And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.

Ask not which passion in my soul was high'r,

My last aversion, or my first desire :

Nor this the greater was, nor that the less ;

Both were alike, for both were in excess.

Thee, Venus, thee both heav'n and earth obey ;

Immense thy pow'r, and boundless is thy sway.

The Cyclops, who defy'd th' ætherial throne,

And thought no thunder louder than his own,

The terror of the woods, and wilder far
 Than wolves in plains, or bears in forests are,
 Th' inhuman host, who made his bloody feasts
 On mangled members of his butcher'd guests,
 Yet felt the force of love, and fierce desire,
 And burnt for me, with unrelenting fire :
 Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
 Assum'd the softness of a lover's air ;
 And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair. }
 Now with a crooked scythe his beard he fleeks,
 And mows the stubborn stubble of his cheeks :
 Now in the crystal stream he looks, to try
 His simagres, and rows his glaring eye.
 His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost ;
 And ships securely sail along the coast.

The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
 Where Ætna's summits to the seas advance,
 Who mark'd the tracks of ev'ry bird that flew,
 And sure presages from their flying drew)
 Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulysses' hand
 In his broad eye should thrust a flaming brand.
 The giant, with a scornful grin, reply'd,
 Vain augur, thou hast falsly prophesy'd ;
 Already Love his flaming brand has tost ;
 Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost.

Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking pace he
strode,

And stamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy steps ; and, weary, fought agen
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.

A promontory, sharp'ning by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas :
On either side, below, the water flows :
This airy walk the giant-lover chose ;
Here on the midst he fate ; his flocks, unled,
Their shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.

A pine so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing ships requir'd it for a mast,
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide :
But laid it by, his whistle while he try'd.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth :
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And wat'ry plains, the dreadful hiss resound.

I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below ;
On Acis' bosom I my head reclin'd :
And still preserve the poem in my mind.

O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling snows, and rising lilies are ;

More flow'ry than the meads, as crystal bright;
 Erect as alders, and of equal height:
 More wanton than a kid; more sleek thy skin,
 Than orient shells, that on the shores are seen:
 Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
 Pleasing, as winter suns, or summer shade:
 More grateful to the sight, than goodly plains;
 And softer to the touch, than down of swans,
 Or curds new turn'd; and sweeter to the taste,
 Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste:
 More clear than ice, or running streams, that stray
 Thro garden plots, but ah! more swift than they.

Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
 Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke:
 And far more stubborn than the knotted oak:
 Like sliding streams, impossible to hold;
 Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
 More warping, than the willow, to decline
 My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
 Immoveable, and fixt in thy disdain:
 Rough, as these rocks, and of a harder grain;
 More violent, than is the rising flood:
 And the prais'd peacock is not half so proud:
 Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are;
 And more outrageous, than a mother-bear:

Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
 And more revengeful than a troden snake:
 In swiftneſs fleetier than the flying hind,
 Or driven tempeſts, or the driving wind.
 All other faults with patience I can bear;
 But ſwiftneſs is the vice I only fear.

Yet if you knew me well, you would not ſhun
 My love, but to my wiſh'd embraces run:
 Would languish in your turn, and court my ſtay;
 And much repent of your unwiſe delay.

My palace, in the living rock, is made
 By nature's hand; a ſpacious pleaſing ſhade;
 Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade. }
 My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
 And grapes in cluſters, imitating gold;
 Some bluſhing bunches of a purple hue:
 And theſe, and thoſe, are all reſerv'd for you.
 Red ſtrawberries in ſhades expecting ſtand,
 Proud to be gather'd by ſo white a hand.
 Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
 And plumbs, to tempt you, turn their gloſſy
 ſide:

Not thoſe of common kinds; but ſuch alone,
 As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:

Nor

Nor chesnuts shall be wanting to your food,
 Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
 The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;
 And yours shall be the product of the year.

The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside
 The rest that woods and winding vallies hide;
 And those that folded in the caves abide. }

Ask not the numbers of my growing store;
 Who knows how many, knows he has no more.

Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
 But judge yourself, and pass your own decree:
 Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight
 Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight;
 In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
 Apart from kids, that call with human cry.

New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly serv'd
 For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserv'd.

Nor are these household dainties all my store:
 The fields and forests will afford us more;
 The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar. }

All sorts of ven'son; and of birds the best;
 A pair of turtles taken from the nest.

I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
 Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground;

So like, that no distinction could be seen;
 So pretty, they were presents for a queen;
 And so they shall; I took them both away;
 And keep, to be companions of your play.

Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
 The waves; nor scorn my presents, and my love.
 Come, Galatea, come, and view my face;
 I late beheld it, in the watry glass,
 And found it lovelier, than I fear'd it was.
 Survey my tow'ring stature, and my size:
 Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,
 Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread:
 My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
 Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
 As with a shady grove, my shoulders crown.
 Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
 A thick-set underwood of bristling hair,
 My shape deform'd: what fouler sight can be,
 Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?
 Foul is the steed without a flowing mane;
 And birds, without their feathers, and their train.
 Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace
 From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
 My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,
 Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.

The glorious lamp of heav'n, the radiant sun,
 Is Nature's eye; and she's content with one.
 Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
 Like you, am of the watry family.
 I make you his, in making you my own;
 You I adore, and kneel to you alone:
 Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,
 And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
 Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
 Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.
 But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
 The love of Acis, heav'ns! I cannot bear.
 But let the stripling please himself; nay more,
 Please you, tho that's the thing I most abhor;
 The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
 These giant limbs endu'd with giant might.
 His living bowels from his belly torn,
 And scatter'd limbs, shall on the flood be born,
 Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate shall find
 That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
 For oh! I burn with love, and thy disdain
 Augments at once my passion, and my pain.
 Translated Ætna flames within my heart,
 And thou, inhuman, wilt not ease my smart.

Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode
 With furious paces to the neighb'ring wood :
 Restless his feet, distracted was his walk ;
 Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk.
 Mad as the vanquish'd bull, when forc'd to yield
 His lovely mistress, and forsake the field.

Thus far unseen I saw: when, fatal chance
 His looks directing, with a sudden glance,
 Acis and I were to his sight betray'd ;
 Where, nought suspecting, we securely play'd.
 From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast ;
 I see, I see, but this shall be your last.

A roar so loud made *Ætna* to rebound ;
 And all the Cyclops labour'd in the sound.
 Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled,
 And in the neighb'ring ocean plung'd my head. }
 Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, Help, he cry'd, }
 Help, Galatea, help, my parent Gods,
 And take me dying to your deep abodes.
 The Cyclops follow'd ; but he sent before
 A rib, which from the living rock he tore :
 Though but an angle reach'd him of the stone,
 The mighty fragment was enough alone,
 To crush all Acis ; 'twas too late to save,
 But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave :

That Acis to his lineage should return;
 And rowl, among the river Gods, his urn.
 Straight issu'd from the stone a stream of blood;
 Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood.
 Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd:
 The torrent too, in little space, was clear'd.
 The stone was cleft, and thro the yawning chink
 New reeds arose, on the new river's brink.
 The rock, from out its hollow womb, disclos'd
 A sound like water in its course oppos'd:
 When (wond'rous to behold) full in the flood,
 Up starts a youth, and navel-high he stood.
 Horns from his temples rise; and either horn
 Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
 Were not his stature taller than before,
 His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
 His colour blue, for Acis he might pass:
 And Acis chang'd into a stream he was.
 But, mine no more, he rowls along the plains
 With rapid motion, and his name retains.



OF THE
PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

From the Fifteenth Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fourteenth book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus: the fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occasion, Ovid, following the opinion of some authors, makes Numa the scholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his acquaintance with that philosopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from thence he makes a digression to the moral and natural philosophy of Pythagoras: on both which our author enlarges; and which are the most learned and beautiful parts of the Metamorphoses.

A King is sought to guide the growing state,
One able to support the public weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had fate. }
Renown, which oft bespeaks the public voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rites, his study bent

To cultivate his mind: to learn the laws
 Of nature, and explore their hidden cause.
 Urg'd by this care, his country he forsook,
 And to Crotona thence his journey took.
 Arriv'd, he first enquir'd the founder's name
 Of this new colony; and whence he came.
 Then thus a senior of the place replies,
 (Well read, and curious of antiquities)
 'Tis said, Alcides hither took his way
 From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
 Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows,
 He sought himself some hospitable house:
 Good Croton entertain'd his godlike guest;
 While he repair'd his weary limbs with rest.
 The hero, thence departing, blest'd the place;
 And here, he said, in Time's revolving race,
 A rising town shall take its name from thee;
 Revolving Time fulfill'd the prophecy:
 For Myscelos, the justest man on earth,
 Alemon's son, at Argos had his birth:
 Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
 O'ershadow'd in a dream, and thus bespoke;
 Go, leave thy native soil, and make abode
 Where Æfaris rolls down his rapid flood;
 He said; and sleep forsook him, and the God.

Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious heart;
 His country laws forbade him to depart :
 What should he do ? 'Twas death to go away ;
 And the God menac'd if he dar'd to stay :
 All day he doubted, and when night came on,
 Sleep, and the same forewarning dream, begun :
 Once more the God stood threatning o'er his head ;
 With added curses if he disobey'd.
 Twice warn'd, he study'd flight ; but would convey,
 At once, his person and his wealth away :
 Thus while he linger'd, his design was heard ;
 A speedy process form'd, and death declar'd.
 Witness there needed none of his offence,
 Against himself the wretch was evidence :
 Condemn'd, and destitute of human aid,
 To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd.

O Pow'r, who hast deserv'd in heav'n a throne
 Not giv'n, but by thy labors made thy own,
 Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,
 Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the laws.

A custom was of old, and still remains,
 Which life or death by suffrages ordains ;
 White stones and black within an urn are cast,
 The first absolve, but fate is in the last.
 The judges to the common urn bequeath
 Their votes, and drop the fable signs of death ;

The box receives all black; but pour'd from thence
 The stones came candid forth, the hue of innocence.

Thus Alimonides his safety won,
 Preserv'd from death by Alcumena's son:
 Then to his kinsman God his vows he pays,
 And cuts with prosp'rous gales th' Ionian seas:
 He leaves Tarentum, favor'd by the wind,
 And Thurine bays, and Temises, behind;
 Soft Sibaris, and all the capes that stand
 Along the shore, he makes in sight of land;
 Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found
 The mouth of Ælaris, and promis'd ground:
 Then saw where, on the margin of the flood,
 The tomb that held the bones of Croton stood:
 Here, by the God's command, he built and wall'd
 The place predicted; and Crotona call'd:
 Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
 The sure tradition of th' Italian town.

Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
 But now self-banish'd from his native shore,
 Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear
 The chains which none but servile souls will wear:
 He, tho from heav'n remote, to heav'n could move,
 With strength of mind, and tread th' abyfs above;

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And penetrate, with his interior light,
Those upper depths, which Nature hid from sight:
And what he had observ'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar language to dispense.

The crowd with silent admiration stand,
And heard him, as they heard their God's com-
mand ;

While he discours'd of heav'n's mysterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cause ;
And what was God, and why the fleecy snows
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose ;
What shook the stedfast earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant sun ;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burst above:
Of these, and things beyond the common reach,
He spoke, and charm'd his audience with his speech,

He first the taste of flesh from tables drove,
And argu'd well, if arguments could move.
O mortals ! from your fellows blood abstain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane :
While corn and pulse by nature are bestow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load ;
While labor'd gardens wholsom herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their gen'rous juice ;

Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,
 But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;
 While kine to pails distended udders bring,
 And bees their honey redolent of spring;
 While earth not only can your needs supply,
 But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;
 A guiltless feast administers with ease,
 And without blood is prodigal to please.
 Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren
 fill,

And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
 Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,
 On browz, and corn, the flow'ry meadows feed.
 Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
 Whom heav'n endu'd with principles of blood,
 He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
 In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell,
 Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,
 And all in prey and purple feasts delight.

O impious use! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
 Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
 Where, fatten'd by their fellow's fat, they thrive;
 Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
 'Tis then for nought that mother earth provides
 The stores of all she shows, and all she hides,

If men with fleshly morsels must be fed,
 And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing
 bread;

What else is this but to devour our guests,
 And barb'rously renew Cyclopean feasts!
 We, by destroying life, our life sustain;
 And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obscene.

Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
 Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
 Then birds in airy space might safely move,
 And tim'rous hares on heaths securely rove:
 Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
 For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
 Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
 That envy'd first our food's simplicity;
 Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
 And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
 Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
 On beasts of prey that other beasts destroy'd,
 Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
 This had been justify'd by Nature's laws,
 And self-defence: but who did feasts begin
 Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
 To kill man-killers, man has lawful pow'r,
 But not th' extended licence, to devour.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
 As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
 The sow, with her broad snout for rooting up
 Th' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the crop,
 And intercept the sweating farmer's hope :
 The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
 Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd :
 Her hunger was no plea ; for that she dy'd.
 The goat came next in order, to be try'd :
 The goat had cropt the tendrils of the vine :
 In vengeance laity and clergy join,
 Where one had lost his profit, one his wine.
 Here was, at least, some shadow of offence :
 The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,
 But meek and unresisting innocence.
 A patient, useful creature, born to bear
 The warm and woolly fleece, that cloath'd her
 murderer,
 And daily to give down the milk she bred,
 A tribute for the grass on which she fed.
 Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
 And is of least advantage when she dies.
 How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
 A downright simple drudge, and born to serve ?
 O tyrant ! with what justice canst thou hope
 The promise of the year, a plenteous crop ;

When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring steer, who till'd,
 And plow'd, with pains, thy else ungrateful field?
 From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
 That neck with which the surly clods he broke;
 And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
 Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began!
 Nor this alone! but heav'n itself to bribe,
 We to the Gods our impious acts ascribe:
 First recompense with death their creature's toil,
 Then call the blest'd above to share the spoil:
 The fairest victim must the pow'rs appease:
 (So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)
 A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
 With flow'ry garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
 He hears the murd'rous pray'r the priest prefers,
 But understands not, 'tis his doom he hears:
 Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast,
 (The fruit and product of his labors past;)
 And in the water views perhaps the knife
 Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
 Then broken up alive, his entrails sees
 Torn out, for priests t' inspect the Gods decrees.

From whence, O mortal men, this gust of blood
 Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
 Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
 Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won:

And when you eat the well-deserving beast,
Think, on the lab'rer of your field you feast!

Now since the God inspires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inspiring Pow'r, obey'd.

For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.

Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas, who supports the heav'nly weight:
To look from upper light, and thence survey
Mistaken mortals wand'ring from the way,
And wanting wisdom, fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate!

Those I would teach; and by right reason bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.

Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame?

Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
And fables of a world, that never was!

What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consum'd by fires?

Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats.

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Ev'n I, who these mysterious truths declare,
 Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war ;
 My name and lineage I remember well,
 And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
 In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld
 My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former
 shield.

Then death, so call'd, is but old matter dress'd
 In some new figure, and a vary'd vest :
 Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies ;
 And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies,
 By time, or force, or sickness dispossess'd,
 And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast ;
 Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,
 And actuates those according to their kind ;
 From tenement to tenement is toss'd ;
 The soul is still the same, the figure only lost :
 And as the soften'd wax new seals receives,
 This face assumes, and that impression leaves ;
 Now call'd by one, now by another name ;
 The form is only chang'd, the wax is still the same :
 So death, so call'd, can but the form deface,
 Th' immortal soul flies out in empty space ;
 To seek her fortune in some other place.

Then let not piety be put to flight,
 To please the taste of glutton appetite;
 But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
 Left from their seats your parents you expel;
 With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
 Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.

And since, like Tiphys, parting from the shore,
 In ample seas I sail, and depths untry'd before,
 This let me further add, that nature knows
 No steadfast station, but, or ebbs, or flows:
 Ever in motion; she destroys her old,
 And casts new figures in another mold.
 Ev'n times are in perpetual flux; and run,
 Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
 For time, no more than streams, is at a stay:
 The flying hour is ever on her way;
 And as the fountain still supplies her store,
 The wave behind impels the wave before;
 Thus in successive course the minutes run,
 And urge their predecessor minutes on,
 Still moving, ever new: for former things
 Are set aside, like abdicated kings:
 And every moment alters what is done,
 And innovates some act till then unknown.

Darkness we see emerges into light,
 And shining suns descend to sable night;
 Ev'n heav'n itself receives another die,
 When weary'd animals in slumbers lie
 Of midnight ease; another, when the gray
 Of morn preludes the splendor of the day.
 The disk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
 Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye;
 And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
 His ball is with the same suffusion red;
 But mounted high in his meridian race
 All bright he shines, and with a better face:
 For there, pure particles of æther flow,
 Far from th' infection of the world below.

Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
 Or in her waxing, or her waning horns.
 For ev'ry day she wanes, her face is less,
 But, gath'ring into globe, she fattens at increase.

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,	}
How the four seasons in four forms appear,	
Resembling human life in ev'ry shape they	
wear?	
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,	}
With milky juice requiring to be fed:	
Helpless, tho fresh, and wanting to be led.	

The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets
 • crown'd,

And lavishly perfumes the fields around,
But no substantial nourishment receives,
Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.

Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This season, as in men, is most repleat
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.

Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious
 grey.

Last, winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His scalp if not dishonor'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worse than
 bare.

Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were;
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.

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Time was, when we were sow'd, and just
 began,
 From some few fruitful drops, the promise of a
 man ;

Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
 Moulded to shape the soft, coagulated mass ;
 And when the little man was fully form'd,
 The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd ;
 But when the mother's throws begin to come,
 The creature, pent within the narrow room,
 Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair
 His stifled breath, and draw the living air ;
 Cast on the margin of the world he lies,
 A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.
 He next essays to walk, but downward press'd
 On four feet imitates his brother beast :
 By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
 His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound ;
 Then walks alone ; a horseman now become,
 He rides a stick, and travels round the room :
 In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
 Strong-bon'd, and strung with nerves, in pride of
 years,

He runs with mettle his first merry stage,
 Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
 But manages his strength, and spares his age. }

Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
 And tho 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the race.
 Now sapless on the verge of death he stands,
 Contemplating his former feet, and hands;
 And, Milo-like, his slacken'd sinews sees,
 And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
 Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the trees.

So Helen wept when her too faithful glass
 Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face:
 Wond'ring what charms her ravishers could spy,
 To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!

Thy teeth, devouring time, thine, envious age,
 On things below still exercise your rage:
 With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat,
 And then, at ling'ring meals, the morsels eat.

Nor those, which elements we call, abide,
 Nor to this figure, nor to that, are ty'd;
 For this eternal world is said of old
 But four prolific principles to hold,
 Four different bodies; two to heav'n ascend,
 And other two down to the centre tend:
 Fire first with wings expanded mounts on high,
 Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;
 Then air, because unclog'd in empty space,
 Flies after fire, and claims the second place:

But weighty water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of earth, and mother earth subsides.

All things are mixt with these, which all contain,
And into these are all resolv'd again :
Earth rarifies to dew ; expanded more
The subtil dew in air begins to soar ;
Spreads as she flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates still, and changes into flame ;
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Restless they soon untwist the web they spun,
And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mix'd with gross air, and air descends to dew ;
And dew condensing, does her form forego,
And sinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.

Thus are their figures never at a stand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand ;
All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
The shifted scene for some new show employ'd.

Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly :
And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Those very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead some other bodies make :
Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse ;
But death on deathless substance has no force.

That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began :

The golden age to silver was debas'd :

To copper that ; our metal came at last.

The face of places, and their forms, decay ;

And that is solid earth, that once was sea :

Seas in their turn retreating from the shore,

Make solid land, what ocean was before ;

And far from strands are shells of fishes found,

And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain ground :

And what were fields before, now wash'd and
worn,

By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,

And crumbling still descend to level lands ;

And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren sands :

And the parch'd desert floats in streams unknown ;

Wond'ring to drink of waters not her own.

Here nature living fountains opes ; and there

Seals up the wombs where living fountains were ;

Or earthquakes stop their ancient course, and bring

Diverted streams to feed a distant spring.

So Lycus, swallow'd up, is seen no more,

But far from thence knocks out another door.

Thus Erasinus dives ; and blind in earth

Runs on, and gropes his way to second birth,

Starts up in Argos meads, and shakes his locks
 Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
 So Myfus by another way is led,
 And, grown a river, now disdains his head :
 Forgets his humble birth, his name forsakes,
 And the proud title of Caicus takes.
 Large Amenane, impure with yellow sands,
 Runs rapid often, and as often stands ;
 And here he threatens the drunken fields to drown,
 And there his dugs deny to give their liquor
 down.

Anigros once did wholsom draughts afford,
 But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd :
 Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame resounds,
 The Centaur in his current wash'd their wounds.
 The streams of Hypanis are sweet no more,
 But brackish lose their taste they had before.
 Antissa, Pharos, Tyre, in seas were pent,
 Once isles, but now increase the continent ;
 While the Leucadian coast, main-land before,
 By rushing seas is sever'd from the shore.
 So Zancle to th' Italian earth was ty'd,
 And men once walk'd where ships at anchor
 ride ;
 Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
 And in disdain pour'd in the conqu'ring sea.

Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
 Buris and Helice, no more are found,
 But, whelm'd beneath a lake, are sunk and
 drown'd;

And boatmen through the cryal water show,
 To wond'ring passengers, the walls below.

Near Træzen stands a hill, expos'd in air
 To winter winds, of leafy shadows bare:
 This once was level ground: but (strange to tell)
 Th' included vapors, that in caverns dwell,
 Lab'ring with colic pangs, and close confin'd,
 In vain fought issue from the rumbling wind:
 Yet still they heav'd for vent, and heaving still
 Inlarg'd the concave, and shot up the hill;
 As breath extends a bladder, or the skins
 Of goats are blown t' inclose the hoarded wines:
 The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
 And gather'd rubbish heals the hollow space.

Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
 Retrenching most, I will relate but few:
 What, are not springs with qualities oppos'd
 Endu'd at seasons, and at seasons lost?
 Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
 Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm:
 Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
 On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon.

The Thracians have a stream, if any try
 The taste, his harden'd bowels petrify ;
 Whate'er it touches it converts to stones,
 And makes a marble pavement where it runs.

Grathis, and Sibaris her sister flood,
 That slide thro our Calabrian neighbour wood,
 With gold and amber die the shining hair,
 And thither youth resort ; (for who would not be
 fair ?)

But stranger virtues yet in streams we find,
 Some change not only bodies, but the mind :
 Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,
 Whose waters into women soften men ?
 Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
 To madness, or in heavy sleep constrain ?
 Clytorean streams the love of wine expel,
 (Such is the virtue of th' abstemious well,)
 Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
 Extinguishes, and balks the drunken God ;
 Or that Melampus (so have some assur'd)
 When the mad Prætides with charms he cur'd,
 And pow'rful herbs, both charms and simples
 cast

Into the sober spring, where still their virtues last.

Unlike effects Lyncestis will produce ;
 Who drinks his waters, tho with moderate use,

Reels as with wine, and fees with double sight :
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.

Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian stream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name)

By day is wholsom bev'rage ; but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.

Thus running rivers, and the standing lake,
Now of these virtues, now of those partake :
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When fast Ortygia floated on the sea ;
Such were Cyanean isles, when Typhis steer'd
Betwixt their straits, and their collision fear'd ;
They swam where now they sit ; and firmly join'd
Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.

Nor Ætna vomiting sulphureous fire
Will ever belch ; for sulphur will expire,
(The veins exhausted of the liquid store ;)
Time was she cast no flames ; in time will cast no
more.

For whether earth's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolness to repair,
And what she sucks remits ; she still requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires ;
When tortur'd with convulsive fits she shakes,
That motion chokes the vent, till other vent she
makes :

Or when the wind in hollow caves are clos'd,
 And subtil spirits find that way oppos'd,
 They toss up flints in air ; the flints that hide
 The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,
 Kindling the sulphur, till the fuel spent
 The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
 Or whether sulphur, catching fire, feeds on
 Its unctuous parts, till all the matter gone
 The flames no more ascend ; for earth supplies
 The fat that feeds them ; and when earth denies
 That food, by length of time consum'd, the fire
 Famish'd for want of fuel must expire.

A race of men there are, as fame has told,
 Who shiv'ring suffer Hyperborean cold,
 Till nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
 Soft feathers to defend their naked sides they take
 'Tis said, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
 Transform themselves to birds by magic skill ;
 Smear'd over with an oil of wond'rous might,
 That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

But this by sure experiment we know,
 That living creatures from corruption grow :
 Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
 Bees from his putrid bowels will appear ;
 Who like their parents haunt the fields, and bring
 Their honey-harvest home, and hope another spring

The warlike steed is multiply'd, we find,
 To wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.
 Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
 The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide
 And shoot his sting, his tail in circles toss'd
 Refers the limbs his backward father lost.
 And worms, that stretch on leaves their filmy loom,
 Crawl from their bags, and butterflies become.
 Ev'n slime begets the frog's loquacious race :
 Short of their feet at first, in little space
 With arms and legs endu'd, long leaps they take,
 Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the lake,
 And waves repel : for nature gives their kind,
 To that intent, a length of legs behind.

The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
 When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
 Their mother licks 'em into shape, and gives
 As much of form, as she herself receives.

The grubs from their sexangular abode
 Crawl out unfinish'd, like the maggot's brood :
 Trunks without limbs ; till time at leisure brings
 The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.

The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
 Of her crown'd head, and of her starry train ;
 And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
 The strong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove ;

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And all the feather'd kind, who could suppose }
 (But that from sight, the surest sense, he knows) }
 They from th' included yolk, not ambient white
 arofe. }

There are who think the marrow of a man,
 Which in the spine, while he was living, ran;
 When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
 A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb.

All these receive their birth from other things ;
 But from himself the phoenix only springs :
 Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
 In which he burn'd, another and the same :
 Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
 But the sweet essence of Amomum drains :
 And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
 While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
 He, (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
 His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
 Or trembling tops of palm : and first he draws
 The plan with his broad bill, and crooked
 claws,
 Nature's artificers ; on this the pile
 Is form'd, and rises round ; then with the spoil
 Of Casia, Cynamon, and stems of Nard,
 (For softness strew'd beneath,) his fun'ral bed is
 rear'd :

Fun'ral and bridal both ; and all around
 The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd :
 On this incumbent ; till ætherial flame
 First catches, then consumes the costly frame ;
 Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies ;
 He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.

An infant-phœnix from the former springs,
 His father's heir, and from his tender wings
 Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,
 And the same lease of life on the same terms
 renews :

When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
 And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
 He lightens of its load the tree that bore
 His father's royal sepulchre before,
 And his own cradle : this with pious care
 Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
 Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
 And decently lays down his burden in the porch.

A wonder more amazing would we find?
 Th' Hyæna shews it, of a double kind,
 Varying the sexes in alternate years,
 In one begets, and in another bears.
 The thin cameleon, fed with air, receives
 The color of the thing to which he cleaves.

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India, when conquer'd, on the conqu'ring God
 For planted vines the sharp-ey'd lynx bestow'd,
 Whose urine, shed before it touches earth,
 Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
 So coral, soft and white in ocean's bed,
 Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.

All changing species should my song recite ;
 Before I ceas'd, wou'd change the day to night.
 Nations and empires flourish and decay,
 By turns command, and in their turns obey ;
 Time softens hardy people, time again
 Hardens to war a soft, unwarlike train.
 Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withstood,
 And daily bleeding bore th' expence of blood :
 Now for thick streets it shews an empty space,
 Or only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd race,
 Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was. }

Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
 Are vanish'd out of substance into name,
 And Dardan Rome, that just begins to rise,
 On Tiber's banks, in time shall mate the skies ;
 Widening her bounds, and working on her
 way ;

Ev'n now she meditates imperial sway :

Yet this is change, but she by changing thrives,
 Like moons new born, and in her cradle strives
 To fill her infant-horns; an hour shall come
 When the round world shall be contain'd in Rome.

For thus old saws foretel, and Helenus
 Anchises' drooping son enliven'd thus,
 When Ilium now was in a sinking state,
 And he was doubtful of his future fate :
 O Goddess born, with thy hard fortune strive,
 Troy never can be lost, and thou alive.
 Thy passage thou shalt free thro fire and sword,
 And Troy in foreign lands shall be restor'd.
 In happier fields a rising town I see,
 Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er shall be :
 And heav'n yet owes the world a race deriv'd
 from thee.

Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
 The city shall extend, extended shall adorn :
 But from Iulus he must draw his birth,
 By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd earth :
 Whom heav'n will lend mankind on earth to reign,
 And late require the precious pledge again.
 This Helenus to great Æneas told,
 Which I retain, e'er since in other mold

My soul was cloth'd; and now rejoice to view
 My country walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,
 Rais'd by the fall: decreed by loss to gain;
 Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to
 reign.

'Tis time my hard-mouth'd coursers to control,
 Apt to run riot, and transgress the goal:
 And therefore I conclude, whatever lies
 In earth, or flits in air, or fills the skies,
 All suffer change, and we, that are of soul
 And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
 Then when our fires, or grandfires shall forsake
 The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
 Thus hous'd, securely let their spirits rest,
 Nor violate thy father in the beast,
 Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
 If none of these, yet there's a man within:
 O spare to make a Thyestean meal,
 T' inclose his body, and his soul expel.

Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,
 Ill habits soon become exalted vice:
 What more advance can mortals make in sin
 So near perfection, who with blood begin?
 Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
 Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:

Deaf to the harmless kid, that ere he dies,
 All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
 And imitates in vain thy children's cries. }

Where will he stop, who feeds with household
 bread,

Then eats the poultry which before he fed?

Let plough thy steers; that when they lose their
 breath,

To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their
 death.

Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
 And sheep from winter-cold thy sides defend;
 But neither sprindges, nets, nor snares employ,
 And be no more ingenious to destroy.

Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
 Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain;
 Nor opening hounds the trembling stag affright,
 Nor purple feathers intercept his flight:
 Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
 Nor lines to heave 'em twinkling up in air.

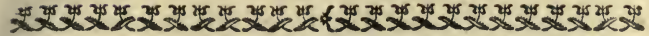
Take not away the life you cannot give:
 For all things have an equal right to live.
 Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save;
 This only just prerogative we have:

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But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood.

These precepts by the Samian sage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own :
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, sent by heav'n to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain :
Himself a saint, a Goddess was his bride,
And all the Muses o'er his acts preside.

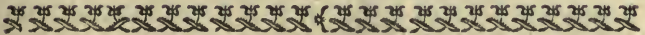




TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S EPISTLES.



P R E F A C E.

C O N C E R N I N G

O V I D's E P I S T L E S.

THE life of Ovid being already written in our language before the translation of his *Metamorphoses*, I will not presume so far upon myself, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys his undertaking. The English reader may there be satisfied, that he flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a splendid fortune; that he was designed to the study of the law, and had made considerable progress in it, before he quitted that profession, for this of Poetry, to which he was more naturally formed. The cause of his banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the emperor, by ascribing it to any other reason, than what was pretended by Augustus, which was, the lasciviousness of his Elegies, and his *Art of Love*. It is true, they are not to be excused in the severity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome: yet this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the passion of love with so much delicacy of thought, and of expression, or searched into the nature of it more philosophically than he. And the emperor, who condemned him, had as little reason as another man to punish that fault with so much severity, if at least he were the author of a certain Epigram, which is ascribed to him, relating to the cause of the first civil war betwixt himself and Marc Antony the triumvir, which is more fulsome than any passage I have met with in our Poet. To pass by the naked familiarity of his expressions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when she was not only married, but with child by her husband then living. But deeds, it seems, may be justified by arbitrary power,

when words are questioned in a Poet. There is another guess of the grammarians, as far from truth as the first from reason : they will have him banished for some favours, which, they say, he received from Julia the daughter of Augustus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his Elegies : but he, who will observe the verses, which are made to that mistress, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the highest quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why should our Poet make his petition to Isis, for her safe delivery, and afterwards condole her miscarriage ; which, for ought he knew, might be by her own husband ? Or, indeed, how durst he be so bold to make the least discovery of such a crime, which was no less than capital, especially committed against a person of Agrippa's rank ? Or, if it were before her marriage, he would sure have been more discreet, than to have published an accident which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this opinion, is, that Ovid himself complains, that the true person of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verses to her : which if it had been Julia, he durst not have owned ; and, besides, an immediate punishment must have followed. He seems himself more truly to have touched at the cause of his exile in those obscure verses ;

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia Lumina feci ? &c.

Namely, that he had either seen, or was conscious to somewhat, which had procured him his disgrace. But neither am I satisfied, that this was the incest of the emperor with his own daughter : for Augustus was of a nature too vindicative, to have contented himself with so small a revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple banishment ; but would certainly have secured his crimes from public notice, by the death of him who was witness to them. Neither have historians given us any sight into such an action of this emperor : nor would he (the greatest politician of his time) in all probability, have managed his crimes with so little secrecy, as not to shun the observation of any man. It seems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of some other passion, or that he had stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a bath : for the words

Sine veste Dianam

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chastity, than with either of the Julia's, who were both noted of incontinency. The first verses, which were made by him in his youth, and recited publicly, according to the custom, were, as he himself assures us, to Corinna: his banishment happened not till the age of fifty: from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occasion it: nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of error only, not of wickedness; and in the same paper of verses also, that the cause was notoriously known at Rome, though it be left so obscure to after-ages.

But to leave conjectures on a subject so uncertain, and to write somewhat more authentic of this Poet: that he frequented the court of Augustus, and was well received in it, is most undoubted: all his Poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be witten, as the French call it, *Cavalierement*: add to this, that the titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his letters in his banishment, are addressed to persons well known to us, even at this distance, to have been considerable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance less with the famous Poets of his age, than with the noble men and ladies. He tells you himself, in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that some of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only seen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the business of a Poet. I know no author, who can justly be compared with ours, especially in the description of the passions. And, to prove this, I shall need no other judges than the generality of his readers: for all passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally judges, when we are concerned in the representation of them. Now I will appeal to any man, who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the Poet describes in his feigned persons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly motions of our spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess, that the copiousness of his wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit: so that he is frequently witty out of season; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the false applause of

fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age : for why else should he complain, that his *Metamorphoses* was left unfinished ? Nothing sure can be added to the wit of that Poem, or of the rest : but many things ought to have been retrenched ; which, I suppose would have been the business of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his Dutch friends, the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himself, that Seneca's censure will stand good against him ;

Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere ;

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the same sense an hundred ways, and taking up in another place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloy his readers instead of satisfying them ; and gives occasion to his translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the nakedness of their father. This then is the allay of Ovid's writings, which is sufficiently recompensed by his other excellencies : nay, this very fault is not without its beauties ; for the most severe censor cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit, though at the same time he could have wished that the master of it had been a better manager. Every thing, which he does, becomes him ; and, if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the staidness and sobriety of age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he seldom has miscarried : for if his *Elegies* be compared with those of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found, that those poets seldom designed before they writ : and though the language of Tibullus be more polished, and the learning of Propertius, especially in his fourth book, more set out to ostentation ; yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line ; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one subject to another, and conclude with somewhat, which is not of a piece with their beginning :

*Purpureus latè qui splendeat unus & alter
Assuitur pannus,*

as Horace says : though the verses are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our Poet has always the goal in

his eye, which directs him in his race ; some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means, which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is *Epistolæ Heroidum*, The letters of the Heroines. But Heinsius has judged more truly, that the inscription of our author was barely, Epistles; which he concludes from his cited verses, where Ovid asserts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom (as the masters of their learning) the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our Poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word *Heroidum*, because it is used by Ovid in his *Art of Love* :

Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas ibat.

But, sure, he could not be guilty of such an oversight, to call his work by the name of Heroines, when there are divers men, or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander, and Acontius, joined in it. Except Sabinus, who writ some answers to Ovid's Letters.

(Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus.)

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated on this subject, save only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an imitation ; and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning the Epistles, I shall content myself to observe these few particulars : first, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect pieces of Ovid, and that the style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly ; two properties well agreeing with the persons, which were heroines, and lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in *Œenone* and *Héro*, he has kept close to nature, in drawing his images after a country life, tho, perhaps, he has romanized his Grecian dames too much, and made them speak, sometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Augustus. There seems to be no great variety in the particular subjects which he has chosen ; most of the Epistles being written from ladies, who were

forfaken by their lovers: which is the reason that many of the fame thoughts come back upon us in divers letters: but of the general character of women, which is modeſty, he has taken a moſt becoming care; for his amorous expreſſions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a bluſh.

Thus much concerning the Poet: it remains that I ſhould ſay ſomewhat of poetical tranſlations in general, and give my opinion (with ſubmiſſion to better judgments) which way of verſion ſeems to be the moſt proper.

All tranſlation, I ſuppoſe, may be reduced to theſe three heads.

Fiſt, that of Metaphraſe, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his Art of Poetry tranſlated by Ben Johnſon. The ſecond way is that of Paraphraſe, or tranſlation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the tranſlator, ſo as never to be loſt, but his words are not ſo ſtrictly followed as his ſenſe; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Waller's tranſlation of Virgil's Fourth *Æneid*. The third way is that of imitation, where the tranſlator (if now he has not loſt that name) aſſumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and ſenſe, but to forſake them both as he ſees occaſion; and taking only ſome general hints from the original, to run diſviſion on the ground-work, as he pleaſes. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into Engliſh.

Concerning the fiſt of theſe methods, our maſter Horace has given us this caution:

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres ———

Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate,

as the Earl of Roſcommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: it is a faith like that, which proceeds from ſuperſtition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expreſſion of Sir John Denham to Sir Richard Fanshaw, on his verſion of the Paſtor Fido.

That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline,
 Of tracing word by word, and line by line.

A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
 To make translations and translators too :
 They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
 True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

It is almost impossible to translate verbally, and well, at the same time : for the Latin (a most severe and compendious language) often expresses that in one word, which either the barbarity, or the narrowness, of modern tongues cannot supply in more. It is frequent also that the conceit is couched in some expression, which will be lost in English.

Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent.

What Poet of our nation is so happy as to express this thought literally in English, and to strike wit, or almost sense, out of it ?

In short, the verbal copier is incumbered with so many difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the thought of his author, and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language : and, besides this, he is to confine himself to the compass of numbers, and the slavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs : a man can shun a fall by using caution ; but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected : and when we have said the best of it, it is but a foolish task ; for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the applause of escaping without breaking his neck. We see Ben Johnson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines : nay Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek Poet :

Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio :

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting. Horace has indeed, avoided both these rocks in his translation of the three first lines of Homer's *Odyssey*, which he has contracted into two.

*Dic mihi, musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
 Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.*

Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of Troy,
 So many towns, such change of manners saw.

RESCOMMON.

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a considerable part of that sentence, are omitted :

[Ὅς μάλ' ἀπολλὰς πολέσ' ἔχθη :]

The consideration of these difficulties, in a servile, literal, translation, not long since made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham, and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called, by the latter of them, Imitation. As they were friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this subject to each other; and, therefore, their reasons for it are little different. Though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their sense, to be an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one, who has written before him, on the same subject: that is, not to translate his words, or to be confined to his sense, but only to set him as a pattern, and to write, as he supposes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) so far as my definition reaches. For in the Pindaric Odes, the customs and ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserved. But I know not what mischief may arise hereafter from the example of such an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him shall imitate so bold an undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his translation of Pindar; because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refused his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connexion, (I mean as to our understanding) to soar out of sight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be translated literally; his genius is too strong to bear a chain, and Samson-like he shakes it off. A genius so elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's was but necessary to make Pindar speak English, and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors, be thus used, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original: but instead of them there is something new produced, which is almost the creation of another hand. By this way, it is true, somewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the first design; though Virgil must be still excepted, when that perhaps takes place. Yet he who is inquisi-

tive to know an author's thoughts, will be disappointed in his expectation. And it is not always that a man will be contented to have a present made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To state it fairly : imitation of an author is the most advantageous way for a translator to shew himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who advised more liberty than he took himself) gives his reason for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the translation of the second *Æneid*. "Poetry is of so subtle a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate ; and, if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *Caput Mortuum*." I confess this argument holds good against a literal translation ; but who defends it ? Imitation and verbal version are in my opinion the two extremes, which ought to be avoided : and therefore, when I have proposed the mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of translating Poetry, who, besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his author's language, and of his own : nor must we understand the language only of the Poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourselves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like care must be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words. When they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they should be changed : but since every language is so full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay sometimes nonsense in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a translator to the narrow compass of his author's words. It is enough if he choose out some expression which does not vitiate the sense. I suppose he may stretch his chain to such a latitude ; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the spirit of an author may be transfused, and yet not lost : and thus it is plain, that the reason alledged by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to expression : for thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another language ; but the words that convey it to our apprehension (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be so ill chosen, as to make it appear in an unhandsome dress, and

rob it of its native lustre. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allowed for the expression; neither is it necessary that words and lines should be confined to the measure of their original. The sense of an author, generally speaking, is to be sacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be so; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous branches; but I rejoin, that a translator has no such right. When a painter copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter features, and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better: perhaps the face, which he has drawn, would be more exact, if the eyes or nose were altered; but it is his business to make it resemble the original. In two cases only there may a seeming difficulty arise; that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial, or dishonest: but the same answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be translated:

————— *Et quæ*

Desperes tractata nitescere possè, relinquas.

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this subject against the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But, if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges, that the praise of a translation consists in 'adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it seems to me, that the true reason, why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the author's sense, but because there are so few, who have all the talents, which are requisite for translation, and that there is so little praise, and so small encouragement, for so considerable a part of learning.



CANACE TO MACAREUS.

EPIST. XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, son and daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, loved each other incestuously : Canace was delivered of a son, and committed him to her nurse, to be secretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was discovered to Æolus, who, enraged at the wickedness of his children, commanded the babe to be exposed to wild beasts on the mountains : and withal, sent a sword to Canace, with this message, That her crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this sword she slew herself : but before she died, she writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken sanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

IF streaming blood my fatal letter stain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer slain;
One hand the sword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this posture thou behold'st me write :
In this my cruel father would delight.

O! were he present, that his eyes and hands!
Might see, and urge, the death which he com-
mands:

Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would see.
Jove justly plac'd him on a stormy throne,
His people's temper is so like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blast,
Are underneath his wide dominion cast:
Those he can rule; but his tempestuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove!
What help will all my heav'nly friends afford,
When to my breast I lift the pointed sword?
That hour, which join'd us, came before its time:
In death we had been one without a crime.
Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than sister's love?
For I lov'd too; and knowing not my wound,
A secret pleasure in thy kisses found:
My cheeks no longer did their color boast,
My food grew loathsome, and my strength I lost:
Still ere I spoke, a sigh would stop my tongue;
Short were my slumbers, and my nights were
long.

I knew not from my love these griefs did grow,
 Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
 My wily nurse by long experience found,
 And first discover'd to my soul its wound.
 'Tis love, said she; and then my down-cast eyes,
 And guilty dumbness, witness'd my surprize.
 Forc'd at the last, my shameful pain I tell:
 And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!
 "When half denying, more than half content,
 "Embraces warm'd me to a full consent.
 "Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
 "And guilt that made them anxious made them
 great."

But now my swelling womb heav'd up my breast,
 And rising weight my sinking limbs oppress'd.
 What herbs, what plants, did not my nurse produce,
 To make abortion by their pow'rful juice?
 What med'cines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
 Our first crime common; this was mine alone.
 But the strong child, secure in his dark cell,
 With nature's vigor did our arts repel.
 And now the pale-fac'd empress of the night
 Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:
 Not knowing 'twas my labor, I complain
 Of sudden shootings, and of grinding pain:

My throes came thicker, and my cries increas'd,
Which with her hand the conscious nurse sup-
press'd.

To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pain urg'd my clamors, but fear kept me dumb.
With inward struggling I restrain'd my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.
Death was in sight, Lucina gave no aid;
And even my dying had my guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'st, and in thy count'nance fate despair;
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:
Yet feigning comfort, which thou couldst not give,
(Prest in thy arms, and whisp'ring me to live:)
For both our sakes, (saidst thou) preserve thy life;
Live, my dear sister, and my dearer wife.
Rais'd by that name, with my last pangs I strove:
Such pow'r have words, when spoke by those we
love.

The babe, as if he heard what thou hadst sworn,
With hasty joy sprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one storm?
Fear of our father does another form.
High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of state,
The king with his tempestuous council fate.
Thro this large room our only passage lay,
By which we could the new-born babe convey.

Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurse bore him out,
 With olive branches cover'd round about ;
 And, mutt'ring pray'rs, as holy rites she meant,
 Thro the divided croud unquestion'd went.
 Just at the door, th' unhappy infant cry'd :
 The grandfire heard him, and the theft he spy'd.
 Swift as a whirlwind to the nurse he flies,
 And deafs his stormy subjects with his cries.
 With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away :
 Expos'd the self-discover'd infant lay.
 The noise reach'd me, and my presaging mind
 Too soon its own approaching woes divin'd.
 Not ships at sea with winds are shaken more,
 Nor seas themselves, when angry tempests roar,
 Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear :
 The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
 He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my stain ;
 Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
 I only answer'd him with silent tears ;
 They flow'd : my tongue was frozen up with
 fears.
 His little grand-child he commands away,
 To mountain wolves and ev'ry bird of prey.
 The babe cry'd out, as if he understood,
 And begg'd his pardon with what voice he could.

By what expressions can my grief be shown ?
 (Yet you may guess my anguish by your own)
 To see my bowels, and, what yet was worse,
 Your bowels too, condemn'd to such a curse !
 Out went the king ; my voice its freedom found,
 By breasts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
 And now appear'd the messenger of death ;
 Sad were his looks, and scarce he drew his breath,
 To say, " Your father sends you"--(with that word
 His trembling hands presented me a sword :)
 " Your father sends you this ; and lets you know,
 " That your own crimes the use of it will show."
 Too well I know the sense those words impart :
 His present shall be treasur'd in my heart.
 Are these the nuptial gifts a bride receives ?
 And this the fatal dow'r a father gives ?
 Thou God of Marriage, shun thy own disgrace,
 And take thy torch from this detested place :
 Instead of that, let furies light their brands,
 And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
 With happier fortune may my sisters wed ;
 Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
 For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pretend ?
 How could thy infant innocence offend ?
 A guilt there was ; but, oh, that guilt was mine !
 Thou suffer'st for a sin that was not thine.

Thy mother's grief and crime! but just enjoy'd,
 Shewn to my sight, and born to be destroy'd!
 Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!
 Drag'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
 Thy un-offending life I could not save,
 Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave:
 Nor on thy tomb could offer my shorn hair;
 Nor shew the grief which tender mothers bear.
 Yet long thou shalt not from my arms be lost;
 For soon I will o'ertake thy infant ghost.
 But thou, my love, and now my love's despair,
 Perform his fun'rals with paternal care.
 His scatter'd limbs with my dead body burn;
 And once more join us in the pious urn.
 If on my wounded breast thou dropp'st a tear,
 Think for whose sake my breast that wound did
 bear;
 And faithfully my last desires fulfil,
 As I perform my cruel father's will.



HELEN TO PARIS.

EPIST. XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having received an epistle from Paris, returns the following answer: wherein she seems at first to chide him for his presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue; then owns herself to be sensible of the passion, which he had expressed for her, tho she much suspected his constancy; and at last discovers her inclination to be favourable to him: the whole letter shewing the extreme artifice of womankind.

WHEN loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
She half consents, who silently denies.
How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
Marriage and hospitable rights prophane?
Was it for this, your fleet did shelter find
From swelling seas, and ev'ry faithless wind?
(For tho a distant country brought you forth,
Your usage here was equal to your worth.)

Does this deserve to be rewarded so?
Did you come here a stranger or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barb'rous for my just disdain.
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.
Tho in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
I keep my honor still without a stain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldness I with admiration see;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Because a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a second prey?
Had I been won, I had deserv'd your blame,
But sure my part was nothing but the shame.
Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain;
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on such terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted so.
Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my friends,
And modest usage made me some amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed.
Did he repent, that Paris might succeed?

Sure 'tis some fate that sets me above wrongs,
Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.
I'll not complain; for who's displeas'd with love,
If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you base,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your sex is subject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
Yet others yield; and love o'ercomes the best:
But why should I not shine above the rest?
Fair Leda's story seems at first to be
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But she was cozen'd by a borrow'd shape,
And under harmless feathers felt a rape.
If I should yield, what reason could I use?
By what mistake the loving crime excuse?
Her fault was in her powerful lover lost;
But of what Jupiter have I to boast?
Tho' you to heroes and to kings succeed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but useles prove
To one that comes herself from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boast in some less haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race;
Which I would shew I valu'd, if I durst;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first.

The crown of Troy is pow'rful, I confess ;
But I have reason to think ours no less.
Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
That men can good, and women pleasant call,
Gives expectation such an ample field,
As would move Goddeffes themselves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause :
Either my honor I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain.
Not that so fair a present I despise ;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize.
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.
I have perceiv'd (tho I dissembled too)
A thousand things that love has made you do.
Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine,
In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts would
shine.

Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual ardor press my hand ;
Contrive just after me to take the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass :
When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And blushing fate for things which you have done :

Then murmur'd to myself, He'll for my sake
Do any thing ; I hope 'twas no mistake.
Oft have I read within this pleasing grove,
Under my name, those charming words, I love.
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame ;
But now, alas, am come to write the same.
If I were capable to do amiss,
I could not but be sensible of this.
For oh ! your face has such peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms !
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May some blest maid possess with innocence.
Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should
move ;
O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you desire is sought by all mankind :
As you have eyes, so others are not blind.
Like you they see, like you my charms adore ;
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
Oh ! had you then upon our coasts been brought,
My virgin-love when thousand rivals fought,
You had I seen, you should have had my voice ;
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice,
For both our hopes, alas ! you come too late ;
Another now is master of my fate.

More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my present lot can undergo.
Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to so much ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted fame your prey.
Some right you claim, since naked to your eyes
Three Goddesses disputed beauty's prize :
One offer'd valour, t'other crowns ; but she
Obtain'd her cause, who smiling promis'd me.
But first I am not of belief so light,
To think such nymphs would shew you such a
fight :

Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd ;
A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I should myself regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward :
I humbly am content with human praise ;
A Goddess's applause would envy raise.
But be it as you say ; for, 'tis confess'd,
The men, who flatter highest, please us best.
That I suspect it, ought not to displease ;
For miracles are not believ'd with ease.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice ;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice ;

That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sovereignty,
Juno and Pallas you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock, but must by this be won?
And yet bear witness, O you Pow'rs above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen.
Happy those nymphs, whom use has perfect made!
I think all crime, and tremble at a shade.
E'en while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
Look often back, misdoubting a surprise.
For now the rumor spreads among the croud,
At court in whispers, but in town aloud:
Dissemble you, whate'er you hear 'em say:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet if you will dissemble it, you may. }
Love secretly: the absence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his stay;
Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
To go, or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
I bid him make what swift return he could:
Then kissing me, he said, I recommend
All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend.

I smil'd at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd, You shall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have born him far from hence,
But let not this secure your confidence.
Absent he is, yet absent he commands:
You know the proverb, " Princes have long
hands."

My fame's my burden; for the more I'm prais'd,
A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd.
Were I less fair, I might have been more blest:
Great beauty through great danger is possess'd.
To leave me here his venture was not hard,
Because he thought my virtue was my guard.
He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt, 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames our mutual, and my husband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you're too pressing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but ev'ry thing conspires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.

You court with words, when you should force
employ :

A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy.

Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,

Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.

What have I said ? for both of us 'twere best,

Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.

The faith of strangers is too prone to change,

And, like themselves, their wand'ring passions
range.

Hypsipile, and the fond Minonian maid,

Were both by trusting of their guests betray'd.

How can I doubt that other men deceive,

When you yourself did fair Oenone leave ?

But lest I should upbraid your treachery,

You make a merit of that crime to me.

Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,

Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.

Should you prevail ; while I assign the night,

Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight :

Some bawling mariner our love destroys,

And breaks afunder our unfinish'd joys.

But I with you may leave the Spartan port,

To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court :

Shown

Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame,
 And fill a foreign country with my shame.
 In Asia what reception shall I find?
 And what dishonor leave in Greece behind?
 What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
 And what will all your modest matrons say?
 E'en you, when on this action you reflect,
 My future conduct justly may suspect;
 And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,
 Conclude me, by your own example, lost:
 I from your rage a strumpet's name shall hear,
 While you forget what part in it you bear.
 You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
 Deep under ground, oh, let me first be laid!
 You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
 And promise all shall be at my command:
 Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise;
 My own poor native land has dearer ties.
 Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,
 What help of kindred could I there implore?
 Medea was by Jason's flattery won:
 I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
 Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
 And love contributes to its own deceit.

The ships, about whose sides loud tempests roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan
land.

To second this, old prophecies conspire,
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they, who lost their cause, revenge will take;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, should I follow you,
The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue.
A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouse,
And my relations would his cause espouse.
You boast your strength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive small credit from your face.
Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy;
A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.
Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
Were I as wise as many of my sex.
But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire;
And I perhaps may yield to your desire.

You last demand a private conference ;
These are your words, but I can guess your sense.
Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend :
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you understand ;
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand :
My woman knows the secret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.



DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

EPIST. VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, the son of Venus and Anchises, having, at the destruction of Troy, saved his Gods, his father, and son Ascanius, from the fire, put to sea with twenty sail of ships; and, having been long tost with tempests, was at last cast upon the shore of Libya, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion her brother, who had killed her husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell passionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the last favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a kingdom promised him by the Gods) he readily prepared to follow him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to stay, at last in despair writes to him as follows.

SO, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful swan sings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)
By words your lost affection to regain :

But having lost whate'er was worth my care,
Why should I fear to lose a dying pray'r?
'Tis then resolv'd poor Dido must be left,
Of life, of honor, and of love bereft!
While you, with loosen'd sails, and vows, prepare
To seek a land that flies the searcher's care.
Nor can my rising tow'rs your flight restrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppose you landed where your wish design'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is so void of common sense,
To vote succession from a native prince?
Yet there new scepters and new loves you seek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your tow'rs the height of Carthage
know?

Or when your eyes discern such crowds below?
If such a town and subjects you could see,
Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn, like fires with incense bright:
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.

Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate still :
Fool that I am to place my heart so ill !
Myself I cannot to myself restore ;
Still I complain, and still I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: nor canst thou Venus' offspring be,
Love's mother could not bear a son like thee.
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At least thou art from some fierce tigress come ;
Or on rough seas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempest born:
Like that which now thy trembling sailors fear ;
Like that whose rage should still detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride !
The winds and waves are on the juster side.
To winter weather and a stormy sea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee,
Death thou deserv'st from heav'n's avenging laws ;
But I'm unwilling to become the cause.
To shun my love, if thou wilt seek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchase, and a costly hate.
Stay but a little, 'till the tempest cease,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconstant prove !
And so it will, if there be pow'r in love.

Know'st thou not yet what dangers ships sustain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the main?
Which were it smooth, were ev'ry wave asleep,
Ten thousand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyſs the Gods their vengeance ſtore,
For broken vows of thoſe who falſely ſwore.
There winged ſtorms on ſea-born Venus wait,
To vindicate the juſtice of her ſtate.
Thus I to thee the means of ſafety ſhow;
And, loſt myſelf, would ſtill preſerve my foe.
False as thou art, I not thy death deſign:
O rather live, to be the cauſe of mine!
Should ſome avenging ſtorm thy veſſel tear,
(But heav'n forbid my words ſhould omen bear)
Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly;
And my wrong'd ghoul be preſent to thy eye.
With threat'ning looks think thou behold'ſt me
ſtare,
Gaspings my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, ſhould fork'd lightning and red thunder fall,
What couldſt thou ſay, but, I deſerv'd 'em all?
Leſt this ſhould happen, make not haſte away;
To ſhun the danger will be worth thy ſtay.
Have pity on thy ſon, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.

What has his youth, what have thy Gods deserv'd,
To sink in seas, who were from fires preserv'd?
But neither Gods nor parent didst thou bear;
Smooth stories all to please a woman's ear,
False as the tale of thy romantic life.

Nor yet am I thy first-deluded wife:

Left to pursuing foes Creüsa stay'd,
By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.

This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender heart,
That such requital follow'd such desert.

Nor doubt I but the Gods, for crimes like these,
Sev'n winters kept thee wand'ring on the seas.

Thy starv'd companions, cast ashore, I fed,
Thyself admitted to my crown and bed.

To harbor strangers, succor the distressed,
Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the rest!

Curst be the cave which first my ruin brought,
Where, from the storm, we common shelter
sought!

A dreadful howling echo'd round the place:

The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials
grace.

I thought so then, but now too late I know
The furies yell'd my fun'erals from below.

O chastity and violated fame,

Exact your dues to my dead husband's name!

By death redeem my reputation lost,
And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.
Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his statue
stands,

The pious monument of artful hands.

Last night, methought, he call'd me from the
dome,

And thrice, with hollow voice, cry'd, Dido, come.
She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons hears;
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious
fears.

Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith misled.
His Goddess's mother, and his aged sire
Born on his back, did to my fall conspire.
Oh! such he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a blush I might his love pursue.
But cruel stars my birth-day did attend;
And as my fortune open'd, it must end.
My plighted lord was at the altar slain,
Whose wealth was made my bloody brother's gain.
Friendless, and follow'd by the murd'rer's hate,
To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;

And here, a suppliant, from the natives hands
I bought the ground on which my city stands,
With all the coast that stretches to the sea;
E'en to the friendly port that shelter'd thee:
Then rais'd these walls, which mount into the air,
At oncé my neighbours wonder, and their fear.
For now they arm; and round me leagues are
made,

My scarce establish'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I must prepare,
An helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.
Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend;
And for my person would my crown defend:
Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(For that must follow, if thou goest away.)
Or to my husband's murd'rer leave my life,
That to the husband he may add the wife.
Go then, since no complaints can move thy mind:
Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy Gods behind.
Touch not those Gods, by whom thou art forsworn,
Who will in impious hands no more be born:
Thy sacrilegious worship they disdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.

Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The babe unborn must perish by thy hate,
And perish guiltless in his mother's fate.
Some God, thou say'st, thy voyage does command;
Would the same God had barr'd thee from my
land!

The same, I doubt not, thy departure steers,
Who kept thee out at sea so many years;
While thy long labors were a price so great,
As thou to purchase Troy would'st not repeat.
But Tyber now thou seek'st, to be at best,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious guest.
Yet it deludes thy search: perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiscover'd still.
A ready crown and wealth in dow'r I bring,
And, without conqu'ring, here thou art a king.
Here thou to Carthage may'st transfer thy Troy:
Here young Ascanius may his arms employ;
And, while we live secure in soft repose,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes.
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee stay;
By all the Gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live still, and with no future fortune strive;

So may thy youthful son old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain:
As thou hast pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much love of
thee.

I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents against Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By some inferior name admit my love.
To be secur'd of still possessing thee,
What would I do, and what would I not be!
Our Libyan coasts their certain seasons know,
When free from tempests passengers may go:
But now with northern blasts the billows roar,
And drive the floating sea-weed to the shore.
Leave to my care the time to sail away;
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.
Thy weary men would be with ease content;
Their sails are tatter'd, and their masts are spent.
If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deny'st my merit, give my love.
Stay, 'till I learn my loss to undergo;
And give me time to struggle with my woe.
If not, know this, I will not suffer long;
My life's too loathsome, and my love too strong.

Death holds my pen and dictates what I say,
While cros my lap the Trojan sword I lay.
My tears flow down; the sharp edge cuts their
blood,

And drinks my sorrows that must drink my blood.

How well thy gift does with my fate agree!

My fun'ral pomp is cheaply made by thee.

To no new wounds my bosom I display:

The sword but enters where love made the way.

But thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend,

Shalt my cold ashes to their urn attend.

Sichæus' wife let not the marble boast,

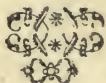
I lost that title, when my fame I lost.

This short inscription only let it bear:

“ Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here.

“ The cause of death, and sword by which she dy'd,

“ Æneas gave: the rest her arm supply'd.”

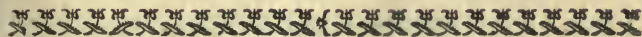




TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S ART OF LOVE.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

TRANSLATIONS

1801

OF THE ART OF LOVE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

IN Cupid's school whoe'er would take degree,
Must learn his rudiments, by reading me.

Seamen with sailing arts their vessels move;
Art guides the chariot; art instructs to love.
Of ships and chariots others know the rule;
But I am master in Love's mighty school.

Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn God; but yet the God's a child:
Easy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage:

That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.

As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The silver strings of his melodious lyre:

So Love's fair Goddess does my soul inspire,
To teach her softer arts; to sooth the mind,
And smoothe the rugged breasts of human kind,

Yet Cupid and Achilles, each with scorn
 And rage were fill'd; and both were goddefs-born.
 The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws:
 The horse receives the bit within his jaws;
 And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway,
 Tho struggling oft he strives to disobey.
 He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
 But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
 The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight,
 The more he teaches to revenge the spite.

I boast no aid the Delphian God affords,
 Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds;
 Nor Clio, nor her sisters have I seen;
 As Hesiod saw them on the shady green:
 Experience makes my work; a truth so try'd
 You may believe; and Venus be my guide.

Far hence, ye vestals, be, who bind your hair;
 And wives, who gowns below your ancles wear.
 I sing the brothels loose and unconfin'd,
 Th' unpunishable pleasures of the kind;
 Which all alike, for love, or money, find.

You, who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your name,
 First seek an object worthy of your flame;
 Then strive, with art, your lady's mind to gain
 And, last, provide your love may long remain.

On these three precepts all my work shall move:
These are the rules and principles of love.

Before your youth with marriage is oppress'd,
Make choice of one who suits your humor best:
And such a damsel drops not from the sky;
She must be sought for with a curious eye.

The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fish, and where to bait his hook.
The fowler and the huntsman know by name
The certain haunts and harbor of their game:
So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds;
Th' assembly where his quarry most abounds.
Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
These rules shall put him in the ready way.
Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
As far as Perseus, or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee such a store,
As all the world can hardly shew thee more.
The face of heav'n with fewer stars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.

Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning sweetness in unartful truth;
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here mayst thou find thy full desires in both.

Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight
 (An age that knows to give, and take delight;) 10
 Millions of matrons of the graver sort,
 In common prudence, will not balk the sport.

In summer heats thou need'st but only go
 To Pompey's cool and shady portico;
 Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
 Whose turrets near the bawdy suburb rise :
 Or to that other portico, where stands
 The cruel father urging his commands,
 And fifty daughters wait the time of rest,
 To plunge their poniards in the bridegrooms
 breast:

Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
 They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rites.
 Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the fowl drove,
 On sabbaths, rest from ev'ry thing but love:
 Nor Isis' temple; for that sacred whore
 Makes others, what to Jove she was before.
 And if the hall itself be not bely'd,
 E'en there the cause of love is often try'd;
 Near it at least, or in the palace-yard,
 From whence the noisy combatants are heard.
 The crafty counsellors, in formal gown,
 There gain another's cause, but lose their own.

There eloquence is nonplust in the suit ;
 And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
 Venus, from her adjoining temple, smiles,
 To see them caught in their litigious wiles.
 Grave senators lead home the youthful dame,
 Returning clients, when they patrons came.
 But, above all, the play-house is the place ;
 There's choice of quarry in that narrow chace.
 There take thy stand, and sharply looking out,
 Soon may'st thou find a mistress in the rout,
 For length of time, or for a single bout. }
 The theatres are berries for the fair :
 Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair ;
 Like bees to hives, so num'rously they throng,
 It may be said, they to that place belong.
 Thither they swarm, who have the public voice :
 There choose, if plenty not distracts thy choice.
 To see, and to be seen, in heaps they run ;
 Some to undo, and some to be undone.

From Romulus the rise of plays began,
 To his new subjects a commodious man ;
 Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,
 Took care the commonwealth should multiply :
 Providing Sabine women for his braves,
 Like a true king, to get a race of slaves.

His play-houſe not of Parian marble made,
 Nor was it ſpread with purple ſails for ſhade.
 The ſtage with ruſhes, or with leaves they ſtrew'd:
 No ſcenes in proſpect, no machining God.
 On rows of homely turf they ſat to ſee,
 Crown'd with the wreaths of ev'ry common
 tree.

There, while they ſat in ruſtic majeſty,
 Each lover had his miſtreſs in his eye;
 And whom he ſaw moſt ſuiting to his mind,
 For joys of matrimonial rape deſign'd.
 Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haſte;
 But, ere the dances and the ſong were paſt,
 The monarch gave the ſignal from his throne;
 And, riſing, bade his merry men fall on.
 The martial crew, like ſoldiers ready preſt,
 Juſt at the word (the word too was, The Beſt)
 With joyful cries each other animate;
 Some chooſe, and ſome at hazard ſeize their
 mate.

As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
 So from their lawleſs lovers fly the dames.

Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
 Some rend the lovely trefſes of their hair;
 Some ſhriek, and ſome are ſtruck with dumb
 deſpair. }

Her absent mother one invokes in vain;
 One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain;
 The nimbler trust their feet, the slow remain. }

But nought availing, all are captives led,
 Trembling and blushing, to the genial bed.

She who too long resisted, or deny'd,
 The lusty lover made by force a bride;
 And, with superior strength, compell'd her to
 his side. }

Then sooth'd her thus:--My soul's far better part,
 Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:

For what thy father to thy mother was,
 That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass.

Thus Romulus became so popular;
 This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
 To pay his army, and fresh whores to bring:
 Who would not fight for such a gracious king?

Thus love in theatres did first improve;
 And theatres are still the scenes of love:
 Nor shun the chariot's, and the courser's race;
 The Circus is no inconvenient place.

No need is there of talking on the hand;
 Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.
 But boldly next the fair your seat provide;
 Close as you can to hers, and side by side.

Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crouding fit:
 For so the laws of public shows permit.
 Then find occasion to begin discourse;
 Inquire, whose chariot this, and whose that horse?
 To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
 Suit all your inclinations to her mind;
 Like what she likes; from thence your court
 begin;

And whom she favours, wish that he may win.
 But when the statues of the Deities,
 In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
 When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise. }
 If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand,
 Brush both away with your officious hand.
 If none be there, yet brush that nothing thence;
 And still to touch her lap make some pretence.
 Touch any thing of hers; and if her train }
 Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in vain;
 But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;
 And while you wipe it, with observing eyes,
 Who knows but you may see her naked thighs!
 Observe, who sits behind her; and beware,
 Lest his incroaching knee should press the fair.
 Light service takes light minds: for some can
 tell

Of favours won, by laying cushions well;

By fanning faces some their fortune meet ;
 And some by laying footstools for their feet.
 These overtures of love the Circus gives ;
 Nor at the sword-play less the lover thrives :
 For there the son of Venus fights his prize ;
 And deepest wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.
 One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
 Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake,
 Is struck from far, and feels the flying dart ;
 And of the spectacle is made a part.

Cæsar would represent a naval fight,
 For his own honor, and for Rome's delight.
 From either sea the youths and maidens come ;
 And all the world was then contain'd in Rome.
 In this vast concourse, in this choice of game,
 What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame ?
 Once more our prince prepares to make us glad ;
 And the remaining East to Rome will add.
 Rejoice, ye Roman soldiers, in your urns ;
 Your ensigns from the Parthians shall return ;
 And the slain Crassus shall no longer mourn. }
 A youth is sent those trophies to demand ;
 And bears his father's thunder in his hand :
 Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unseen ;
 In childhood all of Cæsar's race are men.

Celestial seeds shoot out before their day,
 Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
 Thus infant Hercules the snakes did press,
 And in his cradle did his fire confess.
 Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
 And early spoils from conquer'd India brought.
 Thus you your father's troops shall lead to fight,
 And thus shall vanquish in your father's right.
 These rudiments you to your lineage owe;
 Born to increase your titles, as you grow.
 Brethren you had, revenge your brethren slain;
 You have a father, and his rights maintain.
 Arm'd by your country's parent, and your own,
 Redeem your country, and restore his throne.
 Your enemies assert an impious cause;
 You fight both for divine and human laws.
 Already in their cause they are o'ercome:
 Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
 Great father Mars with greater Cæsar join,
 To give a prosp'rous omen to your line:
 One of you is, and one shall be divine. }
 I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome:
 My verse shall bring you back in triumph home.
 Speak in my verse, exhort to loud alarms:
 O were my numbers equal to your arms!

Then would I sing the Parthians overthrow;
 Their shot averſe ſent from a flying bow:
 The Parthians, who already flying fight,
 Already give an omen of their flight.

O when will come the day, by heav'n deſign'd,
 When thou, the beſt and faireſt of mankind,
 Drawn by white horſes ſhalt in triumph ride,
 With conquer'd ſlaves attending on thy ſide;
 Slaves, that no longer can be ſafe in flight;
 O glorious object, O ſurpriſing fight,
 O day of public joy; too good to end in night! }
 On ſuch a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
 Some beauty ſits, the ſpectacle to ſee:

If ſhe inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
 Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden ſprings,
 Answer to all thou know'ſt; and, if need be,
 Of things unknown ſeem to ſpeak knowingly:
 This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
 Flows the ſwift Tigris with his ſea-green hair.
 Invent new names of things unknown before;
 Call this Armenia, that the Caſpian ſhore;
 Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
 Talk probably; no matter for the truth.

In feaſts, as at our ſhows, new means abound;
 More pleaſure there, than that of wine, is found.

The Paphian Goddess there her ambush lays;
 And Love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays:
 Desires increase at ev'ry swelling draught;
 Brisk vapors add new vigor to the thought.
 There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
 But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
 He shakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
 Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin Love.
 Wine warms the blood, and makes the spirits
 flow;

Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
 Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
 Gives mirth and laughter, and a rosy cheek.
 Bold truths it speaks; and spoken, dares maintain;
 And brings our old simplicity again.
 Love sparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
 Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
 But choose no mistress in thy drunken fit;
 Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
 Nor trust thy judgment when the tapers dance;
 But sober, and by day, thy suit advance.
 By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
 And for the fairest did the prize decree.
 Night is a cheat, and all deformities
 Are hid, or lessen'd in her dark disguise.

The sun's fair light each error will confess,
In face, in shape, in jewels, and in dress.

Why name I ev'ry place where youths abound?
'Tis loss of time, and a too fruitful ground.

The Baian baths, where ships at anchor ride,
And wholesome streams from sulphur fountains
glide;

Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are less healthful than they thought.

Or Dian's fane, which near the suburb lies,
Where priests, for their promotion, fight a prize.

That maiden Goddess is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his subjects undergo.

Thus far the sportful Muse, with myrtle bound,
Has sung where lovely lasses may be found.

Now let me sing, how she who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.

Young nobles, to my laws attention lend;
And all you vulgar of my school attend.

First then believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.

The grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
In summer season, or the birds in spring;

Than women can resist your flatt'ring skill:
E'en she will yield, who swears she never will.

To secret pleasure both the sexes move ;
 But women most, who most dissemble love.
 'Twere best for us, if they would first declare,
 Avow their passion, and submit to pray'r.
 The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame :
 The neighing mare invites her stallion to the game.
 Man is more temp'rate in his lust than they,
 And, more than women, can his passion sway.
 Biblis, we know, did first her love declare,
 And had recourse to death in her despair.
 Her brother she, her father Myrrha sought,
 And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
 Now from a tree she stills her od'rous tears,
 Which yet the name of her who shed 'em bears.
 In Ida's shady vale a bull appear'd,
 White as the snow, the fairest of the herd ;
 A beauty-spot of black there only rose,
 Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows :
 The love and wish of all the Cretan cows.
 The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd ;
 And envy'd ev'ry leap he gave the herd.
 A secret fire she nourish'd in her breast,
 And hated ev'ry heifer he caress'd.
 A story known, and known for true, I tell ;
 Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.

She cut him grafs ; (fo much can Love command)
 She ftrok'd, ſhe fed him with her royal hand :
 Was pleas'd in paſtures with the herd to roam ;
 And Minos by the bull was overcome.

Ceafe, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous
 brows ;

The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
 Nor in thy glaſs compoſe thy looks and eyes :
 Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies :
 Yet truſt thy mirror, when it tells thee true ;
 Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
 Soon wouldſt thou quit thy royal diadem
 To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.
 If Minos pleaſe, no lover ſeek to find ;
 If not, at leaſt ſeek one of human kind.

The wretched queen the Cretan court forſakes ;
 In woods and wilds her habitation makes :
 She curſes ev'ry beauteous cow ſhe ſees ;
 Ah, why doſt thou my lord and maſter pleaſe !
 And think'ſt, ungrateful creature as thou art,
 With friſking aukwardly, to gain his heart !
 She ſaid, and ſtraight commands, with frowning
 look,

To put her, undeſerving, to the yoke ;
 Or feigns ſome holy rites of ſacrifice,
 And ſees her rival's death with joyful eyes :

Then, when the bloody priest has done his
part,

Pleas'd, in her hand she holds the beating heart;
Nor from a scornful taunt can scarce refrain;
Go, fool, and strive to please my love again.

Now she would be Europa, Io now;
(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow.)
Yet she at last her brutal bliss obtain'd,
And in a wooden cow the bull sustain'd;
Fill'd with his seed, accomplish'd her desire;
Till by his form the son betray'd the fire.

If Atreus' wife to incest had not run,
(But, ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His courfers Phœbus had not 'driv'n away,
To shun that sight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Nisus, pull'd thy purple hair,
And barking sea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At sea and land Atrides sav'd his life,
Yet fell a prey to his adult'rous wife.
Who knows not what revenge Medea fought,
When the slain offspring bore the father's fault?
Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail;
And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
These crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
Hotter their lust, and sharper is their wit.

Doubt

Doubt not from them an easy victory :
 Scarce of a thousand dames will one deny.
 All women are content that men should woo:
 She who complains, and she who will not do.
 Rest then secure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
 Not to be hated for declaring love.
 And yet how canst thou miss, since womankind
 Is frail and vain, and still to change inclin'd ?
 Old husbands and stale galants they despise ;
 And more another's, than their own, they prize.
 A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field ;
 More milk his kine from swelling udders yield.

First gain the maid: by her thou shalt be sure
 A free access and easy to procure :
 Who knows what to her office does belong,
 Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue.
 Bribe her with gifts, with promises, and pray'rs;
 For her good word goes far in love-affairs.
 The time and fit occasion leave to her,
 When she most aptly can thy suit prefer.
 The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
 Is, when they find her in a merry mood ;
 When all things at her wish and pleasure move :
 Her heart is open then, and free to love.

Then mirth and wantonness to lust betray,
 And smooth the passage to the lover's way.
 Troy stood the siege, when fill'd with anxious
 care:

One merry fit concluded all the war.

If some fair rival vex her jealous mind,
 Offer thy service to revenge in kind.
 Instruct the damsel, while she combs her hair,
 To raise the choler of that injur'd fair;
 And, sighing, make her mistress understand,
 She has the means of vengeance in her hand:
 Then, naming thee, thy humble suit prefer;
 And swear thou languishest and dy'st for her.
 Then let her lose no time, but push at all;
 For women soon are rais'd, and soon they fall.
 Give their first fury leisure to relent,
 They melt like ice, and suddenly repent.

T' enjoy the maid, will that thy suit advance?
 'Tis a hard question, and a doubtful chance.
 One maid, corrupted, bards the better for't;
 Another for herself would keep the sport.
 Thy business may be further'd or delay'd:
 But by my counsel, let alone the maid:
 E'en tho she should consent to do the feat;
 The profit's little, and the danger great.

I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
 But where the way lies open, safe, and broad.
 Yet if thou find'st her very much thy friend,
 And her good face her diligence commend:
 Let the fair mistress have thy first embrace,
 And let the maid come after in her place.

But this I will advise, and mark my words;
 For 'tis the best advice my skill affords:
 If needs thou with the damsel wilt begin,
 Before th' attempt is made, make sure to win:
 For then the secret better will be kept;
 And she can tell no tales when once she's dipt.
 'Tis for the fowler's int'rest to beware,
 The bird intangled should not 'scape the snare.
 The fish, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
 And spoils the sport of all the neighb'ring
 brook.

But if the wench be thine, she makes thy way,
 And, for thy sake, her mistress will betray;
 Tell all she knows, and all she hears her say. }
 Keep well the counsel of thy faithful spy:
 So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads awry.

All things the stations of their seasons keep;
 And certain times there are to sow and reap.

Ploughmen and sailors for the season stay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the sea: }
So should the lover wait the lucky day.
Then stop thy suit, it hurts not thy design:
But think, another hour she may be thine.
And when she celebrates her birth at home, }
Or when she views the public shows of Rome,
Know, all thy visits then are troublesome. }
Defer thy work, and put not then to sea,
For that's a boding and a stormy day.
Else take thy time, and, when thou canst, begin:
To break a Jewish sabbath, think no sin:
Nor e'en on superstitious days abstain;
Not when the Romans were at Allia slain.
Ill omens in her frowns are understood;
When she's in humor, ev'ry day is good.
But than her birth-day seldom comes a worse; }
When bribes and presents must be sent of course; }
And that's a bloody day, that costs thy purse. }
Be stanch; yet parsimony will be vain:
The craving sex will still the lover drain.
No skill can shift them off, nor art remove;
They will be begging, when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who shall before thy face his wares display.

To choose for her she craves thy kind advice;
 Then begs again, to bargain for the price:
 But when she has her purchase in her eye,
 She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
 'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too;
 In many years I will not trouble you.
 If you complain you have no ready coin;
 No matter; 'tis but writing of a line,
 A little bill, not to be paid at sight;
 Now curse the time when thou wert taught to write.
 She keeps her birth-day; you must send the cheer;
 And she'll be born a hundred times a year.
 With daily lies she dribs thee into cost;
 That ear-ring dropt a stone, that ring is lost.
 They often borrow what they never pay;
 Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.
 Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
 All would be wearied ere I told a part.

By letters, not by words thy love begin;
 And ford the dang'rous passage with thy pen.
 If to her heart thou aim'st to find the way,
 Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
 Priam by pray'rs did Hector's body gain;
 Nor is an angry God invok'd in vain.

With promis'd gifts her easy mind bewitch;
 For e'en the poor in promise may be rich.
 Vain hopes awhile her appetite will stay;
 'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
 Who gives is mad; but make her still believe
 'Twill come, and that's the cheapest way to
 give.

E'en barren lands fair promises afford;
 But the lean harvest cheats the starving lord.
 Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
 Of bad example to thy future love:
 But get it gratis; and she'll give thee more,
 For fear of losing what she gave before.
 The losing gamester shakes the box in vain,
 And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.

Write then, and in thy letter, as I said,
 Let her with mighty promises be fed.
 Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
 Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
 She read herself into a marriage-vow;
 (And ev'ry cheat in love the Gods allow.)
 Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
 It will not only at the bar o'ercome:
 Sweet words the people and the senate move;
 But the chief end of eloquence is love.

But in thy letter hide thy moving arts ;
 Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
 None but vain fools to simple women preach :
 A learned letter oft has made a breach.
 In a familiar stile your thoughts convey,
 And write such things as present you would say ;
 Such words as from the heart may seem to move :
 'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love.
 If seal'd she sends it back, and will not read,
 Yet hope, in time, the business may succeed.
 In time the steer will to the yoke submit ;
 In time the restiff horse will bear the bit.
 E'en the hard plough-share use will wear away :
 And stubborn steel in length of time decay.
 Water is soft, and marble hard ; and yet
 We see soft water through hard marble eat.
 Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd ;
 And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
 Perhaps thy lines unanswer'd she retain'd ;
 No matter ; there's a point already gain'd :
 For she, who reads, in time will answer too ;
 Things must be left by just degrees to grow.
 Perhaps she writes, but answers with disdain,
 And sharply bids you not to write again :

What she requires, she fears you should accord;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.

Mean time, if she carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not seem to know she's there.
Speak softly to delude the standers-by;
Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.
If saunt'ring in the portico she walk,
Move slowly too; for that's a time for talk:
And sometimes follow, sometimes be her guide:
But, when the crowd permits, go side by side.
Nor in the play-house let her sit alone:
For she's the play-house, and the play in one.
There thou mayst ogle, or by signs advance
Thy suit, and seem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains;
For her sweet sake the loss of time despise;
Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.
But dress not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave those effeminate and useless toys
To eunuchs, who can give no solid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: this Theseus found:
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wishes
crown'd.

The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care;
 And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
 Be not too finical; but yet be clean:
 And wear well-fashion'd clothes, like other men.
 Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
 Nor in wide shoes your feet too loosely roll.
 Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware;
 And let a skilful barber cut your hair.
 Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd;
 Nor let your nasty nostrils bud with beard.
 Cure your unfav'ry breath, gargle your throat;
 And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
 Dress not, in short, too little or too much;
 And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.

Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
 Who would not follow, when a God invites?
 He helps the poet, and his pen inspires,
 Kind and indulgent to his former fires.

Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore,
 Forsaken now; and Theseus loved no more:
 Loose was her gown, dishevel'd was her hair;
 Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare:
 Exclaiming, on the water's brink she stood;
 Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
 She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her face:
 No posture could that heav'nly form disgrace.

She beat her breast: The traitor's gone, said she;
 What shall become of poor forsaken me?
 What shall become----- she had not time for
 more,

The sounding cymbals rattled on the shore.
 She swoons for fear, she falls upon the ground;
 No vital heat was in her body found.
 The Mimallonian dames about her stood;
 And scudding fatyrs ran before their God.
 Silenus on his ass did next appear,
 And held upon the mane; (the God was clear)
 The drunken fire pursues, the dames retire;
 Sometimes the drunken dames pursue the drunken
 fire.

At last he topples over on the plain;
 The fatyrs laugh, and bid him rise again.
 And now the God of Wine came driving on,
 High on his chariot by swift tigers drawn.
 Her color, voice, and sense forsook the fair;
 Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
 And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear. }
 She shook, like leaves of corn when tempests
 blow,

Or slender reeds that in the marshes grow.
 To whom the God: Compose thy fearful mind;
 In me a truer husband thou shalt find.

With heav'n I will endow thee, and thy star
 Shall with propitious light be seen afar,
 And guide on seas the doubtful mariner. }
 He said, and from his chariot leaping light,
 Lest the grim tigers should the nymph affright,
 His brawny arms around her waist he threw;
 (For Gods, whate'er they will, with ease can do:)
 And swiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
 Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song.
 Now in full bowls her sorrow she may steep:
 The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride asleep.

But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
 And the lov'd nymph is seated by thy side;
 Invoke the God, and all the mighty Pow'rs,
 That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
 Then in ambiguous words thy suit prefer,
 Which she may know were all address to her.
 In liquid purple letters write her name,
 Which she may read, and reading find the flame.
 Then may your eyes confess your mutual fires;
 (For eyes have tongues, and glances tell desires)
 Whene'er she drinks, be first to take the cup;
 And, where she laid her lips, the blessing sup.
 When she to carving does her hand advance,
 Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.

Thy service e'en her husband must attend :
 (A husband is a most convenient friend.)
 Seat the fool cuckold in the highest place :
 And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
 Whether below or equal in degree,
 Let him be lord of all the company,
 And what he says, be seconded by thee. }
 'Tis common to deceive thro friendship's name :
 But, common though it be, 'tis still to blame :
 Thus factors frequently their trust betray,
 And to themselves their masters gains convey.
 Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er ;
 Thy tongue and feet may stumble, drinking more.
 Of drunken quarrels in her sight beware ;
 Pot-valour only serves to fright the fair.
 Eurytion justly fell, by wine oppress'd,
 For his rude riot at a wedding-feast.
 Sing, if you have a voice ; and shew your parts
 In dancing, if endu'd with dancing arts.
 Do any thing within your power to please ;
 Nay, e'en affect a seeming drunkenness ;
 Clip ev'ry word ; and if by chance you speak
 Too home, or if too broad a jest you break,
 In your excuse the company will join,
 And lay the fault upon the force of wine.

True drunkenness is subject to offend ;
 But when 'tis feign'd 'tis oft a lover's friend.
 Then safely you may praise her beauteous face,
 And call him happy, who is in her grace.
 Her husband thinks himself the man design'd;
 But curse the cuckold in your secret mind.
 When all are risen, and prepare to go,
 Mix with the croud, and tread upon her toe.
 This is the proper time to make thy court ;
 For now she's in the vein, and fit for sport.
 Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by ;
 To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
 On fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold ;
 Now speak and speed, for Venus loves the bold.
 No rules of rhetoric here I need afford :
 Only begin, and trust the following word ;
 It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the lover ; let thy speech abound
 In dying words, that represent thy wound :
 Distrust not her belief ; she will be mov'd ;
 All women think they merit to be lov'd.

Sometimes a man begins to love in jest,
 And, after, feels the torment he profess.
 For your own sakes be pitiful, ye fair ;
 For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.

By flatteries we prevail on womankind ;
 As hollow banks by streams are undermin'd.
 Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet:
 Her taper fingers praise, and little feet,
 Such praises e'en the chaste are pleas'd to hear;
 Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.

Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
 And still they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
 Praise the proud peacock, and he spreads his
 train:

Be silent, and he pulls it in again.
 Pleas'd is the courser in his rapid race;
 Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
 But largely promise, and devoutly swear;
 And, if need be, call ev'ry God to hear.
 Jove sits above, forgiving with a smile
 The perjuries that easy maids beguile.
 He swore to Juno by the Stygian lake:
 Forsworn, he dares not an example make,
 Or punish falshood, for his own dear sake.
 'Tis for our int'rest that the Gods should be;
 Let us believe 'em: I believe, they see,
 And both reward, and punish equally.
 Not that they live above like lazy drones,
 Or kings below, supine upon their thrones.

Lead then your lives as present in their sight ;
 Be just in dealings, and defend the right ;
 By fraud betray not, nor oppress by might. }
 But 'tis a venial sin to cheat the fair ;
 All men have liberty of conscience there.
 On cheating nymphs a cheat is well design'd ;
 'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind.

'Tis said, that Ægypt for nine years was dry,
 Nor Nile did floods, nor heav'n did rain supply.
 A foreigner at length inform'd the king,
 That slaughter'd guests would kindly moisture
 bring.

The king reply'd : On thee the lot shall fall ;
 Be thou my guest, the sacrifice for all.

Thus Phaleris Perillus taught to low,
 And made him season first the brazen cow.
 A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry,
 'Tis, the artificers of death should die.

Thus justly women suffer by deceit ;
 Their practice authorizes us to cheat.

Beg her, with tears, thy warm desires to grant ;
 For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.

If tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your eye,
 Or 'noint the lids, and seem at least to cry.

Kifs, if you can : resistance if she make,
 And will not give you kisses, let her take.

Fy, fy, you naughty man, are words of course;
She struggles but to be subdu'd by force.

Kiss only soft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard bristles not to brush the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiss, and gains no more,
Deserves to lose the bliss he got before.

If once she kiss, her meaning is express;
There wants but little pushing for the rest:
Which if thou dost not gain, by strength or
art,

The name of clown then suits with thy desert;
'Tis downright dulness, and a shameful part.
Perhaps, she calls it force; but, if she 'scape,
She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.

'The sex is cunning to conceal their fires ;
They would be forc'd e'en to their own desires.
They seem t' accuse you, with a downcast sight,
But in their souls confess you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curse you with
their heart.

Fair Phœbe and her sister did prefer
To their dull mates the noble ravisher.

What Deidamia did, in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.

When

When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
 And the just judge fair Helen had obtain'd:
 When she with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
 The Trojans joyful, while the Grecians griev'd:
 They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
 And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cause:
 Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
 Disguis'd his sex, and lurk'd among the fair.
 What means Æacides to spin and sew?
 With spear and sword in field thy valour shew;
 And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know. }
 Why dost thou in that hand the distaff wield,
 Which is more worthy to sustain the shield?
 Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
 The same the fates for Hector's thread assign?
 Brandish thy falchion in thy pow'rful hand,
 Which can alone the pond'rous lance command.
 In the same room by chance the royal maid
 Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming sex betray'd, }
 Close to her side the youthful hero laid.
 I know not how his courtship he began;
 But, to her cost, she found it was a man.
 'Tis thought she struggled; but withal 'tis thought,
 Her wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought.

For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the field,
 He laid his distaff down, and took the shield,
 With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
 And thought to stay the grateful ravisher.
 She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part:
 And now 'tis nature, what before was art.
 She strives by force her lover to detain,
 And wishes to be ravish'd once again.
 This is the sex, they will not first begin,
 But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer sin.
 Is there, who thinks that women first should
 woo?

Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
 Begin, and save their modesty the shame;
 'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
 'Tis decent for a man to speak his mind;
 They but expect th' occasion to be kind.
 Ask, that thou mayst enjoy; she waits for this;
 And on thy first advance depends thy bliss.
 E'en Jove himself was forc'd to sue for love;
 None of the nymphs did first solicit Jove.
 But if you find your pray'rs increase her pride,
 Strike sail awhile, and wait another tide.
 They fly when we pursue; but make delay,
 And, when they see you slacken, they will stay.

Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
 Name not yourself her lover, but her friend.
 How many skittish girls have thus been caught?
 He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
 Sailors by fun and wind are swarthy made;
 A tann'd complexion best becomes their trade.
 'Tis a disgrace to ploughmen to be fair;
 Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten
 hair.

Th' ambitious youth, who seeks an olive crown,
 Is sun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.

But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
 Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
 That colour from the fair compassion draws:
 She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the cause.

Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
 His paleness did the nymphs to pity move;
 His ghastly visage argu'd hidden love. }

Nor fail a night-cap, in full health, to wear;
 Neglect thy dress, and discompose thy hair.

All things are decent, that in love avail:
 Read long by night, and study to be pale:
 Forsake your food, refuse your needful rest;
 Be miserable, that you may be blest.

Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most? }
 Faith, truth, and friendship in the world are lost; }
 A little and an empty name they boast. }
 Trust not thy friend, much less thy mistress praise;
 If he believe, thou mayst a rival raise.
 'Tis true, Patroclus, by no lust misled,
 Sought not to stain his dear companion's bed.
 Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd;
 E'en Phædra to Pirithous still was chaste.
 But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
 Those rare examples of a faithful mind.
 The sea shall sooner with sweet honey flow;
 Or from the furzes pears and apples grow.
 We sin with gust, we love by fraud to gain;
 And find a pleasure in our fellow's pain.
 From rival foes you may the fair defend;
 But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend:
 Beware your brother, and your next of kin;
 But from your bosom-friend your care begin.

Here I had ended, but experience finds,
 That sundry women are of sundry minds;
 With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to please:
 They therefore must be caught by various ways.
 All things are not produc'd in any soil;
 This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.

So 'tis in men, but more in womankind: }
 Diff'rent in face, in manners, and in mind: }
 But wise men shift their sails with every wind: }
 As changeful Proteus vary'd oft his shape,
 And did in fundry forms and figures 'scape;
 A running stream, a standing tree became,
 A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
 Some fish with harpons, some with darts are struck,
 Some drawn with nets, some hang upon the hook:
 So turn thyself; and imitating them,
 Try sev'ral tricks, and change thy stratagem.
 One rule will not for diff'rent ages hold;
 The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
 Then talk not bawdy to the bashful maid;
 Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
 Nor to an ign'rant girl of learning speak;
 She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.
 And hence 'tis often seen, the simple shun
 The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.

Part of my task is done, and part to do:
 But here 'tis time to rest myself and you.



FROM
OVID's AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. I.

FOR mighty wars I thought to tune my lute,
And make my measures to my subject suit.
Six feet for ev'ry verse the Muse design'd:
But Cupid, laughing, when he saw my mind,
From ev'ry second verse a foot purloin'd.
Who gave thee, boy, this arbitrary law,
On subjects, not thy own, commands to lay,
Who Phœbus only and his laws obey?
'Tis more absurd than if the Queen of Love
Should in Minerva's arms to battle move;
Or manly Pallas from that queen should take
Her torch, and o'er the dying lover shake.
In fields as well may Cynthia sow the corn,
Or Ceres wind in woods the bugle-horn.
As well may Phœbus quit the trembling string,
For sword and shield; and Mars may learn to sing.
Already thy dominions are too large;
Be not ambitious of a foreign charge.
If thou wilt reign o'er all, and ev'ry where,
The God of Music for his harp may fear.

Thus when with soaring wings I seek renown,
 Thou pluck'st my pinions, and I flutter down.
 Could I on such mean thoughts my Muse employ,
 I want a mistress or a blooming boy.

Thus I complain'd: his bow the stripling bent,
 And chose an arrow fit for his intent.

The shaft his purpose fatally pursues;

Now, poet, there's a subject for thy Muse.

He said: too well, alas, he knows his trade;

For in my breast a mortal wound he made.

(Far hence, ye proud hexameters, remove)

My verse is pac'd and trammel'd into love.

With myrtle wreaths my thoughtful brows inclose,

While in unequal verse I sing my woes.



FROM
OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. 4.

*To his mistress, whose husband is invited to a feast
with them. The poet instructs her how to behave
herself in his company.*

YOUR husband will be with us at the treat;
May that be the last supper he shall eat.
And am poor I a guest invited there,
Only to see, while he may touch the fair?
To see you kiss and hug your nauseous lord,
While his leud hand descends below the board?
Now wonder not that Hippodamia's charms,
At such a sight, the Centaurs urg'd to arms;
That in a rage they threw their cups aside,
Assail'd the bridegroom, and would force the bride.
I am not half a horse, (I would I were)
Yet hardly can from you my hands forbear.
Take then my counsel; which, observ'd, may be
Of some importance both to you and me.
Be sure to come before your man be there;
There's nothing can be done; but come howe'er.

Sit next him (that belongs to decency)
 But tread upon my foot in passing by.
 Read in my looks what silently they speak,
 And flily, with your eyes, your answer make:
 My lifted eye-brow shall declare my pain;
 My right-hand to his fellow shall complain;
 And on the back a letter shall design;
 Besides a note that shall be writ in wine.
 Whene'er you think upon our last embrace,
 With your fore-finger gently touch your face.
 If any word of mine offend my dear,
 Pull, with your hand, the velvet of your ear.
 If you are pleas'd with what I do or say,
 Handle your rings, or with your fingers play.
 As suppliants use at altars, hold the board,
 Whene'er you wish the devil may take your lord.
 When he fills for you, never touch the cup,
 But bid th' officious cuckold drink it up.
 The waiter on those services employ:
 Drink you, and I will snatch it from the boy;
 Watching the part where your sweet mouth hath
 been,
 And thence with eager lips will suck it in.
 If he, with clownish manners, thinks it fit
 To taste, and offer you the nasty bit,

Reject his greasy kindness, and restore
 Th' unfav'ry morsel he had chew'd before.
 Nor let his arms embrace your neck, nor rest
 Your tender cheek upon his hairy breast.
 Let not his hand within your bosom stray,
 And rudely with your pretty bubbies play.
 But above all, let him no kifs receive;
 That's an offence I never can forgive.
 Do not, O do not that sweet mouth resign,
 Lest I rise up in arms, and cry, 'tis mine.
 I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of fear
 The manifest adult'rer will appear.
 These things are plain to fight; but more I
 doubt

What you conceal beneath your petticoat.
 Take not his leg between your tender thighs,
 Nor, with your hand, provoke my foe to rise.
 How many love-inventions I deplore,
 Which I myself have practis'd all before?
 How oft have I been forc'd the robe to lift
 In company; to make a homely shift
 For a bare bout, ill huddled o'er in haste,
 While o'er my side the fair her mantle cast.
 You to your husband shall not be so kind;
 But, lest you should, your mantle leave behind.

Encourage him to tope ; but kifs him not,
 Nor mix one drop of water in his pot.
 If he be fuddled well, and snores apace,
 Then we may take advice from time and place.
 When all depart, when compliments are loud,
 Be fure to mix among the thickeft crowd :
 There I will be, and there we cannot mifs,
 Perhaps to grubble, or at leaft to kifs.
 Alas ! what length of labour I employ,
 Juft to fecure a fhort and tranfient joy !
 For night muft part us ; and when night is come,
 Tuck'd underneath his arm he leads you home.
 He locks you in ; I follow to the door,
 His fortune envy, and my own deplore.
 He kifles you, he more than kifles too ;
 Th' outrageous cuckold thinks it all his due.
 But add not to his joy by your confent,
 And let it not be given, but only lent.
 Return no kifs, nor move in any fort ;
 Make it a dull and a malignant fport.
 Had I my wifh, he fhould no pleasure take,
 But flubber o'er your bufinefs for my fake.
 And whate'er fortune fhall this night befall,
 Coax me to-morrow, by forfwearing all.



F R O M
O V I D ' s A M O U R S.

B O O K II. E L E G. 19.

IF for thyself thou wilt not watch thy whore,
 Watch her for me, that I may love her more.
 What comes with ease we nauseously receive,
 Who, but a sot, would scorn to love with leave?
 With hopes and fears my flames are blown up
 higher?

Make me despair, and then I can desire.
 Give me a jilt to teaze my jealous mind;
 Deceits are virtues in the female kind.
 Corinna my fantastic humor knew,
 Play'd trick for trick, and kept herself still new:
 She, that next night I might the sharper come,
 Fell out with me, and sent me fasting home;
 Or some pretence to lie alone would take;
 Whene'er she pleas'd, her head, and teeth would
 ake:

'Till having won me to the highest strain,
 She took occasion to be sweet again.
 With what a gust, ye gods, we then imbrac'd!
 How ev'ry kiss was dearer than the last!

Thou whom I now adore, be edify'd,
 Take care that I may often be deny'd.
 Forget the promis'd hour, or feign some fright,
 Make me lie rough on bulks each other night.
 These are the arts that best secure thy reign,
 And this the food, that must my fires maintain.
 Gross easy love does, like gross diet, pall,
 In squeasy stomachs honey turns to gall.
 Had Danaë not been kept in brazen tow'rs,
 Jove had not thought her worth his golden
 show'rs.

When Juno to a cow turn'd Io's shape,
 The watchman help'd her to a second leap.
 Let him who loves an easy Whetstone whore,
 Pluck leaves from trees, and drink the common
 shore.

The jilting harlot strikes the surest blow,
 A truth which I by sad experience know.
 The kind poor constant creature we despise ;
 Man but pursues the quarry while it flies.

But thou dull husband of a wife too fair,
 Stand on thy guard, and watch the precious ware ;
 If creaking doors, or barking dogs thou hear,
 Or windows scratch'd, suspect a rival there.
 An orange wench would tempt thy wife abroad ;
 Kick her, for she's a letter-bearing bawd ;

In short, be jealous as the devil in hell;
 And set my wit on work to cheat thee well.
 The sneaking city-cuckold is my foe,
 I scorn to strike, but when he wards the blow.
 Look to thy hits, and leave off thy conniving,
 I'll be no drudge to any wittal living;
 I have been patient, and forborn thee long,
 In hope thou wouldst not pocket up thy wrong:
 If no affront can rouse thee, understand
 I'll take no more indulgence at thy hand.
 What, ne'er to be forbid thy house, and wife!
 Damn him who loves to lead so ill a life.
 Now I can neither sigh, nor whine, nor pray,
 All those occasions thou hast ta'en away.
 Why art thou so incorrigibly civil?
 Do somewhat I may wish thee at the devil.
 For shame be no accomplice in my treason,
 A pimping husband is too much in reason.

Once more wear horns, before I quite forsake her,
 In hopes whereof, I rest thy cuckold-maker.

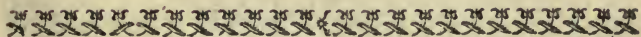




TRANSLATIONS

FROM

JUVENAL.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY

1900

CHICAGO, ILL.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES

Earl of DORSET and MIDDLESEX,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, Knight
of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

My LORD,

THE wishes and desires of all good men, which have attended your lordship from your first appearance in the world, are at length accomplished in your obtaining those honours and dignities, which you have so long deserved. There are no factions, though irreconcilable to one another, that are not united in their affection to you, and the respect they pay you. They are equally pleased in your prosperity, and would be equally concerned in your affliction. Titus Vespasian was not more the delight of human kind. The universal empire made him only more known, and more powerful but could not make him more beloved. He had greater ability of doing good, but your inclination to it, is not less: and though you could not extend your beneficence to so many persons, yet you have lost as few days as that excellent emperor, and never had his complaint to make when you went to bed, that the sun had shone upon you in vain, when you had the opportunity of relieving some unhappy man. This, my Lord, has justly acquired you as many friends as there are persons who have the honour to be known to you: meer acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer line: and they who have conversed with you are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a truth so generally acknowledged, that it needs no proof: it is of the nature of a first principle, which is received as soon as it is proposed; and needs not the reformation which Descartes used

to his: for we doubt not, neither can we properly say, we think we admire and love you, above all other men: there is a certainty in the proposition, and we know it. With the same assurance can I say, you neither have enemies, nor can scarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither love or hate you; and they who have, can have no other notion of you, than that which they receive from the public, that you are the best of men. After this, my testimony can be of no farther use, than to declare it to be day-light at high-noon: and all who have the benefit of light, can look up as well, and see the sun.

It is true, I have one privilege which is almost particular to myself, that I saw you in the east at your first arising above the hemisphere: I was as soon sensible as any man of that light, when it was but just shooting out, and beginning to travel upward to the meridian. I made my early addresses to your lordship, in my essay of Dramatic Poetry; and therein bespoke you to the world, wherein I have the right of a first discoverer. When I was myself, in the rudiments of my Poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than the skill; when I was drawing the out-lines of an art, without any living master to instruct me in it: an art which had been better praised than studied here in England, wherein Shakespeare, who created the stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and fully: and Johnson, who by studying Horace, had been acquainted with the rules, yet seemed to envy posterity that knowledge, and like an inventor of some useful art, to make a monopoly of his learning: when thus, as I may say, before the use of the loadstone, or knowledge of the compass, I was sailing in a vast ocean, without other help than the pole-star of the ancients, and the rules of the French Stage among the moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reason of their opposite taste; yet even then, I had the presumption to dedicate to your lordship: a very unfinished piece, I must confess, and which only can be excus'd by the little experience of the author, and the modesty of the title, An Essay. Yet I was stronger in prophecy than I was in criticism; I was inspired in favour of you to mankind, as the reflector of Poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best patron.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean benevolence and candor, is the product of right reason; which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others,

by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind ; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, tho not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candor in the judge. It is incident to an elevated understanding, like your lordship's, to find out the errors of other men : but it is your prerogative to pardon them ; to look with pleasure on those things, which are somewhat congenial, and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions : and to forgive the many failings of those, who with their wretched art, cannot arrive to those heights that you possess, from a happy, abundant, and native genius : which are as inborn to you, as they were to Shakespear ; and for ought I know, to Homer ; in either of whom we find all arts and sciences, all moral and natural philosophy, without knowing that they ever studied them.

There is not an English writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinced, that your Lordship excels all others, in all the several parts of Poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The most vain, and the most ambitious of our age, have not dared to assume so much, as the competitors of Themistocles : they have yielded the first place without dispute ; and have been arrogantly content to be esteemed as second to your lordship ; and even that also with a *Long sed proximi intervallo*. If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their self-conceit, they must be very singular in their opinion: they must be like the Officer in a play, who was called Captain, Lieutenant and Company. The world will easily conclude, whether such unattended generals can ever be capable of making a revolution in Parnassus.

I will not attempt, in this place to say any thing particular of your Lyric Poems, though they are the delight and wonder of this age, and will be the envy of the next. The subject of this book confines me to Satyr ; and in that, an author of your own quality, (whose ashes I will not disturb) has given you all the commendation, which his self-sufficiency could afford to any man : “ The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.” In that character, methinks, I am reading Jonson's verses to the memory of Shakespear : an insolent, sparing, and invidious panegyric : where good nature, the most godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your person, and deny'd to your writings : for they are every where so full of candor, that, like Horace, you only expose the follies of men, without arraigning their vices ; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedness of thought, which is visibly wanting in our great Roman. There is more of salt in all your verses, than I have seen in any of the

moderns, or even of the ancients: but you have been sparing of the gall; by which means you have pleased all readers, and offended none. *Donn* alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your versification. And were he translated into numbers, and English, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression. That which is the prime virtue, and chief ornament of *Virgil*, which distinguishes him from the rest of writers, is so conspicuous in your verses, that it casts a shadow on all your contemporaries; we cannot be seen, or but obscurely, while you are present. You equal *Donn* in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the metaphysics, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softness of love. In this (if I may be pardoned for so bold a truth) *Mr. Cowley* has copied him to a fault; so great a one in my opinion, that it throws his mistress infinitely below his *Pindariques*, and his latter compositions, which are undoubtedly the best of his Poems, and the most correct. For my own part, I must avow it freely to the world, that I never attempted any thing in satyr, wherein I have not studied your writings as the most perfect model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greatest commendation, which my own partiality can give to my productions, is, that they are copies, and no farther to be allowed, than as they have something more or less of the original. Some few touches of your lordship, some secret graces which I have endeavoured to express after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to pass with approbation: but take your verses altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, it is because you have not written more. You have not set me sufficient copy to transcribe; and I cannot add one letter of my own invention, of which I have not the example there.

It is a general complaint against your Lordship, and I must have leave to upbraid you with it, that, because you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wishes you so well, in all things that relate to your prosperity, have their intervals of wishing for themselves, and are within a little of grudging you the fullness of your fortune: they would be more malicious if you used it not so well, and with so much generosity.

Fame is in itself a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even fame, as Virgil tells us, acquires strength by going forward. Let Epicurus give indolence as an attribute to his Gods, and place in it the happiness of the blest: the divinity which we worship has given us not only a precept against it, but his own example to the contrary. The world, my Lord, would be content to allow you a seventh day for rest; or if you thought that hard upon you, we would not refuse you half your time: if you come out, like some great monarch, to take a town but once a year, as it were for your diversion, though you had no need to extend your territories: in short, if you were a bad, or which is worse, an indifferent poet, we would thank you for our own quiet, and not expose you to the want of yours. But when you are so great and so successful, and when we have that necessity of your writing, that we cannot subsist intirely without it; any more (I may almost say) than the world without the daily course of ordinary Providence, methinks this argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your repose for the public benefit. It is not that you are under any force of working daily miracles, to prove your being; but now and then somewhat of extraordinary, that is any thing of your production, is requisite to refresh your character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a sufficient reproach to you; and should I carry it as far as mankind would authorise me, would be little less than satyr. And, indeed, a provocation is almost necessary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induced sometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of scriblers, who daily pester the world with their insufferable stuff, that they might be discouraged from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons and libels, though I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me; but they either shot at rovers, and therefore missed, or their power was so weak, that I might safely stand them, at the nearest distance. I answered not the Rehearsal, because I knew the author sate to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bays of his own farce. Because also I knew, that my betters were more concerned than I was in that satyr: and, lastly, because Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson, the main pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure

about the town. The like considerations have hindered me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their prose and doggrel; I am so far from defending my Poetry against them, that I will not so much as expose theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof against their attacks, let me be thought by posterity, what those authors would be thought, if any memory of them, or of their writings, could endure so long, as to another age. But these dull makers of lampoons, as harmless as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the public: some witty men may perhaps succeed to their designs, and mixing sense with malice, blast the reputation of the most innocent amongst men, and the most virtuous amongst women.

Heaven be praised, our common libellers are as free from the imputation of wit, as of morality; and therefore whatever mischief they have designed, they have performed but little of it. Yet these ill writers, in all justice, ought themselves to be exposed: as Persius has given us a fair example in his first satyr; which is levelled particularly at them: and none is so fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own writings, but also so just, that he will never defame the good; and is armed with the power of verse, to punish and make examples of the bad. But of this I shall have occasion to speak further, when I come to give the definition and character of true satires.

In the mean time, as a counsellor bred up in the knowledge of the municipal and statute laws, may honestly inform a just prince how far his prerogative extends; so I may be allowed to tell your Lordship, who, by an undisputed title, are the king of Poets, what an extent of power you have, and how lawfully you may exercise it, over the petulant scriblers of this age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know, you are absolute by your office, in all that belongs to the decency and good manners of the Stage. You can banish from thence scurrility and prophaneness, and restrain the licentious insolence of Poets and their Actors in all things that shock the public quiet, or the reputation of private persons, under the notion of Humour. But I mean not the authority, which is annexed to your office: I speak of that only which is inborn and inherent to your person. What is produced in you by an excellent wit, a masterly and commanding genius over all writers: whereby you are empowered, when you please, to give the final decision of wit; to put your stamp on all that ought to pass for current; and set a brand of reprobation on

clipt poetry, and false coin. A shilling dipt in the Bath may go for gold amongst the ignorant, but the sceptres on the guineas shew the difference. That your Lordship is formed by nature for this supremacy, I could easily prove, (were it not already granted by the world) from the distinguishing character of your writing. Which is so visible to me that I never could be imposed on to receive for yours, what is written by any others; or to mistake your genuine poetry for their spurious productions. I can farther add with truth (though not without some vanity in saying it) that in the same paper, written by divers hands, whereof your Lordship was only part, I could separate your gold from their copper: and though I could not give back to every author his own brass, (for there is not the same rule for distinguishing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never failed of knowing what was yours, and what was not: and was absolutely certain, that this, or the other part, was positively yours, and could not possibly be written by any other.

True it is, that some bad poems, though not all, carry their owners marks about them. There is some peculiar awkwardness, false grammar, imperfect sense, or, at the least, obscurity; some brand or other on this buttock, or that ear, that it is notorious who the owners of the cattle, though they should not sign it with their names. But your Lordship, on the contrary, is distinguished, not only by the excellency of your thoughts, but by your style and manner of expressing them. A painter judging of some admirable piece, may affirm with certainty, that it was of Holben, or Vandike: but vulgar designs, and common draughts, are easily mistaken, and misapplied. Thus, by my long study of your Lordship, I am arrived at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the good poems of other men, like those artists, I can only say, this is like the draught of such a one, or like the colouring of another. In short, I can only be sure, that it is the hand of a good master; but in your performances, it is scarcely possible for me to be deceived. If you write in your strength, you stand revealed at the first view; and should you write under it, you cannot avoid some peculiar graces, which only cost me a second consideration to discover you: for I must say it, with all the severity of truth, that every line of yours is precious. Your Lordship's only fault is, that you have not written more; unless I could add another, and that yet a greater, but I fear for the public the accusation would not

be true, that you have written, and out of vicious modesty will not publish.

Virgil has confined his works within the compass of eighteen thousand lines, and has not treated many subjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the reputation of the best Poet. Martial says of him, that he could have excelled Varius in Tragedy, and Horace in Lyric Poetry, but out of deference to his friends, he attempted neither.

The same prevalence of genius is in your Lordship, but the world cannot pardon your concealing it, on the same consideration; because we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace, in whose excellencies both of Poems, Odes, and Satires you have equalled them, if our language had not yielded to the Roman majesty, and length of time had not added a reverence to the works of Horace. For good sense is the same in all or most ages; and course of time rather improves nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: another Homer, and another Virgil, may possibly arise from those very causes which produced the first: though it would be impudence to affirm that any such have appeared.

It is manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men, in all sorts of arts and sciences: as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest for Stage Poetry amongst the Greeks: that of Augustus for Heroic, Lyric, Dramatic, Elegiac, and indeed all sorts of Poetry in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth; wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the same time lived Cicero, Salust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son Leo X. wherein painting was revived, and Poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this; That in such an age, it is possible some great genius may arise, to equal any of the ancients; abating only for the language. For great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: and mutual borrowing, and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of the civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only of their species, and that nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet the example only holds in Heroic Poetry: in Tragedy and Satyr, I offer my-

self to maintain against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both those kinds ; and I would instance in Shakespear of the former, of your lordship in the latter sort.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country : but if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau ; whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satyr is pointed, and whose sense is close : what he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable : for setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of Louis, the patron of all arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interest of factions and parties, and relating only to the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit : a praise so just, that even we who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now if it be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of Epique Poetry, I have confessed, that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached to the excellencies of Homer, or of Virgil ; I must farther add, that Statius, the best versificator next Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eye ; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is besides too full of heat and affectation ; that among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action, or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught : his style is luxurious, without majesty, or decency, and his adventurers without the compass of nature and possibility : Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place, more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action ; he confesses himself to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of Heroic Verse, in his Episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Atmida ; his story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's ; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry ; many times unequal, and almost always forced ; and besides, is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticisms ; all which are not only below the dignity of Heroic verse, but contrary to its nature : Virgil and Homer have not one of them. And those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as Heroic Poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to the Anthologia, from

Virgil to Martial and Owen's Epigrams, and from Spencer to Flecno; that is, from the top to the bottom of all Poetry. But to return to Tasso, he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his Poem, which is infinitely the worse, imitates Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not as below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St. Lewis their Pucelle, or their Alarique: the English have only to boast of Spencer and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning, to have been perfect Poets; and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spencer: he aims at the accomplishment of no one action: he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures: and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only we must do them that justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole Poem; and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them, that virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his Poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But prince Arthur, or his chief patron Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the Poet, both of means and spirit, to accomplish his design: for the rest, his obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude: for notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him, among the Romans; and only Mr. Waller among the English.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of an Heroic Poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness: his event is not prosperous, like that of all other Epique works: his heavenly machines are many, and human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rhymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a Critique on that author; wherein, though he will not allow his Poem for Heroic, I hope, he will grant us, that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer; or so copiously translated his Grecisms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true, he runs into a flat thought, sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he is got into a track of scripture: his antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spencer, as Spencer imitated Chaucer. And though, perhaps the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them; yet in my opinion, obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding, or more significant than those in practice; and when their obscurity is taken away, by joining other words to them, which clear the sense; according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them. For unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, though I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have used it: for whatever causes he alledges for the abolishing of rhyme (which I have not now the leisure to examine) his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifest in his *Juvenilia*, or verses written in his youth; where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymers, though not a Poet.

By this time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my bias so long together, and made so tedious a digression from Satyr to Heroic Poetry. But if you will not excuse it, by the tattling quality of age, which, as Sir William Davenant says, is always narrative; yet I hope the usefulness of what I have to say on this subject, will qualify the remoteness of it; and this is the last time I will commit the

crime of prefaces, or trouble the world with my notions of any thing that relates to verse. I have then, as you see, observed the failings of many great wits amongst the moderns, who have attempted to write an Epique poem: besides these, or the like animadversions of them by other men, there is a yet farther reason given, why they cannot possibly succeed, so well as the ancients, even though we could allow them not to be inferior, either in genius or learning, or the tongue in which they write, or all those other wonderful qualifications which are necessary to the forming of a true accomplished heroic poet. The fault is laid on our religion: they say, that Christianity is not capable of those embellishments which are afforded in the belief of those ancient heathens.

And it is true, that in the severe notions of our faith, the fortitude of a Christian consists in patience and suffering, for the love of God, whatever hardships can befall in the world; not in any great attempts, or in performance of those enterprizes which the poets call heroic; and which are commonly the effects of interest, ostentation, pride, and worldly honors. That humility and resignation are our prime virtues; and that these include no action, but that of the soul: when, as on the contrary, an heroic poem requires to its necessary design, and as its last perfection, some great action of war, the accomplishment of some extraordinary undertaking, which requires the strength and vigour of the body, the duty of a soldier, the capacity and prudence of a general; and, in short, as much, or more of the active virtue, than the suffering. But to this, the answer is very obvious. God has placed us in our several stations; the virtues of a private Christian are patience, obedience, submission, and the like; but those of a magistrate, or general, or a king, are prudence, counsel, active fortitude, coercive power, awful commands, and the exercise of magnanimity, as well as justice. So that this objection hinders not, but that an epique poem, or the heroic action of some great commander, enterprized for the common good, and honor of the Christian cause, and executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the heathens; provided the poet be endued with the same talents; and the language, though not of equal dignity, yet as near approaching to it, as our modern barbarism will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own, or any other now extant, though more refined; and therefore we are to rest contented with that only inferiority, which is not possibly to be remedied.

I wish I could as easily remove that other difficulty which yet remains. It is objected by a great French critique as well as an admirable poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that honor which his merit exacts from me, I mean Boileau, That the machines of our Christian religion in heroique poetry, are much more feeble to support the weight than those of heathenism. Their doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous fables, was yet the belief of the two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and Roman. Their Gods did not only interest themselves in the event of wars (which is the effect of a superior Providence) but also espoused the several parties, in a visible corporeal descent, managed their intrigues, and fought their battles sometimes in opposition to each other: though Virgil (more discreet than Homer in that last particular) has contented himself with the partiality of his deities, their favours, their counsels or commands, to those whose cause they had espoused, without bringing them to the outrageousness of blows. Now our religion (says he) is deprived of the greatest part of those machines; at least the most shining in epique poetry. Though St. Michael in Ariosto seeks out Discord, to send her among the pagans, and finds her in a convent of friars, where peace should reign, which indeed is fine satire; and Satan in Tasso, excites Solyman to an attempt by night on the Christian camp, and brings an host of devils to his assistance; yet the arch-angel, in the former example, when Discord was restive, and would not be drawn from her beloved monastery with fair words, has the whip-hand of her, drags her out with many stripes, sets her, on God's name, about her business; and makes her know the difference of strength betwixt a nuncio of heaven, and a minister of hell: the same angel, in the latter instance from Tasso (as if God had never another messenger belonging to the court, but was confined like Jupiter to Mercury, and Juno to Iris,) when he sees his time, that is, when half of the Christians are already killed, and all the rest are in a fair way of being routed, stickles betwixt the remainders of God's host, and the race of fiends; pulls the devils backwards by the tails, and drives them from their quarry; or otherwise the whole business had miscarried, and Jerusalem remained untaken. This, says Boileau, is a very unequal match for the poor devils, who are sure to come by the worst of it in the combat; for nothing is more easy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old rebels to reason, when he pleases. Consequently, what pleasure, what entertainment can be raised from so pitiful a machine, where we see the success of

the battle from the very beginning of it ; unless that, as we are Christians, we are glad that we have gotten God on our side, to maul our enemies, when we cannot do the work ourselves ? For if the poet had given the faithful more courage, which had cost him nothing, or at least had made them exceed the Turks in number, then he might have gained the victory for us Christians, without interesting heaven in the quarrel ; and that with as much ease, and as little credit to the conqueror, as when a party of one hundred soldiers defeats another, which consists only of fifty.

This, my Lord, I confess, is such an argument against our modern poetry, as cannot be answered by those mediums which have been used. We cannot hitherto boast, that our religion has furnished us with any such machines, as have made the strength and beauty of the ancient buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an invention of my own, to supply the manifest defects of our new writers ? I am sufficiently sensible of my weakness ; and it is not very probable that I should succeed in such a project, whereof I have not had the least hint from any of my predecessors, the poets, or any of their seconds, and coadjutors, the critiques. Yet we see the art of war is improved in sieges, and new instruments of death are invented daily : something new in philosophy, and the mechanics is discovered almost every year : and the science of former ages is improved by the succeeding. I will not detain you with a long preamble to that, which better judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

It is this, in short, That Christian poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own strength. If they had searched the Old Testament as they ought, they might there have found the machines which are proper for their work ; and those more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Testament is, in the rules sufficient for salvation. The perusing of one chapter in the Prophecy of Daniel, and accommodating what there they find, with the principles of platonique philosophy, as it is now christianized, would have the ministry of angels as strong an engine, for the working up heroique poetry, in our religion, as that of the ancients has been to raise theirs by all the fables of their Gods, which were only received for truths by the most ignorant and weakest of the people.

It is a doctrine almost universally received by Christians, as well protestants as catholics, That there are guardian angels

appointed by God Almighty, as his vicegerents, for the protection and government of cities, provinces, kingdoms, and monarchies; and those as well of heathens, as of true believers. All this is so plainly proved from those texts of Daniel, that it admits of no farther controversy. The prince of the Persians, and that other of the Grecians, are granted to be the guardians and protecting ministers of those empires. It cannot be denied, that they were opposite, and resisted one another. St. Michael is mentioned by his name, as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Christians, as the protector-general of our religion. These tutelar genii, who presided over the several people and regions committed to their charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their commissions could possibly extend. The general purpose, and design of all, was certainly the service of their Great Creator. But it is an undoubted truth, that for ends best known to the Almighty Majesty of heaven, his providential designs for the benefit of his creatures, for the debasing and punishing of some nations, and the exaltation and temporal reward of others, were not wholly known to these his ministers; else why those factious quarrels, controversies, and battles, amongst themselves, when they were all united in the same design, the service and honor of their common master? But being instructed only in the general, and zealous of the main design; and as finite beings, not admitted into the secrets of government, the last resorts of Providence, or capable of discovering the final purposes of God, who can work good out of evil, as he pleases; and irresistibly sways all manner of events on earth, directing them finally for the best, to his creation in general, and to the ultimate end of his own glory in particular: they must of necessity be sometimes ignorant of the means conducing to those ends, in which alone they can jar and oppose each other. One angel, as we may suppose the prince of Persia, as he is called, judging, that it would be more for God's honor, and the benefit of his people, that the Median and Persian monarchy, when delivered from the Babylonish captivity, should still be uppermost: and the patron of the Grecians, to whom the will of God might be more particularly revealed, contending on the other side, for the rise of Alexander and his successors, who were appointed to punish the backsliding Jews, and thereby to put them in mind of their offences, that they might repent, and become more virtuous, and more observant of the law revealed. But how far these controversies and appearing enmities of those glorious creatures may be carried; how these oppositions may best

be managed, and by what means conducted, is not my business to shew or determine: these things must be left to the invention and judgment of the poet: if any of so happy a genius be now living, or any future age can produce a man, who being conversant in the philosophy of Plato, as it is now accommodated to christian use; for (as Virgil gives us to understand by his example) he is the only proper person, of all others, for an epique poem, who to his natural endowments, of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a strong memory, has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, and particularly moral philosophy, the mathematics, geography, and history, and with all these qualifications is born a poet; knows, and can practise the variety of numbers, and is master of the language in which he writes; if such a man, I say, be now arisen, or shall arise, I am vain enough to think, that I have proposed a model to him, by which he may build a nobler, a more beautiful, and more perfect poem, than any yet extant since the ancients.

There is another part of these machines yet wanting; but by what I have said, it would have been easily supplied by a judicious writer. He could not have failed to add the opposition of ill spirits to the good; they have also their design, ever opposite to that of heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: but this imperfect system, if I may call it such, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that hypothesis of the evil spirits contending with the good. For being so much weaker since their fall, than those blessed beings, they are yet supposed to have a permitted power of God, of acting ill, as from their own depraved nature, they have always the will of designing it. A great testimony of which we find in holy writ, when God Almighty suffered Satan to appear in the holy synod of the angels, (a thing not hitherto drawn into example by any of the poets,) and also gave him power over all things belonging to his servant Job, excepting only life.

Now what these wicked spirits cannot compass, by the vast disproportion of their forces to those of the superior beings, they may by their fraud and cunning carry farther, in a seeming league, confederacy, or subserviency to the designs of some good angel, as far as consists with his purity, to suffer such an aid, the end of which may possibly be disguised, and concealed from his finite knowledge. This is indeed to suppose a great error in such a being: yet since a devil can appear like an angel of light; since craft and malice may sometimes blind for a while a more perfect understanding; and lastly, since Milton has given us an

example of the like nature, when Satan appearing like a cherub to Uriel, the intelligence of the sun, circumvented him even in his own province, and passed only for a curious traveller through those new-created regions, that he might observe therein the workmanship of God, and praise him in his works.

I know not why, upon the same supposition, or some other, a fiend may not deceive a creature of more excellency than himself, but yet a creature; at least by the connivance, or tacit permission of the omniscient Being.

Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long laboring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice, (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem) and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This too, I had intended chiefly for the honor of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged: of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I should choose that of king Arthur conquering the Saxons; which being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention: or that of Edward the Black Prince in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year; for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event; for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored; and for the many beautiful episodes, which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons; wherein, after Virgil and Spencer, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages, in the succession of our Imperial line: with these helps, and those of the machines, which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors; or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design. But being encouraged only with fair words by king Charles II. my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disabled me. Though I must ever acknowledge, to the honor of your lordship, and the eternal memory of your charity, that since this revolution, wherein I have pa-

tiently suffered the ruin of my small fortune, and the loss of that poor subsistence which I had from two kings, whom I had served more faithfully than profitably to myself; then your lordship was pleased, out of no other motive but your own nobleness, without any desert of mine, or the least sollicitation from me, to make me a most bountiful present, which at that time, when I was most in want of it, came most seasonably and unexpectedly to my relief. That favour, my lord, is of itself sufficient to bind any grateful man to a perpetual acknowledgment, and to all the future service, which one of my mean condition can ever be able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in blessing you here, and rewarding you hereafter. I must not presume to defend the cause for which I now suffer, because your lordship is engaged against it: but the more you are so, the greater is my obligation to you: for your laying aside all the considerations of factions and parties, to do an action of pure disinterested charity. This is one amongst many of your shining qualities, which distinguish you from others of your rank: but let me add a farther truth, that without these ties of gratitude, and abstracting from them all, I have a most particular inclination to honor you; and, if it were not too bold an expression, to say, I love you. It is no shame to be a poet, though it is to be a bad one. Augustus Cæsar of old, and cardinal Richlieu of late, would willingly have been such; and David and Solomon were such. You, who without flattery, are the best of the present age in England, and would have been so, had you been born in any other country, will receive more honor in future ages, by that one excellency, than by all those honors to which your birth has intitled you, or your merits have acquired you.

*Ne, ferte, pudori
Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.*

I have formerly said in this epistle, that I could distinguish your writings from those of any others: it is now time to clear myself from any imputation of self-conceit on that subject. I assume not to myself any particular lights in this discovery; they are such only as are obvious to every man of sense and judgment, who loves poetry, and understands it. Your thoughts are always so remote from the common way of thinking, that they are, as I may say, of another species, than the conceptions of other poets; yet you go not out of nature for any of them: gold is never bred upon the surface of the ground; but lies so hidden,

and

and so deep, that the mines of it are seldom found; but the force of waters casts it out from the bowels of mountains, and exposes it amongst the sands of rivers: giving us of her bounty, what we could not hope for by our search. This success attends your lordship's thoughts, which would look like chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the same tenor. If I grant that there is care in it, it is such a care as would be ineffectual and fruitless in other men. It is the *curiosa felicitas* which Petronius ascribes to Horace in his Odes. We have not wherewithal to imagine so strongly, so justly, and so pleasantly: in short, if we have the same knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the same quintessence; we cannot give it such a term, such a propriety, and such a beauty: something is deficient in the manner, or the words, but more in the nobleness of our conception. Yet when you have finished all, and it appears in its full lustre, when the diamond is not only found, but the roughness smoothed, when it is cut into a form, and set in gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect work of art and nature: and every one will be so vain, to think he himself could have performed the like, 'till he attempts it. It is just the description that Horace makes of such a finished piece: it appears so easy, *Ut sibi quisvis speret idem; sudet multum, frustra que laboret, ausus idem.* And besides all this, it is your lordship's particular talent to lay your thoughts so close together, that were they closer they would be crowded, and even a due connexion would be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good lines, which are to come after a long parenthesis of twenty bad; which is the April-poetry of other writers; a mixture of rain and sunshine by fits; you are always bright, even almost to a fault, by reason of the excess. There is continual abundance, a magazine of thought, and yet a perpetual variety of entertainment; which creates such an appetite in your reader, that he is not cloyed with any thing, but satisfied with all. It is that which the Romans call *Cæna dubia*; where there is such plenty, yet withal so much diversity, and so good order, that the choice is difficult betwixt one excellency and another; and yet the conclusion, by a due climax, is evermore the best; that is, as a conclusion ought to be, ever the most proper for its place. See, my lord, whether I have not studied your lordship with some application: and since you are so modest, that you will not be judge and party, I appeal to the whole world, if I have not drawn your picture to a great degree of likeness, though it is

but in miniature: and that some of the best features are yet wanting. Yet what I have done is enough to distinguish you from any other, which is the proposition that I took upon me to demonstrate.

And now, my lord, to apply what I have said to my present business; the satires of Juvenal and Persius appearing in this new English dress, cannot so properly be inscribed to any man as to your lordship, who are the first of the age in that way of writing. Your lordship, amongst many other favours, has given me your permission for this address; and you have particularly encouraged me by your perusal and approbation of the sixth and tenth satires of Juvenal, as I have translated them. My fellow-labourers have likewise commissioned me, to perform in their behalf this office of a dedication to you; and will acknowledge with all possible respect and gratitude, your acceptance of their work. Some of them have the honor to be known to your lordship already; and they who have not yet that happiness, desire it now. Be pleased to receive our common endeavours with your wonted candor, without intitling you to the protection of our common failings, in so difficult an undertaking. And allow me your patience, if it be not already tired with this long epistle, to give you, from the best authors, the origin, the antiquity, the growth, the change, and the compleatment of satire among the Romans. To describe, if not define, the nature of that poem, with its several qualifications and virtues, together with the several sorts of it. To compare the excellencies of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, and shew the particular manners of their satires. And lastly, to give an account of this new way of version which is attempted in our performance. All which, according to the weakness of my ability, and the best lights which I can get from others, shall be the subject of my following discourse.

The most perfect work of poetry, says our master Aristotle, is tragedy. His reason is, because it is the most united; being more severely confined within the rules of action, time, and place. The action is entire, of a piece, and one, without episodes: the time limited to a natural day; and the place circumscribed at least within the compass of one town, or city. Being exactly proportioned thus, and uniform in all its parts, the mind is more capable of comprehending the whole beauty of it without distraction.

But after all these advantages, an heroic poem is certainly the greatest work of human nature. The beauties and perfec-

tions of the other are but mechanical; those of the epique are more noble. Though Homer has limited his place to Troy, and the fields about it; his action to forty-eight natural days, whereof twelve are holidays, or cessation from business, during the funerals of Patroclus. To proceed, the action of the epique is greater: the extension of time enlarges the pleasure of the reader, and the episodes give it more ornament, and more variety. The instruction is equal; but in the first is only instructive, the latter forms a hero, and a prince.

If it signifies any thing which of them is of the more ancient family, the best and most absolute heroique poem was written by Homer long before tragedy was invented: but if we consider the natural endowments, and acquired parts, which are necessary to make an accomplished writer in either kind, tragedy requires a less and more confined knowledge: moderate learning, and observation of the rules is sufficient, if a genius be not wanting. But in an epique poet, one who is worthy of that name, besides an universal genius, is required universal learning, together with all those qualities and acquisitions which I have named above, and as many more as I have through haste or negligence omitted. And after all, he must have exactly studied Homer and Virgil, as his patterns, Aristotle and Horace, as his guides, and Vida and Bossu, as their commentators, with many others both Italian and French critics, which I want leisure here to recommend.

In a word, what I have to say in relation to this subject, which does not particularly concern satire, is, that the greatness of an heroique poem, beyond that of a tragedy, may easily be discovered, by observing how few have attempted that work, in comparison of those who have written drama's; and of those few, how small a number have succeeded. But leaving the critics on either side, to contend about the preference due to this or that sort of poetry; I will hasten to my present business, which is the antiquity and origin of satire, according to those informations which I have received from the learned Casaubon, Heinsius, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the Dauphin's Juvenal; to which I shall add some observations of my own.

There has been a long dispute among the modern critics, whether the Romans derived their satire from the Grecians, or first invented it themselves. Julius Scaliger, and Heinsius, are of the first opinion; Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the publisher of the Dauphin's Juvenal, maintain the latter. If we

take satire in the general signification of the word, as it is used in all modern languages for an invective, it is certain that it is almost as old as verse; and though hymns, which are praises of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had cursed Adam and Eve in Paradise, the husband and wife excused themselves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to those conjugal dialogues in prose, which the poets have perfected in verse. The third chapter of Job is one of the first instances of this poem in holy scripture: unless we will take it higher; from the latter end of the second; where his wife advises him to curse his Maker.

The original, I confess, is not much to the honor of satire; but here it was nature, and that depraved! When it became an art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that scoffs and revilings are of the growth of all nations; and consequently that neither the Greek poets borrowed from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But considering satire as a species of poetry, here the war begins amongst the critiques. Scaliger the father will have it descend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word satire from Satyrus, that mixt kind of animal, or, as the ancients thought him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat; with a human head, hooked nose, pouting lips, a bunch or struma under the chin, pricked ears, and upright horns; the body shagged with hair, especially from the waist, and ending in a goat, with the legs and feet of that creature. But Casaubon, and his followers, with reason, condemn this derivation; and prove that from Satyrus, the word *satira*, as it signifies a poem, cannot possibly descend. For *satira* is not properly a substantive, but an adjective; to which the word *lanx*, in English a charger, or large platter, is understood: so that the Greek poem made according to the manner of a satyr, and expressing his qualities, must properly be called satyrical, and not satyr. And thus far it is allowed that the Grecians had such poems; but that they were wholly different in specie, from that to which the Romans gave the name of satyr.

Aristotle divides all poetry, in relation to the progress of it, into nature without art, art begun, and art compleated. Mankind, even the most barbarous, have the seeds of poetry implanted in them. The first specimen of it was certainly shewn in the praises of the Deity, and prayers to him: and as they are of natural obligation, so they are likewise of divine institution.

Which Milton observing, introduces Adam and Eve every morning adoring God in hymns and prayers. The first poetry was thus begun, in the wild notes of natural poetry, before the invention of feet, and measures. The Grecians and Romans had no other original of their poetry. Festivals and holidays soon succeeded to private worship, and we need not doubt but they were enjoined by the true God to his own people; as they were afterwards imitated by the heathens; who by the light of reason knew they were to invoke some superior Being in their necessities, and to thank him for his benefits. Thus the Grecian holidays were celebrated with offerings to Bacchus and Ceres, and other deities, to whose bounty they supposed they were owing for their corn and wine, and other helps of life. And the ancient Romans, Horace tells us, paid their thanks to mother Earth, or Vesta, to Silvanus, and their genius, in the same manner. But as all festivals have a double reason of their institution; the first of religion, the other of recreation, for the unbending of our minds: so both the Grecians and Romans agreed, after their sacrifices were performed, to spend the remainder of the day in sports and merriments; amongst which, songs and dances, and that which they called wit (for want of knowing better) were the chiefest entertainments. The Grecians had a notion of satires, whom I have already described; and taking them, and the Sileni, that is, the young satyrs and the old, for the tutors, attendants, and humble companions of their Bacchus, habited themselves like those rural deities, and imitated them in their rustic dances, to which they joined songs, with some sort of rude harmony, but without certain numbers; and to these they added a kind of chorus.

The Romans also (as nature is the same in all places) though they knew nothing of those Grecian demi-gods, nor had any communication with Greece, yet had certainly young men, who at their festivals danced and sung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of verse, which they called saturnian: what it was, we have no certain light from antiquity to discover; but we may conclude, that, like the Grecian, it was void of art, or at least with very feeble beginnings of it. Those ancient Romans, at these holidays, which were a mixture of devotion and debauchery, had a custom of reproaching each other with their faults, in a sort of extempore poetry, or rather of tunable hobbling verse; and they answered in the same kind of gross railery; their wit and their music being of a piece. The Grecians,

says Casaubon, had formerly done the same, in the persons of their petulant satyrs: but I am afraid he mistakes the matter, and confounds the singing and dancing of the satyrs, with the rustical entertainments of the first Romans. The reason of my opinion is this; that Casaubon finding little light from antiquity, of these beginnings of poetry, amongst the Grecians, but only these representations of satyrs, who carried canisters and cornucopias full of several fruits in their hands, and danced with them at their public feasts; and afterwards reading Horace, who makes mention of his homely Romans jesting at one another in the same kind of solemnities, might suppose those wanton satyrs did the same. And especially because Horace possibly might seem to him, to have shewn the original of all poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans. Though it is plainly otherwise, that he only described the beginning, and first rudiments of poetry in his own country. The verses are these, which he cites from the first epistle of the second book, which was written to Augustus.

*Agricolæ prisce, fortes, parvoque beati,
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
 Corpus & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
 Cum sociis operum pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
 Tellurem parco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
 Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
 Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit.*

Our brawny clowns of old, who turn'd the soil,
 Content with little, and inur'd to toil,
 At harvest-home, with mirth and country cheer
 Restor'd their bodies for another year;
 Refresh'd their spirits, and renew'd their hope
 Of such a future feast, and future crop.
 Then with their fellow joggers of the ploughs,
 Their little children, and their faithful spouse;
 A sow they flew to Vesta's deity;
 And kindly milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.
 With flow'rs, and wine, their genius they ador'd;
 A short life, and a merry, was the word.
 From flowing cups, defaming rhimes ensue,
 And at each other homely taunts they threw.

Yet since it is a hard conjecture, that so great a man as Casaubon should misapply what Horace writ concerning ancient Rome, to the ceremonies and manners of ancient Greece, I will not insist on this opinion, but rather judge in general, that since all poetry had its original from religion, that of the Grecians and Romans had the same beginning: both were invented at festivals of thanksgiving: and both were prosecuted with mirth and raillery, and rudiments of verse: amongst the Greeks, by those who represented satyrs; and amongst the Romans, by real clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading Casaubon on these two subjects, methinks I hear the same story told twice over with very little alteration. Of which Dacier taking notice, in his interpretation of the Latin verses which I have translated, says plainly, that the beginning of poetry was the same, with a small variety, in both countries: and that the mother of it, in all nations, was devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that most learned critic takes notice also, in his illustrations on the first epistle of the second book, that as the poetry of the Romans, and that of the Grecians, had the same beginning, at feasts of thanksgiving, as it has been observed; and the old comedy of the Greeks which was invective, and the satire of the Romans which was of the same nature, were begun on the very same occasion, so the fortune of both in process of time was just the same; the old comedy of the Grecians was forbidden, for its too much licence in exposing of particular persons, and the rude satire of the Romans was also punished by a law of the Decemviri, as Horace tells us, in these words:

*Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter, donec jam sœvus apertam
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus; & per honestas
Ire domos impune minax: doluere cruento
Dente laceffiti; fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: quinetiam lex,
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollit carmine quemquam
Describi, vertere modum formidine fustis;
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti.*

The law of the Decemviri was this; *Siquis occentassit malum carum, sive condidisset, quod infamiam faxit, flagitiumve alteri, capital esto.* A strange likeness, and barely possible: but the

critics being all of the same opinion, it becomes me to be silent, and to submit to better judgments than my own.

But to return to the Grecians, from whose satiric drama's, the elder Scaliger and Heinsius will have the Roman satire to proceed, I am to take a view of them first, and see if there be any such descent from them as those authors have pretended.

Thespis, or whosoever he were that invented tragedy, (for authors differ) mingled with them a chorus and dancers of satyrs, which had before been used in the celebration of their festivals; and there they were ever afterwards retained. The character of them was also kept, which was mirth and wantonness: and this was given, I suppose, to the folly of the common audience, who soon grow weary of good sense; and as we daily see, in our own age, and country, are apt to forsake poetry, and still ready to return to buffoonry and farce. From hence it came, that in the Olympique Games, where the poets contended for four prizes, the satirique tragedy was the last of them; for in the rest, the satyrs were excluded from the chorus. Among the plays of Euripides, which are yet remaining, there is one of these satyriques, which is called the Cyclops; in which we may see the nature of those poems, and from thence conclude, what likeness they have to the Roman satire.

The story of this Cyclops, whose name was Polyphemus, so famous in the Grecian fables, was, that Ulysses, who with his company was driven on the coast of Sicily, where those Cyclops inhabited, coming to ask relief from Silenus, and the satyrs, who were herdsmen to that one-eyed giant, was kindly received by them, and entertained; till being perceived by Polyphemus, they were made prisoners against the rites of hospitality, for which Ulysses eloquently pleaded, were afterwards put down in the den, and some of them devoured; after which Ulysses having made him drunk, when he was asleep, thrust a great firebrand into his eye; and so revenging his dead followers, escaped with the remaining party of the living: and Silenus, and the satyrs, were freed from their servitude under Polyphemus, and remitted to their first liberty of attending and accompanying their patron Bacchus.

This was the subject of the tragedy, which being one of those that end with a happy event, is therefore by Aristotle judged below the other sort, whose success is unfortunate. Notwithstanding which, the satyrs, who were part of the *dramatis personæ*, as well as the whole chorus, were properly introduced into the nature of the poem, which is mixed of farce and tra-

gedy. The adventure of Ulysses was to entertain the judging part of the audience, and the uncouth persons of Silenus, and the satyrs, to divert the common people with their gross raileries.

Your lordship has perceived by this time, that this satirique tragedy, and the Roman satire, have little resemblances in any other features. The very kinds are different: for what has a pastoral tragedy to do with a paper of verses satirically written? The character and raillery of the satyrs, is the only thing that could pretend to a likeness: were Scaliger and Heinſius alive to maintain their opinion. And the first farces of the Romans, which were the rudiments of their poetry, were written before they had any communication with the Greeks; or, indeed, any knowledge of that people.

And here it will be proper to give the definition of the Greek satirique poem from Casaubon, before I leave this subject. The satirique, says he, is a dramatique poem, annexed to a tragedy; having a chorus, which consists of satyrs: the persons represented in it, are illustrious men: the action of it is great; the style is partly serious, and partly jocular; and the event of the action most commonly is happy.

The Grecians, besides these satirique tragedies, had another kind of poem, which they called Silli; which were more of kin to the Roman satire: those filli were indeed invective poems, but of a different species from the Roman poems of Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucilius, Horace, and the rest of their successors. They were so called, says Casaubon in one place, from Silenus, the foster-father to Bacchus; but in another place, bethinking himself better, he derives their name *απο τῆ συλλαίνειν*, from their scoffing and petulancy. From some fragments of the filli, written by Timon, we may find, that they were satirique poems, full of parodies; that is, of verses patched up from great poets, and turned into another sense than their author intended them. Such among the Romans is the famous Cento of Ausonius, where the words are Virgil's: but by applying them to another sense, they are made the relation of a wedding-night; and the act of consummation fulsomely described in the very words of the most modest amongst all poets. Of the same manner are our songs, which are turned into burlesque, and the serious words of the author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in Timon's Silli the words are generally those of Homer, and the tragique poets; but he applies them satirically, to some customs and kinds of philosophy, which he arraigns. But the Romans not using

any of these parodies in their satires; sometimes, indeed, repeating verses of other men, as Persius cites some of Nero's; but not turning them into another meaning, the Silli cannot be supposed to be the original of Roman satire. To these Silli, consisting of parodies, we may properly add the satires which were written against particular persons; such as were the iambiques of Archilochus against Lycambes, which Horace undoubtedly imitated in some of his odes and epodes, whose titles bear a sufficient witness of it: I might also name the invective of Ovid against Ibis; and many others: but these are the under-wood of satire, rather than the timber-tree: they are not a general extension, as reaching only to some individual person. And Horace seems to have purged himself from those splenetic reflections in those odes and epodes, before he undertook the noble work of satires, which were properly so called.

Thus, my lord, I have at length disengaged myself from those antiquities of Greece; and have proved, I hope, from the best critiques, that the Roman satire was not borrowed from thence, but of their own manufacture: I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least by the help of Dacier I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows Casaubon; but to keep him in my eye, as my best and truest guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have recourse to my own lights, as I expect that others should do by me.

Quintilian says, in plain words, *Satira quidem tota nostra est*: and Horace has said the same thing before him, speaking of his predecessor in that sort of poetry, *Et Græcis intacti carminis author*. Nothing can be clearer than the opinion of the poet, and the orator, both the best critiques of the two best ages of the Roman empire, than that satire was wholly of Latin growth, and not transplanted from Athens to Rome. Yet, as I have said, Scaliger the father, according to his custom, that is, insolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better reason, than the derivation of Satyrus from *σαῦρος*, *salacitas*; and so from the lechery of those fauns, thinks he has sufficiently proved, that satire is derived from them. As if wantonness and lubricity were essential to that sort of poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other allegation, which I have already mentioned, is as pitiful: that the satyrs carried platters and canisters full of fruit, in their hands. If they had entered empty-handed, had they been ever the less satyrs? Or were the fruits and flowers, which they offered, any thing of kin to satire? Or any argument that this poem was originally Gre-

cian? Casaubon judged better, and his opinion is grounded on sure authority, that satire was derived from *satura*, a Roman word, which signifies full, and abundant, and full also of variety, in which nothing is wanting in its due perfection. It is thus, says Dacier, that we lay a full color, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, and drunk in as much of the dye as it can receive. According to this derivation from *satur* comes *satura*, or *satyra*, according to the new spelling; as *optimus* and *maximus* are now spelled *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an adjective, and relates to the word *lanx*, which is understood. And this *lanx*, in English a charger, or large platter, was yearly filled with all sorts of fruits, which were offered to the Gods at their festivals, as the premices, or first-gatherings. These offerings of several sorts thus mingled, it is true, were not known to the Grecians, who called them *παναγρόν θυσίαν*, a sacrifice of all sorts of fruits; and *παντεσπύαν*, when they offered all kinds of grain. Virgil has mentioned these sacrifices in his Georgiques.

Lanceibus & pandois fumantia reddimus exta. And in another place, *lancejque & liba feremus*: that is, we offer the smoking entrails in great platters, and we will offer the chargers and the cakes.

This word *satura* has been afterwards applied to many other sorts of mixtures; as Festus calls it a kind of olla, or hotch-potch, made of several sorts of meats. Laws were also called *leges saturæ*, when they were of several heads and titles; like our tacked bills of parliament. And *per saturam legem ferre*, in the Roman senate, was to carry a law without telling the senators, or counting voices, when they were in haste. Sallust uses the word *per saturam sententias exquirere*; when the majority was visibly on one side. From hence it might probably be conjectured, that the discourses or satires of Ennius Lucilius, and Horace, as we now call them, took their name; because they are full of various matters, and are also written on various subjects, as Porphyrius says. But Dacier affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these satires are so called: for that name had been used formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those discourses of Horace. In explaining of which, (continues Dacier) a method is to be pursued, of which Casaubon himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the least dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred years, since the building of their city, the Romans had never known any enter-

tainments of the state: chance and jollity first found out those verses which they called Saturnian, and Fescennine: or rather human nature, which is inclined to poetry, first produced them, rude and barbarous, and unpolished, as all other operations of the soul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with art and study. However, in occasions of merriment they were first practised; and this rough cast unhewn poetry, was instead of stage-plays, for the space of one hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the French call them, *impromptus*; for which the Tarsians of old were much renowned; and we see the daily examples of them in the Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramucha. Such was the poetry of that salvage people, before it was turned into numbers, and the harmony of verse. Little of the Saturnian verses is now remaining; we only know from authors, that they were nearer prose than poetry, without feet, or measure. They were *ἐπὶ θυμῷ*, but not *ἐμμετροί*: perhaps they might be used in the solemn part of their ceremonies; and the Fescennine, which were invented after them, in their afternoons debauchery, because they were scoffing and obscene.

The Fescennine and Saturnian were the same; for as they were called Saturnian from their ancientness, when Saturn reigned in Italy; they were also called Fescennine, from Fescennina, a town in the same country, where they were first practised. The actors, with a gross and rustic kind of raillery, reproached each other with their failing; and at the same time were nothing sparing of it to their audience. Somewhat of this custom was afterwards retained in their Saturnalia, or feasts of Saturn, celebrated in December; at least all kind of freedom in speech was then allowed to slaves, even against their masters; and we are not without some imitation of it in our Christmas gambols. Soldiers also used those Fescennine verses, after measure and numbers had been added to them, at the triumph of their generals: of which we have an example, in the triumph of Julius Cæsar over Gaul, in these expressions; *Cæsar Gallias subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem: ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Cæsarem*. The vapours of wine made the first satirical poets amongst the Romans; which, says Dacier, we cannot better represent, than by imagining a company of clowns on a holiday, dancing lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore* doggerel, with their defects and vices, and the stories that were told of them in bake-houses and barbers-shops.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may say, into the first rudiments of civil conversation, they left these hedge-notes, for another sort of poem, somewhat polished, which was also full of pleasant raillery, but without any mixture of obscenity. This sort of poetry appeared under the name of satire, because of its variety: and this satire was adorned with compositions of music, and with dances; but lascivious postures were banished from it. In the Tuscan language, says Livy, the word *hister* signifies a player: and therefore those actors, which were first brought from Etruria to Rome, on occasion of a pestilence; when the Romans were admonished to avert the anger of the Gods by plays, in the year *ab Urbe Condita* CCCXC: those actors, I say, were therefore called *histriones*: and that name has since remained, not only to actors Roman born, but to all others of every nation. They played not the former *extempore* stuff of Fescennine verses, or clownish jests; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly farce, with music and dances, and motions that were proper to the subject.

In this condition Livius Andronicus found the stage, when he attempted first, instead of farces, to supply it with a nobler entertainment of tragedies and comedies. This man was a Grecian born, and being made a slave by Livius Salinator, and brought to Rome, had the education of his patron's children committed to him. Which trust he discharged so much to the satisfaction of his master, that he gave him his liberty.

Andronicus thus become a freeman of Rome, added to his own name that of Livius his master; and, as I observed, was the first author of a regular play in that commonwealth. Being already instructed, in his native country, in the manners and decencies of the Athenian theatre, and conversant in the *Archæa comædia*, or old comedy of Aristophanes, and the rest of the Grecian poets; he took from that model his own designing of plays for the Roman stage. The first of which was represented in the year CCCCXIV. since the building of Rome, as Tully, from the commentaries of Atticus, has assured us: it was after the end of the first Punic war, the year before Ennius was born. Dacier has not carried the matter altogether thus far; he only says, that one Livius Andronicus was the first stage-poet at Rome: but I will adventure on this hint, to advance another proposition, which I hope the learned will approve. And though we have not any thing of Andronicus remaining to justify my conjecture, yet it is exceeding probable, that having read the

works of those Grecian wits, his country-men, he imitated not only the ground-work, but also the manner of their writing. And how grave soever his tragedies might be, yet in his comedies he expressed the way of Aristophanes, Eupolis, and the rest, which was to call some persons by their own names, and to expose their defects to the laughter of the people. The examples of which we have in the fore-mentioned Aristophanes, who turned the wise Socrates into ridicule; and is also very free with the management of Cleon, Alcibiades, and other ministers of the Athenian government. Now if this be granted, we may easily suppose, that the first hint of satirical plays on the Roman stage, was given by the Greeks. Not from the *Satyrica*, for that has been reasonably exploded in the former part of this discourse: but from their old comedy, which was imitated first by Livius Andronicus. And then Quintilian and Horace must be cautiously interpreted, where they affirm, that satire is wholly Roman; and a sort of verse, which was not touched on by the Grecians. The reconciliation of my opinion to the standard of their judgment, is not, however, very difficult, since they spake of satire, not as in its first elements, but as it was formed into a separate work; begun by Ennius; pursued by Lucilius, and compleated afterwards by Horace. The proof depends only on this postulatam, that the comedies of Andronicus, which were imitations of the Greek, were also imitations of their raileries, and reflections on particular persons. For if this be granted me, which is a most probable supposition, it is easy to infer, that the first light which was given to the Roman theatrical satire, was from the plays of Livius Andronicus. Which will be more manifestly discovered, when I come to speak of Ennius. In the mean time I will return to Dacier.

The people, says he, ran in crowds to these new entertainments of Andronicus, as to pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former satires, which for some time they neglected and abandoned. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they joined them to their comedies: playing them at the end of every drama; as the French continue at this day to act their farces; in the nature of a separate entertainment from their tragedies. But more particularly they were joined to the Attellane fables, says Casaubon; which were plays invented by the *Osci*. Those fables, says Valerius Maximus, out of Livy, were tempered with the Italian severity, and free from any note of infamy or obscenity; and as an old commentator on Juvenal affirms, the *exodiarri*, which

were singers and dancers, entered to entertain the people with light songs, and mimical gestures, that they might not go away oppressed with melancholy, from those serious pieces of the theatre. So that the ancient satire of the Romans was in extemporary reproaches: the next was farce, which was brought from Tuscany: to that succeeded the plays of Andronicus, from the old comedy of the Grecians: and out of all these, sprung two several branches of new Roman satire: like different cyons from the same root. Which I shall prove with as much brevity as the subject will allow.

A year after Andronicus had opened the Roman stage with his new drama's, Ennius was born; who, when he was grown to man's estate, having seriously considered the genius of the people, and how eagerly they followed the first satires, thought it would be worth his pains to refine upon the project, and to write satires, not to be acted on the theatre, but read. He preserved the ground-work of their pleasantry, their venom, and their raillery on particular persons, and general vices: and by this means, avoiding the danger of any ill success, in a public representation, he hoped to be as well received in the cabinet, as Andronicus had been upon the stage. The event was answerable to his expectation. He made discourses in several sorts of verse, varied often in the same paper; retaining still in the title their original name of satire. Both in relation to the subjects, and the variety of matters contained in them, the satires of Horace are entirely like them; only Ennius, as I said, confines not himself to one sort of verse, as Horace does; but taking example from the Greeks, and even from Homer himself in his *Margites*, which is a kind of satire, as Scaliger observes, gives himself the licence, when one sort of numbers comes not easily, to run into another, as his fancy dictates. For he makes no difficulty to mingle hexameter with iambique trimeters; or with trochaïque tetrameters; as appears by those fragments which are yet remaining of him: Horace has thought him worthy to be copied; inserting many things of his into his own satires, as Virgil has done into his *Æneid*.

Here we have Dacier making out that Ennius was the first satirist in that way of writing, which was of his invention; that is, satire abstracted from the stage, and new modelled into papers of verses, on several subjects. But he will have Ennius take the ground work of satire from the first farces of the Romans, rather than from the formed plays of Livius Andronicus, which were copied from the Grecian comedies. It may possibly

be so ; but Dacier knows no more of it than I do. And it seems to me the more probable opinion, that he rather imitated the fine railleries of the Greeks, which he saw in the pieces of Andronicus, than the coarseness of his old country-men, in their clownish extemporary way of jeering.

But besides this, it is universally granted, that Ennius, though an Italian, was excellently learned in the Greek language. His verses were stuffed with fragments of it, even to a fault : and he himself believed, according to the Pythagorean opinion, that the soul of Homer was transfused into him : which Persius observes, in his sixth satire : *postquam destertuit esse Mæonides*. But this being only the private opinion of so inconsiderable a man as I am, I leave it to the farther disquisition of the critics, if they think it worth their notice. Most evident it is, that whether he imitated the Roman farce, or the Greek comedies, he is to be acknowledged for the first author of Roman satire, as it is properly so called, and distinguished from any sort of stage-play.

Of Pacuvius, who succeeded him, there is little to be said, because there is so little remaining of him : only that he is taken to be the nephew of Ennius, his sister's son ; that in probability he was instructed by his uncle, in his way of satire, which we are told he has copied ; but what advances he made we know not.

Lucilius came into the world, when Pacuvius flourished most ; he also made satires after the manner of Ennius, but he gave them a more graceful turn ; and endeavoured to imitate more closely the *vetus comædia* of the Greeks : of the which the old original Roman satire had no idea, till the time of Livius Andronicus. And though Horace seems to have made Lucilius the first author of satire in verse amongst the Romans, in these words, *Quid cum est Lucilius ausus primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem* : he is only thus to be understood, that Lucilius had given a more graceful turn to the satire of Ennius and Pacuvius ; not that he invented a new satire of his own : and Quintilian seems to explain this passage of Horace in these words : *Satira quidem tota nostra est, in qua primus insignem laudem adeptus est Lucilius*.

Thus, both Horace and Quintilian give a kind of primacy of honor to Lucilius, amongst the Latin satirists. For as the Roman language grew more refined, so much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian beauties in his time : Horace and Quintilian

ilian could mean no more, than that Lucilius writ better than Ennius and Pacuvius: and on the same account we prefer Horace to Lucilius: both of them imitated the old Greek comedy; and so did Ennius and Pacuvius before them. The polishing of the Latin tongue, in the succession of times, made the only difference. And Horace himself, in two of his satires, written purposely on this subject, thinks the Romans of his age were too partial in their commendations of Lucilius; who writ not only loosely, and muddily, with little art, and much less care, but also in a time when the Latin tongue was not yet sufficiently purged from the dregs of barbarism; and many significant and sounding words, which the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the times of Lucretius and Cicero, of which both complain.

But to proceed, Dacier justly taxes Casaubon, saying, that the satires of Lucilius were wholly different in specie, from those of Ennius and Pacuvius. Casaubon was led into that mistake by Diomedes the grammarian, who in effect says this: satire among the Romans, but not among the Greeks, was a biting invective poem, made after the model of the ancient comedy, for the reprehension of vices: such as were the poems of Lucilius, of Horace, and of Persius. But in former times, the name of satire was given to poems, which were composed of several sorts of verses; such as were made by Ennius and Pacuvius; more fully expressing the etymology of the word satire, from *fatūra*, which we have observed. Here it is manifest, that Diomedes makes a specifical distinction betwixt the satires of Ennius and those of Lucilius. But this, as we say in English, is only a distinction without a difference; for the reason of it is ridiculous, and absolutely false. This was that which cozened honest Casaubon, who relying on Diomedes, had not sufficiently examined the origin and nature of those two satires: which were entirely the same, both in the matter and the form. For all that Lucilius performed beyond his predecessors, Ennius and Pacuvius, was only the adding of more politeness, and more salt; without any change in the substance of the poem: and though Lucilius put not together in the same satire several sorts of verses, as Ennius did; yet he composed several satires, of several sorts of verses, and mingled them with Greek verses: one poem consisted only of hexameters; and another was entirely of iambiques; a third of trochaiques; as is visible by the fragments yet remaining of his works. In short, if the satires

of Lucilius are therefore said to be wholly different from those of Ennius, because he added much more of beauty and polishing to his own poems, than are to be found in those before him; it will follow from hence, that the satires of Horace are wholly different from those of Lucilius, because Horace has not less surpassed Lucilius in the elegance of his writing, than Lucilius surpassed Ennius in the turn and ornament of his. This passage of Diomedes has also drawn Doufa, the son, into the same error of Casaubon, which I say, not to expose the little failings of those judicious men, but only to make it appear, with how much diffidence and caution we are to read their works; when they treat a subject of so much obscurity, and so very ancient, as is this of satire.

Having thus brought down the history of satire from its original to the times of Horace, and shewn the several changes of it; I should here discover some of those graces which Horace added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that undertaking, 'till I make the comparison betwixt him and Juvenal. In the mean while, following the order of time, it will be necessary to say somewhat of another kind of satire, which also was descended from the ancients: it is that which we call the Varronian satire, but which Varro himself calls the Menippean; because Varro, the most learned of the Romans, was the first author of it, who imitated, in his works, the manner of Menippus the Gadarenian, who professed the philosophy of the Cyniques.

This sort of satire was not only composed of several sorts of verse, like those of Ennius, but was also mixed with prose; and Greek was sprinkled amongst the Latin. Quintilian, after he had spoken of the satire of Lucilius, adds what follows; "There is another and former kind of satire, composed by Terentius Varro, the most learned of the Romans: in which he was not satisfied alone with mingling in it several sorts of verse." The only difficulty of this passage is, that Quintilian tells us, that this satire of Varro was of a former kind. For how can we possibly imagine this to be, since Varro who was contemporary to Cicero, but must consequently be after Lucilius? Quintilian meant not, that the satire of Varro was in order of time before Lucilius; he would only give us to understand, that the Varronian satire, with mixture of several sorts of verses, was more after the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than that of Lucilius, who was more severe, and more correct; and gave himself less liberty in the mixture of his verses, in the same poem.

We have nothing remaining of those Varronian satires, excepting some inconsiderable fragments, and those for the most part much corrupted. The titles of many of them are indeed preserved, and they are generally double: from whence, at least, we may understand, how many various subjects were treated by that author. Tully, in his Academics, introduces Varro himself giving us some light concerning the scope and design of those works. Wherein, after he had shewn his reasons why he did not *ex professo* write of philosophy, he adds what follows. Notwithstanding, says he, that those pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated Menippus, though I have not translated him, are sprinkled with a kind of mirth and gaiety: yet many things are there inserted, which are drawn from the very intrails of philosophy, and many things severely argued: which I have mingled with pleasantries on purpose, that they may more easily go down with the common sort of unlearned readers. The rest of the sentence is so lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the composition of his satires, he so tempered philology with philosophy, that his work was a mixture of them both. And Tully himself confirms us in this opinion; when a little after he addresses himself to Varro in these words. “And you
 “yourself have composed a most elegant and compleat poem;
 “you have begun philosophy in many places: sufficient to in-
 “cite us, though too little to instruct us.” Thus it appears, that Varro was one of those writers whom they called *σπυδογελοῖς*, studious of laughter; and that, as learned as he was, his business was more to divert his reader, than to teach him. And he intitled his own satires Menippean: not that Menippus had written any satires (for his were either dialogues or epistles,) but that Varro imitated his style, his manner, his facetiousness. All that we know farther of Menippus and his writings, which are wholly lost, is, that by some he is esteemed, as, amongst the rest, by Varro: by others he is noted of Cynical impudence, and obscenity: that he was much given to those parodies, which I have already mentioned; that is, he often quoted the verses of Homer and the tragic poets, and turned their serious meaning into something that was ridiculous; whereas Varro’s satires are by Tully called absolute, and most elegant, and various poems. Lucian, who was emulous of this Menippus, seems to have imitated both his manners and his stile in many of his dialogues; where Menippus himself is often introduced as a speaker in them, and as a perpetual buffoon: particularly his character

is expressed in the beginning of that dialogue, which is called *Νενομυρία*. But Varro, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthiness, and only expresses his witty pleasantry.

This we may believe for certain, that as his subjects were various, so most of them were tales or stories of his own invention. Which is also manifest from antiquity, by those authors who are acknowledged to have written Varronian satires, in imitation of his: of whom the chief is Petronius Arbiter, whose satire, they say, is now printed in Holland, wholly recovered, and made compleat: when it is made public, it will easily be seen by any one sentence, whether it be supposititious, or genuine. Many of Lucian's dialogues may also properly be called Varronian satires; particularly his True History: and consequently the Golden Ass of Apuleius, which is taken from him. Of the same stamp is the Mock Deification of Claudius, by Seneca: and the Symposium, or Cæsars of Julian the Emperor. Amongst the moderns we may reckon the *Encomium Moriae* of Erasmus, Barclay's *Euphormio*, and a volume of German authors, which my ingenious friend Mr. Charles Killigrew once lent me. In the English I remember none, which are mixed with prose, as Varro's were: but of the same kind is Mother Hubbard's Tale in Spencer; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the poems of Abfalom and Mac Flecno.

This is what I have to say in general of satire: only as Dacier has observed before me, we may take notice, that the word satire is of a more general signification in Latin, than in French, or English. For amongst the Romans it was not only used for those discourses which decried vice, or exposed folly; but for others also, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to the invective poems, where the very name of satire is formidable to those persons, who would appear to the world, what they are not in themselves. For in English, to say satire, is to mean reflection, as we use that word in the worst sense; or as the French call it, more properly, *Medisance*. In the criticism of spelling, it ought to be with *i*, and not with *y*, to distinguish its true derivation from *fatura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be so, then it is false spelled throughout this book; for here it is written *satyr*. Which having not considered at the first, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never spell it any other way than satire.

I am now arrived at the most difficult part of my undertaking, which is, to compare Horace with Juvenal and Persius. It is observed by Rigaltius, in his preface before Juvenal, written to Thuanus, that these three poets have all their particular partisans, and favourers: every commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himself obliged to prefer his author to the other two: to find out their failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own darling. Such is the partiality of mankind, to set up that interest which they have once espoused, though it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common justice: and especially in the productions of the brain. As authors generally think themselves the best poets, because they cannot go out of themselves to judge sincerely of their betters; so it is with critics, who, having first taken a liking to one of these poets, proceed to comment on him, and to illustrate him: after which, they fall in love with their own labours, to that degree of blind fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their author, not so much for his sake as for their own. It is a folly of the same nature, with that of the Romans themselves, in their games of the Circus; the spectators were divided in their factions, betwixt the Veneti and the Prasini: some were for the charioteer in blue, and some for him in green. The colours themselves were but a fancy; but when once a man had taken pains to set out those of his party, and had been at the trouble of procuring voices for them, the case was altered: he was concerned for his own labour; and that so earnestly, that disputes and quarrels, animosities, commotions, and bloodshed, often happened: and in the declension of the Grecian empire, the very sovereigns themselves engaged in it, even when the barbarians were at their doors; and itickled for the preference of colours, when the safety of their people was in question. I am now, myself on the brink of the same precipice; I have spent some time on the translation of Juvenal and Persius; and it behoves me to be wary, lest, for that reason, I should be partial to them, or take a prejudice against Horace. Yet, on the other side, I would not be like some of our judges, who would give the cause for a poor man, right or wrong: for though that be an error on the better hand, yet it is still a partiality: and a rich man unheard, cannot be concluded an oppressor. I remember a saying of king Charles II. on Sir Matthew Hales, (who was doubtless an uncorrupt and upright man) That his servants were sure to be cast on a trial, which was heard before

him: not that he thought the judge was possible to be bribed; but that his integrity might be too scrupulous: and that the causes of the crown were always suspicious, when the privileges of subjects were concerned.

It had been much fairer, if the modern critics, who have embarked in the quarrels of their favourite authors, had rather given to each his proper due; without taking from another's heap, to raise their own. There is praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themselves with the spoils of others. But to come to particulars: Heinſius and Dacier are the most principal of those, who raise Horace above Juvenal and Persius. Scaliger the father, Rigaltius, and many others, debase Horace, that they may set up Juvenal: and Casaubon, who is almost single, throws dirt on Juvenal and Horace, that he may exalt Persius, whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of the former commentators; even Stelluti, who succeeded him. I will begin with him, who, in my opinion, defends the weakest cause, which is that of Persius; and labouring, as Tacitus professes of his own writings, to divest myself of partiality, or prejudice, consider Persius, not as a poet whom I have wholly translated, and who has cost me more labour and time than Juvenal; but according to what I judge to be his own merit; which I think not equal, in the main, to that of Juvenal or Horace; and yet in some things to be preferred to both of them.

First, then, for the verse, neither Casaubon himself nor any for him, can defend either his numbers, or the purity of his Latin. Casaubon gives this point for lost; and pretends not to justify either the measures, or the words of Persius: he is evidently beneath Horace and Juvenal, in both.

Then, as his verse is scabrous, and hobbling, and his words not every where well chosen, the purity of Latin being more corrupted, than in the time of Juvenal, and consequently of Horace, who writ when the language was in the height of its perfection; so his diction is hard; his figures are generally too bold and daring; and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, insufferably strained.

In the third place, notwithstanding all the diligence of Casaubon, Stelluti, and a Scotch gentleman (whom I have heard extremely commended for his illustrations of him;) yet he is still obscure: whether he affected not to be understood, but with difficulty; or whether the fear of his safety under Nero, com-

peiled him to this darkneſs in ſome places ; or that it was occaſioned by his cloſe way of thinking, and the brevity of his ſtyle, and crowding of his figures ; or laſtly, whether after ſo long a time, many of his words have been corrupted, and many cuſtoms, and ſtories relating to them, loſt to us ; whether ſome of theſe reaſons, or all, concurred to render him ſo cloudy ; we may be bold to affirm, that the beſt of commentators can but gueſs at his meaning, in many paſſages : and none can be certain that he has divined rightly.

After all, he was a young man, like his friend and contemporary Lucan : both of them men of extraordinary parts, and great acquired knowledge, conſidering their youth. But neither of them had arrived to that maturity of judgment, which is neceſſary to the accompliſhing of a formed poet. And this conſideration, as on the one hand it lays ſome imperfections to their charge : ſo on the other ſide, it is a candid excuſe for thoſe failings, which are incident to youth and inexperience ; and we have more reaſon to wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth year of their age, could write ſo well, and think ſo ſtrongly ; than to accuſe them of thoſe faults, from which human nature, and more eſpecially in youth, can never poſſibly be exempted.

To conſider Perſius yet more cloſely : he rather inſulted over vice and folly, than expoſed them, like Juvenal and Horace. And as chaſte and modeſt as he is eſteemed, it cannot be denied, but that in ſome place he is broad and fulſom, as the latter verſes of the fourth ſatyr, and of the ſixth, ſufficiently witneſſed. And it is to be believed that he who commits the ſame crime often, and without neceſſity, cannot but do it with ſome kind of pleaſure.

To come to a concluſion, he is manifeſtly below Horace ; becauſe he borrows moſt of his greateſt beauties from him : and Caſaubon is ſo far from denying this, that he has written a treatiſe purpoſely concerning it ; wherein he ſhews a multitude of his tranſlations from Horace, and his imitations of him, for the credit of his author, which he calls *Imitatio Horatiana*.

To theſe defects, which I caſually obſerved, while I was tranſlating this author, Scaliger has added others : he calls him, in plain terms, a ſilly writer, and a triſter ; full of oſtentation of learning ; and after all, unworthy to come into competition with Juvenal and Horace.

After such terrible accusations, it is time to hear what his patron Casaubon can alledge in his defence. Instead of answering, he excuses for the most part; and when he cannot, accuses others of the same crimes. He deals with Scaliger, as a modest scholar with a master. He compliments him with so much reverence, that one would swear he feared him as much at least as he respected him. Scaliger will not allow Persius to have any wit; Casaubon interprets this in the mildest sense; and confesses his author was not good at turning things into a pleasant ridicule; or in other words, that he was not a laughable writer. That he was *inptus*, indeed, but that was *non aptissimus ad jocandum*. But that he was ostentatious of his learning, that, by Scaliger's good favour, he denies. Persius shewed his learning, but was no boaster of it; he did *ostendere*, but not *ostentare*; and so, he says, did Scaliger: where, methinks, Casaubon turns it handsomely upon that supercilious critic, and silently insinuates that he himself was sufficiently vain-glorious, and a boaster of his own knowledge. All the writings of this venerable censor, continues Casaubon, which are χρυσὴ χρυσότερα, more golden than gold itself, are every where smelling of thyme, which, like a bee, he has gathered from ancient authors: but far be ostentation and vain-glory from a gentleman, so well born, and so nobly educated as Scaliger. But, says Scaliger, he is so obscure, that he has got himself the name of Scotinus, a dark writer: now, says Casaubon, it is a wonder to me that any thing could be obscure to the divine wit of Scaliger; from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a strong compliment, but no defence. And Casaubon, who could not but be sensible of his author's blind side, thinks it time to abandon a post that was untenable. He acknowledges that Persius is obscure in some places: but so is Plato, so is Thucydides, so are Pindar, Theocritus, and Aristophanes, amongst the Greek poets; and even Horace and Juvenal, he might have added, amongst the Romans. The truth is, Persius is not sometimes, but generally obscure; and therefore Casaubon, at last, is forced to excuse him, by alledging that it was *se defendendo*, for fear of Nero; and that he was commanded to write so cloudily by Cornutus, in virtue of holy obedience to his master. I cannot help my own opinion; I think Cornutus needed not to have read many lectures to him on that subject. Persius was an apt scholar; and when he was bidden to be obscure in some places, where his life and safety were in question, took the same counsel for all his books; and never afterwards wrote ten lines together clearly.

Casaubon, being upon this chapter, has not failed, we may be sure, of making a compliment to his own dear comment. If Persius, says he, be in himself obscure, yet my interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no question but he deserves that praise, which he has given to himself: but the nature of the thing, as Lucretius says, will not admit of a perfect explanation. Besides many examples which I could urge, the very last verse of his last satyr, upon which he particularly values himself in his preface, is not yet sufficiently explicated. It is true, Holiday has endeavoured to justify his construction; but Stelluti is against it: and, for my part, I can have but a very dark notion of it. As for the chastity of his thoughts, Casaubon denies not but that one particular passage, in the fourth satyr, *At si unctus cesses*, &c. is not only the most obscure, but the most obscene of all his works: I understood it; but for that reason turned it over. In defence of his boisterous metaphors, he quotes Longinus, who accounts them as instruments of the sublime; fit to move and stir up the affections, particularly in narration. To which it may be replied, that where the trope is far fetched and hard, it is fit for nothing but to puzzle the understanding; and may be reckoned amongst these things of Demosthenes which Æschines called *δαίματα*, not *ῥήματα*, that is Prodigies, not Words. It must be granted to Casaubon, that the knowledge of many things is lost in our modern ages which were of familiar notice to the ancients; and that satyr is a poem of a difficult nature in itself, and is not written to vulgar readers. And through the relation which it has to comedy, the frequent change of persons makes the sense perplexed; when we can but divine who it is that speaks: whether Persius himself, or his friend and monitor; or, in some places, a third person. But Casaubon comes back always to himself, and concludes, that if Persius had not been obscure, there had been no need of him for an interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoined himself so hard a task, he then considered the Greek proverb, that he must *χελώνες φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν* either eat the whole snail, or let it quite alone; and so he went through with his laborious task, as I have done with my difficult translation.

Thus far, my lord, you see it has gone very hard with Persius: I think he cannot be allowed to stand in competition, either with Juvenal or Horace. Yet for once I will venture to be so vain, as to affirm, that none of his hard metaphors, or forced expressions, are in my translation: but more of this in its proper place, where I shall say somewhat in particular, of

our general performance, in making these two authors English. In the mean time, I think myself obliged to give Persius his undoubted due, and to acquaint the world, with Casaubon, in what he has equalled, and in what excelled his two competitors.

A man who is resolved to praise an author, with any appearance of justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is least liable to exceptions. He is therefore obliged to chuse his mediums accordingly; Casaubon, who saw that Persius could not laugh with a becoming grace, that he was not made for jesting, and that a merry conceit was not his talent, turned his feather, like an Indian, to another light, that he might give it the better glöfs. Moral doctrine, says he, and urbanity, or well mannered wit, are the two things which constitute the Roman satyr. But of the two, that which is most essential to this poem, and is, as it were, the very soul which animates it, is the scourging of vice, and exhortation to virtue. Thus wit, for a good reason, is already almost out of doors; and allowed only for an instrument, a kind of tool, or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the satyrist makes use, in the compassing of his design. The end and aim of our three rivals, is consequently the same. By what methods they have prosecuted their intention, is farther to be considered. Satyr is of the nature of moral philosophy, as being instructive: he, therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the palm from his two antagonists. The philosophy in which Persius was educated, and which he professes through his whole book, is the stoick: the most noble, most generous, most beneficial to human kind, amongst all the sects, who have given us the rules of ethiques, thereby to form a severe virtue in the soul; to raise in us an undaunted courage, against the assaults of fortune; to esteem as nothing the things that are without us, because they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honors, fame, or health, any farther than as conveniencies, and so many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation. In short, to be any ways happy, while we possess our minds, with a good conscience, are free from the slavery of vices, and conform our actions and conversations to the rules of right reason. See here, my lord, an epitome of Epictetus; the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Persius. And this he expressed, not only in all his satyrs, but in the manner of his life. I will not lessen this commendation of the stoick philosophy, by giving you an account of some absurdities in their doctrine, and

Some perhaps impieties, if we consider them by the standard of christian faith: Persius has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from those imputations. What he teaches might be taught from pulpits, with more profit to the audience, than all the nice speculations of divinity, and controversies concerning faith; which are more for the profit of the shepherd, than for the edification of the flock. Passion, interest, ambition, and all their bloody consequences of discord, and of war, are banished from this doctrine. Here is nothing proposed but the quiet and tranquility of the mind; virtue lodged at home, and afterwards diffused in her general effects, to the improvement and good of human kind. And therefore I wonder not that the present bishop of Salisbury has recommended this our author, and the tenth satyr of Juvenal, in his Pastoral Letter, to the serious perusal and practice of the divines in his diocese, as the best common-places for their sermons; as the store-houses and magazines of moral virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have occasion, all manner of assistance for the accomplishment of a virtuous life, which the Stoicks have assigned for the great end and perfection of mankind. Herein then it is, that Persius has excelled both Juvenal and Horace. He sticks to his own philosophy: he shifts not sides, like Horace, who is sometimes an Epicurean, sometimes a Stoick, sometimes an Eclectic, as his present humour leads him; nor declaims like Juvenal against vices, more like an orator, than a philosopher. Persius is every where the same; true to the dogmas of his master. What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practises himself. There is a spirit of sincerity in all he says: you may easily discern that he is in earnest, and is persuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion, that he excels Horace, who is commonly in jest, and laughs while he instructs: and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honest and serious as Persius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have followed Casaubon, and enlarged upon him; because I am satisfied that he says no more than truth; the rest is almost all frivolous. For he says that Horace, being the son of a tax-gatherer, or a collector, as we call it, smells every where of the meanness of his birth and education: his conceits are vulgar, like the subjects of his satyrs; that he does *plebeium sapere*; and writes not with that elevation, which becomes a satyrist: that Persius being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewise the advantage of a better master; Cornutus being

the most learned of his time, a man of the most holy life, the chief of the stoick sect at Rome ; and not only a great philosopher, but a poet himself ; and in probability a coadjutor of Persius. That, as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and has not been much conversant in philosophy.

It is granted that the father of Horace was Libertinus, that is, one degree removed from his grandfather, who had been once a slave : but Horace, speaking of him, gives him the best character of a father, which I ever read in history ; and I wish a witty friend of mine now living had such another. He bred him in the best school, and with the best company of young noblemen. And Horace by his gratitude to his memory, gives a certain testimony that his education was ingenuous. After this, he formed himself abroad, by the conversation of great men. Brutus found him at Athens, and was so pleased with him, that he took him thence into the army, and made him *tribunus militum*, a colonel in a legion, which was the preferment of an old soldier. All this was before his acquaintance with Mecænas, and his introduction into the court of Augustus, and the familiarity of that great emperor ; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his conversation, and render him accomplished and knowing in all the arts of complacency and good behaviour ; and, in short, an agreeable companion for the retired hours and privacies of a favourite, who was first minister. So that, upon the whole matter, Persius may be acknowledged to be equal with him, in those respects, though better born, and Juvenal inferior to both. If the advantage be any where, it is on the side of Horace ; as much as the court of Augustus Cæsar was superior to that of Nero. As for the subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that Horace writ not vulgarly on vulgar subjects, nor always chose them. His stile is constantly accommodated to his subject, either high or low : if his fault be too much lowness, that of Persius is the fault of the hardness of his metaphors, and obscurity : and so they are equal in the failings of their stile ; where Juvenal manifestly triumphs over both of them.

The comparison betwixt Horace and Juvenal is more difficult ; because their forces were more equal : a dispute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the favourers of the two poets. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* I shall only venture to give my opinion, and leave it for better judges to determine. If it be only argued in general, which of them was

the better poet, the victory is already gained on the side of Horace. Virgil himself must yield to him in the delicacy of his turns, his choice of words, and perhaps the purity of his Latin. He who says that Pindar is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his odes. But the contention betwixt these two great masters, is for the prize of satyr: In which controversy, all the odes and epodes of Horace are to stand excluded. I say this, because Horace has written many of them satyrically, against his private enemies: yet these, if justly considered, are somewhat of the nature of the Greek *epilli*, which were invectives against particular sects and persons. But Horace has purged himself of this choler, before he entered on those discourses, which are more properly called the Roman satyr: he has not now to do with a Lyce, a Canidia, a Cassius Severus, or a Menas; but is to correct the vices and the follies of his time, and to give the rules of a happy and virtuous life. In a word, that former sort of satyr, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons, for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us: the first is revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been any ways notoriously abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in christian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us: for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my lord, pass for vanity in me; for it is truth. More libels have been written against me, than almost any man now living: and I had reason on my side, to have defended my own innocence: I speak not on my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics; let them use it as they please; posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: for interest and passion will lie buried in another age; and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed; that any sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself

in that particular ; I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies : and being naturally vindictive, have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet.

Any thing, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much ; and therefore I will wave this subject, and proceed to give the second reason, which may justify a poet, when he writes against a particular person : and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. And those, whom Horace in his satyrs, and Persius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies : both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities, which they see are so severely punished, in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge ; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform : but how few lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this duty ! When they come in my way, it is impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God ! how remote they are in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are the proper subject of satyr ! And how little wit they bring, for the support of their injustice ! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme ; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust, are intitled to panegyric ; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches ; no decency is considered, no fulsome ness omitted ; no venom is wanting, as far as dulness can supply it : for there is a perpetual dearth of wit ; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers, will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit : no impression can be made, where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude, they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season : the corn which held up its head, is spoiled with rankness ; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your lordship ; but a just indignation forced it from me. Now I have removed this rubbish, I will return to the comparison of Juvenal and Horace.

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt them, upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life : but in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both ; but I owe more to Horace, for my instruction ; and more to Juvenal, for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors : they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine : but all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned : to such impartial men I must appeal : for they who have already formed their judgment, may justly stand suspected of prejudice ; and though all who are my readers, will set up to be my judges, I enter my *caveat* against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury : or, if they be admitted, it is but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved from hence, that his instructions are more general : Juvenal's more limited. So that granting, that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use ; Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives ; as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation ; is, undoubtedly, to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since it is true, and to the purpose, *Bonum quo communis, eo melius*. Juvenal, excepting only his first satyr, is in all the rest confined, to the exposing of some particular vice ; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining and instructive : but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral ; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences : to give you the virtue of them, without shewing them in their full extent : which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art : and this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age. *Ne sententiæ extra corpus orationis emineant* : he would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon

it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and, as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops; so it is a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one sect of them that Horace has not exposed. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined; so perhaps, it was not so much his talent. *Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit.* This was the commendation which Persius gave him; where by *vitium*, he means those little vices, which we call follies, the defects of human understanding, or at most the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But in the word *omne*, which is *universal*, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmost recesses of nature; found out the imperfections even of the most wise and grave, as well as of the common people; discovering, even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addresses the first satyr, his hunting after business, and following the court, as well as in the persecutor Crispinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true, he exposes Crispinus openly, as a common nuisance: but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Persius are confined to noblemen: and the stoick philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are opposed to those vices against which he declaims: but Horace laughs to shame all follies, and insinuates virtue, rather by familiar examples, than by the severity of precepts.

This last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess that the delight which Horace gives me, is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only: he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and, as Scaliger says, only shews his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to be com-

commended, but his wit is faint ; and his salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and masculine wit ; he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear : he fully satisfies my expectation ; he treats his subject home : his spleen is raised, and he raises mine : I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says : he drives his reader along with him ; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progress, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can justly be found in him, it is that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant ; says more than he needs, like my friend the Plain-Dealer, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble ; his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader : and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop ; but his way is perpetually on carpet ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely ; and the swiftness adds a more lively agitation to the spirits. The low stile of Horace is according to his subject, that is generally gravely : I question not but he could have raised it : for the first epistle of the second book, which he writes to Augustus, (a most instructive satyr concerning poetry,) is of so much dignity in the words, and of so much elegance in the numbers, that the author plainly shews, the *sermo pedestris*, in his other satyrs, was rather his choice than his necessity. He was a rival to Lucilius his predecessor, and was resolved to surpass him in his own manner. Lucilius, as we see by his remaining fragments, minded neither his style nor his numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of verse : Horace therefore copes with him in that humble way of satyr, writes under his own force, and carries a dead weight, that he may match his competitor in the race. This I imagine was the chief reason, why he minded only the clearness of his satyr, and the cleanness of expression, without ascending to those heights, to which his own vigour might have carried him. But limiting his desires only to the conquest of Lucilius, he had the ends of his rival, who lived before him ; but made way for a new conquest over himself, by Juvenal his successor. He could not give

an equal pleasure to his reader, because he used not equal instruments. The fault was in the tools, and not in the workman. But versifications and numbers are the greatest pleasures of poetry: Virgil knew it, and practised both so happily, that for ought I know, his greatest excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, is faultless; but in this he placed his chief perfection. And give me leave, my lord, since I have here an apt occasion, to say, that Virgil could have written sharper satyrs, than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employed his talent that way. I will produce a verse and half of his, in one of his eclogues, to justify my opinion; and with comina's after every word, to shew, that he has given almost as many lashes, as he has written syllables; it is against a bad poet, whose ill verses he describes: *Non tu, in triviis indocte, solebas, stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere, carmen?* But to return to my purpose, when there is any thing deficient in numbers, and sound, the reader is uneasy, and unsatisfied; he wants something of his complement, desires somewhat which he finds not: and this being the manifest defect of Horace, it is no wonder, that finding it supplied in Juvenal, we are more delighted with him. And besides this, the sauce of Juvenal is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of reading him. The meat of Horace is more nourishing; but the cookery of Juvenal more exquisite; so that granting Horace to be the more general philosopher, we cannot deny that Juvenal was the greater poet, I mean in satyr. His thoughts are sharper, his indignation against vice is more vehement; his spirit has more of the commonwealth genius; he treats tyranny, and all the vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost rigour: and consequently a noble soul is better pleased with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty than with a temporizing poet, a well-mannered court-slave, and a man who is often afraid of laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile. After all, Horace had the disadvantage of the times in which he lived; they were better for the man, but worse for the satyrist. It is generally said, that those enormous vices which were practised under the reign of Domitian, were not known in the time of Augustus Cæsar: that therefore Juvenal had a larger field than Horace. Little follies were out of doors, when oppression was to be scourged instead of avarice; it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the false opinions of philosophers, when the Roman liberty was to be asserted. There was more need of a Brutus in Domitian's days, to redeem or mend, than of a Horace, if

he had then been living, to laugh at a fly-catcher. This reflection at the same time excuses Horace, but exalts Juvenal. I have ended, before I was aware, the comparison of Horace and Juvenal, upon the topics of pleasure and delight; and, indeed, I may safely here conclude that common-place; for if we make Horace our minister of state in satyr, and Juvenal of our private pleasures; I think the latter has no ill bargain of it. Let profit have the preheminance of honour, in the end of poetry. Pleasure, though but the second in degree, is the first in favour. And who would not chuse to be loved better, rather than to be more esteemed? But I am entered already upon another topic; which concerns the particular merits of these two satyrists. However, I will pursue my business where I left it; and carry it farther than that common observation of the several ages in which these authors flourished. When Horace writ his satyrs, the monarchy of his Cæsar was in its newness, and the government but just made easy to the conquered people. They could not possibly have forgotten the usurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he had used, in the compassing that vast design: they yet remembered his proscriptions, and the slaughter of so many noble Romans their defenders. Amongst the rest, that horrible action of his, when he forced Livia from the arms of her husband, who was constrained to see her married, as Dion relates the story, and, big with child as she was, conveyed to the bed of his insulting rival. The same Dion Cassius gives us another instance of the crime before mentioned: that Cornelius Sisenna, being reproached in full senate, with the licentious conduct of his wife, returned this answer; That he had married her by the counsel of Augustus: intimating, says my author, that Augustus had obliged him to that marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free access unto her. His adulteries were still before their eyes, but they must be patient, where they had not power. In other things that emperor was moderate enough: propriety was generally secured; and the people entertained with public shows, and donatives, to make them more easily digest their lost liberty. But Augustus, who was conscious to himself, of so many crimes which he had committed, thought in the first place to provide for his own reputation, by making an edict against lampoons and satyrs, and the authors of those defamatory writings, which my author Tacitus, from the law-term, calls *famosos libellos*.

In the first book of his Annals, he gives the following account of it, in these words: *Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidine, quâ viros fœminasque illustres, procacibus scriptis diffamaverat.* Thus in English: “Augustus was the first, who under the colour of that law took cognisance of lampoons; being provoked to it, by the petulancy of Cassius Severus, who had defamed many illustrious persons of both sexes, in his writings.” The law to which Tacitus refers, was *Læx læsæ Majestatis*; commonly called, for the sake of brevity, *Majestas*; or, as we say, high treason: he means not that this law had not been enacted formerly: for it had been made by the Decemviri, and was inscribed amongst the rest in the twelve tables; to prevent the aspersion of the Roman majesty, either of the people themselves, or their religion, or their magistrates: and the infringement of it was capital; that is, the offender was whipt to death, with the *fascēs*, which were born before their chief officers of Rome. But Augustus was the first, who restored that intermitted law: by the words, *under colour of that law*, he insinuates that Augustus caused it to be executed, on pretence of those libels, which were written by Cassius Severus, against the nobility; but, in truth, to save himself from such defamatory verses. Suetonius likewise makes mention of it thus: *Sparfos de se in Curiâ famosos libellos, nec expavit, & magnâ curâ redarguit. Ac ne requisitis quidem auctoribus, id modo censuit, cognoscendum post hac, de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad insaniam cunjuspiam sub alieno nomine edant.* Augustus was not afraid of libels, says that author: yet he took all care imaginable to have them answered; and then decreed, that for the time to come, the authors of them should be punished. But Aurelius makes it yet more clear, according to my sense, that this emperor for his own sake durst not permit them: *Fecit id Augustus in speciem, & quasi gratificaretur populo Romano, & primoribus urbis; sed revera ut sibi consideret: nam habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipse exemptus fuit. Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub alieno facile & utile. Ergò specie legis tractavit, quasi populi Romani Majestas infamaretur.* This, I think, is a sufficient comment on that passage of Tacitus; I will add only by the way, that the whole family of the Cæsars, and all their relations, were included in the law; because the Majesty of the Romans, in the time of the empire, was wholly in that house; *omnia Cæsar erat*: they were all accounted sacred who belonged to him. As

for Cassius Severus, he was contemporary with Horace; and was the same poet against whom he writes in his Epodes, under this title, *In Cassium Severum maledicum poetam*; perhaps intending to kill two crows, according to our proverb, with one stone, and revenge both himself and his emperor together.

From hence I may reasonably conclude, that Augustus, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some by-respect in the enacting of this law: for to do any thing for nothing, was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied with the interest of his master; and avoiding the lashing of greater crimes, confined himself to the ridiculing of petty vices and common follies; excepting only some reserved cases, in his Odes and Epodes, of his own particular quarrels, which either with permission of the magistrate, or without it, every man will revenge, though I say not that he should; for *prior læsit*, is a good excuse in the civil law, if christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign great vices, at least if the stories which we hear of him are true, that he practised some, which I will not here mention, out of honour to him. It was not for a Clodius to accuse adulterers, especially when Augustus was of that number: so that though his age was not exempted from the worst of villanies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reason of the edict. And our poet was not fit to represent them in an odious character, because himself was dipt in the same actions. Upon this account, without farther insisting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude, that the subjects which Horace chose for satyr, are of a lower nature than those of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the comparison betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Persius; somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be considered. Persius was grave, and particularly opposed his gravity to lewdness, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he published his satyrs, which was before that emperor fell into the excess of cruelty. Horace was a mild admonisher, a court-satyrift, fit for the gentle times of Augustus, and more fit, for the reasons which I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs: his was an age that deserved a more severe chastisement; vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more protected by his authority.

Therefore, wheresoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own person, but scourges him by proxy. Heinſius urges in praise of Horace, that according to the ancient art and law of ſatyr, it ſhould be nearer to comedy than tragedy; not declaiming againſt vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Perſius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both ſtudied Horace. And the thing itſelf is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewiſe read Lucilius, of whom Perſius ſays, *ſecuit Urbem; & genuinum fregit in illis*; meaning Mutius and Lupus: and Juvenal alſo mentions him in theſe words: *Enſe velut ſtriſto, quoties Lucilius ardens infremuit*, &c. So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpoſe than that of Horace. They changed ſatyr, ſays Holiday; but they changed it for the better: for the buſineſs being to reform great vices, chaſtiſement goes farther than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man.

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holiday, whoſe interpretation and illustrations of Juvenal are as excellent, as the verſe of his tranſlation and his Engliſh are lame and pitiful. For it is not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed moſt faithfully, but he muſt alſo imitate his genius, and his numbers, as far as the Engliſh will come up to the elegance of the original. In few words, it is only for a poet to tranſlate a poet. Holiday and Stapylton had not enough conſidered this, when they attempted Juvenal: but I forbear reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this ſentence, where Holiday ſays, “ a perpetual grin, “ like that of Horace, rather angers than amends a man.” I cannot give him up the manner of Horace in low ſatire ſo eaſily: let the chaſtiſement of Juvenal be never ſo neceſſary for his new kind of ſatyr; let him declaim as wittily and ſharply as he pleaſes, yet ſtill the niceſt and moſt delicate touches of ſatyr conſiſt in fine raillery. This, my lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. It is not reading, it is not imitation of an author, which can produce his fineneſs: it muſt be inborn, it muſt proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from nature: how eaſy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without uſing any of thoſe opprobrious terms! To ſpare the groſſeneſs of

the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of raillery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded, and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself; if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my Absalom, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind-fides, and little extravagancies: to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was laughed at in his turn who began the frolick.

And thus, my lord, you see I have preferred the manner of Horace, and of your lordship, in this kind of satyr, to that of Juvenal; and I think, reasonably. Holiday ought not to have arraigned so great an author, for that which was his excellency and his merit: or if he did, on such a palpable mistake, he might expect that some one might possibly arise, either in his own time, or after him, to rectify his error, and restore to Horace that commendation, of which he has so unjustly robbed him. And let the manes of Juvenal forgive me, if I say, that this way of Horace was the best for amending manners, as it is the most difficult. His was, an *ense rescindendum*; but that of Horace was a pleasant cure, with all the limbs preserved entirely; and, as our mountebanks tell us in their bills, without

keeping the patient within doors for a day. What they promise only, Horace has effectually performed: yet I contradict not the proposition which I formerly advanced: Juvenal's times required a more painful kind of operation: but if he had lived in the age of Horace, I must needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the method which was prescribed him by his own genius; which was sharp and eager; he could not rally, but he could declaim; and as his provocations were great, he has revenged them tragically. This notwithstanding, I am to say another word, which, as true as it is, will yet displease the partial admirers of our Horace. I have hinted it before; but it is time for me now to speak more plainly.

This manner of Horace is indeed the best; but Horace has not executed it altogether so happily, at least not often. The manner of Juvenal is confessed to be inferior to the former; but Juvenal has excelled him in his performance. Juvenal has rallied more wittily than Horace has rallied. Horace meant to make his reader laugh; but he is not sure of his experiment. Juvenal always intends to move your indignation; and he always brings about his purpose. Horace, for ought I know, might have tickled the people of his age; but amongst the moderns he is not so successful. They who say he entertains so pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the quickness of their own understandings, that they can see a jest farther off than other men: they may find occasion of laughter in the wit-battle of the two buffoons, Sarmenius and Cicerrus; and hold their sides for fear of bursting, when Rupilius and Persius are scolding. For my own part, I can only like the characters of all four, which are judiciously given: but for my heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid raillery. I see not why Persius should call upon Brutus to revenge him on his adversary; and that because he had killed Julius Cæsar for endeavouring to be a king; therefore he should be desired to murder Rupilius, only because his name was Mr. King. A miserable clench, in my opinion, for Horace to record: I have heard honest Mr. Swan make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance. But it may be puns were then in fashion, as they were wit in the sermons of the last age, and in the court of king Charles II. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of Horace; but certain it is, he has no fine palate who can feed so heartily on garbage.

But I have already wearied myself, and doubt not but I have tired your lordship's patience, with this long, rambling, and I

fear trivial discourse. Upon the one half of the merits, that is, pleasure, I cannot but conclude that Juvenal was the better satyrift: they who will descend into his particular praises, may find them at large in the dissertation of the learned Rigaltius to Thuanus. As for Persius, I have given the reasons why I think him inferior to both of them: yet I have one thing to add on that subject.

Barten Holiday, who translated both Juvenal and Persius, has made this distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty; That, in Persius, the difficulty is to find a meaning; in Juvenal to chuse a meaning: so crabbed is Persius, and so copious is Juvenal: so much the understanding is employed in one, and so much the judgment in the other. So difficult it is to find any sense in the former, and the best sense of the latter.

If, on the other side, any one suppose I have commended Horace below his merit, when I have allowed him but the second place, I desire him to consider, if Juvenal, a man of excellent natural endowments, besides the advantages of diligence and study, and coming after him, and building upon his foundations, might not probably, with all these helps, surpass him? And whether it be any dishonour to Horace to be thus surpassed; since no art, or science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many hands, and even through several ages? If Lucilius could add to Ennius, and Horace to Lucilius, why, without any diminution to the fame of Horace, might not Juvenal give the last perfection to that work? Or rather, what disreputation is it to Horace, that Juvenal excels in the tragical satyr, as Horace does in the comical? I have read over attentively both Heinſius and Dacier, in their commendations of Horace; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to Juvenal, than the instructive part; the part of wisdom, and not that of pleasure; which therefore is here allowed him, notwithstanding what Scaliger and Rigaltius have pleaded to the contrary for Juvenal. And to shew that I am impartial, I will here translate what Dacier has said on that subject.

I cannot give a more just idea of the two books of satyrs made by Horace, than by comparing them to the statues of the *Sileni*, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates, in the *Symposium*. They were figures, which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of beauty on their out-side: but when any one took the pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the figures of all the deities. So, in the shape that Horace presents himself

to us, in his satyrs, we see nothing at the first view which deserves our attention. It seems that he is rather an amusement for children, than for the serious consideration of men: but when we take away his crust, and that which hides him from our sight, when we discover him to the bottom, then we find all the divinities in a full assembly: that is to say, all the virtues which ought to be the continual exercise of those, who seriously endeavour to correct their vices.

It is easy to observe, that Dacier, in this noble similitude, has confined the praise of his author wholly to the instructive part: the commendation turns on this, and so does that which follows.

In these two books of satyr, it is the business of Horace to instruct us how to combat our vices, to regulate our passions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our desires, to distinguish betwixt truth and falsehood, and betwixt our conceptions of things, and things themselves: to come back from our prejudicate opinions, to understand exactly the principles and motives of all our actions; and to avoid the ridicule, into which all men necessarily fall, who are intoxicated with those notions which they have received from their masters; and which they obstinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right reason.

In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to ourselves, agreeable and faithful to our friends, and discreet, serviceable, and well-bred in relation to those with whom we are obliged to live, and to converse. To make his figures intelligible, to conduct his readers through the labyrinth of some perplexed sentence, or obscure parenthesis, is no great matter: and, as Epictetus says, there is nothing of beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent man. The principal business, and which is of most importance to us, is to shew the use, the reason, and the proof of his precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themselves, according to so exact a model, are just like the patients, who have open before them a book of admirable receipts for their diseases, and please themselves with reading it, without comprehending the nature of the remedies, or how to apply them to their cure.

Let Horace go off with these encomiums, which he has so well deserved.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three poets, I will use the words of Virgil, in his fifth *Æneid*, where *Æneas* proposes the rewards of the foot-race, to the three first who should reach the goal. *Tres præmia primi accipient, flavaque caput*

neſſentur olivâ: Let theſe three ancients be preferred to all the moderns; as firſt arriving at the goal: let them all be crowned as victors, with the wreath that properly belongs to ſatyr. But, after that, with this diſtinction amongſt themſelves, *Primus equum phaleris inſignem victor habeto*. Let Juvenal ride firſt in triumph. *Alter amazoniam pharetram, plenamque ſagittis threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro balteus, & tereti ſubnectit fibula gemma*. Let Horace, who is the ſecond, and but juſt the ſecond, carry off the quivers and the arrows, as the badges of his ſatyr; and the golden belt, and the diamond button. *Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus abito*. And let Perſius, the laſt of the firſt three worthies, be contented with this Grecian ſhield, and with victory, not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman ſatyr, but over all the moderns in ſucceeding ages; excepting Boileau and your lordſhip.

And thus I have given the hiſtory of ſatyr, and derived it from Ennius, to your lordſhip; that is, from its firſt rudiments of barbarity, to its laſt poliſhing and perfection: which is, with Virgil, in his addreſs to Auguſtus,

— *nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,
Tithoni primâ quot abeſt ab origine Cæſar.*

I ſaid only from Ennius; but I may ſafely carry it higher, as far as Livius Andronicus; who, as I have ſaid formerly, taught the firſt play at Rome, in the year *ab Urbe conditâ* CCCCXIV. I have ſince deſired my learned friend, Mr. Maidwell, to compute the difference of times, betwixt Ariſtophanes and Livius Andronicus; and he aſſures me from the beſt chronologers, that Plutus, the laſt of Ariſtophanes's plays, was repreſented at Athens, in the year of the 97th olympiad; which agrees with the year *Urbis conditæ* CCCLXIV. So that the difference of years betwixt Ariſtophanes and Andronicus is 150; from whence I have probably deduced, that Livius Andronicus, who was a Grecian, had read the plays of the old comedy, which were ſatyrical, and alſo of the new; for Menander was fifty years before him, which muſt needs be a great light to him, in his own plays, that were of the ſatyrical nature. That the Romans had farces before theſe, it is true; but then they had no communication with Greece: ſo that Andronicus was the firſt who wrote after the manner of the old comedy, in his plays; he was imitated by Ennius, about thirty years afterwards. Though the former writ fables; the latter, ſpeaking properly, began the Roman ſatyr. According to that deſcription, which Juvenal

gives of it in his first; *quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli*. This is that in which I have made bold to differ from Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and indeed from all the modern critics, that not Ennius, but Andronicus was the first, who by the *Archæa Comædia* of the Greeks, added many beauties to the first rude and barbarous Roman satyr: which sort of poem, though we had not derived from Rome, yet nature teaches it mankind, in all ages, and in every country.

It is but necessary, that after so much has been said of satyr, some definition of it should be given. Heinsius, in his dissertations on Horace, makes it for me, in these words; "Satyr is a
 " kind of poetry, without a series of action, invented for the
 " purging of our minds; in which human vices, ignorance,
 " and errors, and all things besides, which are produced from
 " them, in every man, are severely reprehended; partly dra-
 " matically, partly simply, and sometimes in both kinds of
 " speaking; but for the most part figuratively, and occultly;
 " consisting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a sharp and pun-
 " gent manner of speech; but partly, also, in a facetious and
 " civil way of jesting; by which either hatred, or laughter, or
 " indignation is moved."—Where I cannot but observe, that this obscure and perplexed definition, or rather description of satyr, is wholly accommodated to the Horatian way; and excluding the works of Juvenal and Persius, as foreign from that kind of poem: the clause in the beginning of it ("without a series of action") distinguishes satyr properly from stage-plays, which are all of one action, and one continued series of action. The end or scope of satyr is to purge the passions; so far it is common to the satyrs of Juvenal and Persius: the rest which follows, is also generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding clause "consisting in a low familiar way of speech," which is the proper character of Horace; and from which, the other two, for their honour be it spoken, are far distant: but how come lowness of style, and the familiarity of words to be so much the propriety of satyr, that without them, a poet can be no more a satyrist, than without risibility he can be a man? Is the fault of Horace to be made the virtue and standing rule of this poem? Is the *grande sophos* of Persius, and the sublimity of Juvenal to be circumscribed, with the meanness of words and vulgarity of expression? If Horace refused the pains of numbers, and the loftiness of figures, are they bound to follow so ill a precedent? Let him walk a-foot

with his pad in his hand, for his own pleasure ; but let not them be accounted no poets, who chuse to mount, and shew their horsemanship. Holiday is not afraid to say, that there never was such a fall, as from his odes to his satyrs, and that he, injuriously to himself, untuned his harp. The majestic way of Persius and Juvenal was new when they began it, but it is old to us ; and what poems have not, with time, received an alteration in their fashion ? Which alteration, says Holiday, is to after-times, as good a warrant as the first. Has not Virgil changed the manners of Homer's heroes in his *Æneid* ? certainly he has, and for the better. For Virgil's age was more civilized, and better bred ; and he writ according to the politeness of Rome, under the reign of Augustus Cæsar ; not to the rudeness of Agamemnon's age, or the times of Homer. Why should we offer to confine free spirits to one form, when we cannot so much as confine our bodies to one fashion of apparel ? Would not Donn's satyrs, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers ? But he followed Horace so very close, that of necessity he must fall with him : and I may safely say it of this present age, that if we are not so great wits as Donn, yet, certainly, we are better poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be too much, on this subject. Will your lordship be pleased to prolong my audience, only so far, till I tell you my own trivial thoughts, how a modern satyr should be made. I will not deviate in the least from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our best masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden beauties in their designs, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you please but to observe, that Persius, the least in dignity of all the three, has notwithstanding been the first, who has discovered to us this important secret, in the designing of a perfect satyr, that it ought only to treat of one subject ; to be confined to one particular theme ; or, at least, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they should only be transiently lashed, and not be insisted on, so as to make the design double. As in a play of the English fashion, which we call a tragi-comedy, there is to be but one main design : and though there be an underplot, or second walk of comical characters and adventures, yet they are subservient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it ; so that the drama may not seem a monster with two heads. Thus the Copernican system of the planets makes the moon to be moved by the motion of the earth, and

carried about her orb, as a dependent of hers. Mascardi, in his discourse of the *Doppia favola*, or double tale in plays, gives an instance of it, in the famous pastoral of Guarini, called *Il Pastor Fido*; where Corisca and the satyr are the under-parts: yet we may observe, that Corisca is brought into the body of the plot, and made subservient to it. It is certain, that the divine wit of Horace was not ignorant of this rule, that a play, though it consists of many parts, must yet be one in the action, and must drive on the accomplishment of one design; for he gives this very precept, *Sit quodvis simplex duntaxat & unum*; yet he seems not much to mind it in his satyrs, many of them consisting of more arguments than one; and the second without dependance on the first. Casaubon has observed this before me, in his preference of Persius to Horace: and will have his own beloved author to be the first, who found out, and introduced this method of confining himself to one subject. I know it may be urged in defence of Horace, that this unity is not necessary; because the very word *satura* signifies a dish plentifully stored with all variety of fruit and grains. Yet Juvenal, who calls his poems a *farrago*, which is a word of the same signification with *satura*, has chosen to follow the same method of Persius, and not of Horace. And Boileau, whose example alone is a sufficient authority, has wholly confined himself, in all his satyrs, to this unity of design. That variety which is not to be found in any one satyr, is, at least, in many, written on several occasions. And if variety be of absolute necessity in every one of them, according to the etymology of the word; yet it may arise naturally from one subject, as it is diversly treated, in the several subordinate branches of it; all relating to the chief. It may be illustrated accordingly with variety of examples in the subdivisions of it; and with as many precepts as there are members of it; which all together may complete that *olla*, or hotch-potch, which is properly a satyr.

Under this unity of theme, or subject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the design of true satyr. The poet is bound, and that *ex officio*, to give his reader some one precept of moral virtue; and to caution him against some one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, subordinate to the first, may be recommended, under that chief head; and other vices or follies may be scourged, besides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and insist on that. Thus Juvenal in every satyr, excepting the first, ties himself to one principal instructive point, or to the shunning of moral evil.

Even in the sixth, which seems only an arraignment of the whole sex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by shewing how very few, who are virtuous and good, are to be found amongst them. But this, though the wittiest of all his satyrs, has yet the least of truth or instruction in it. He has run himself into his old declamatory way, and almost forgotten that he was now setting up for a moral poet.

Perfius is never wanting to us in some profitable doctrine, and in exposing the opposite vices to it. His kind of philosophy is one, which is the stoique; and every satyr is a comment on one particular dogma of that sect; unless we will except the first, which is against bad writers; and yet even there he forgets not the precepts of the porch. In general, all virtues are every where to be praised and recommended to practice; and all vices to be reprehended, and made either odious or ridiculous; or else there is a fundamental error in the whole design.

I have already declared who are the only persons that are the adequate object of private satyr, and who they are that may properly be exposed by name for public examples of vices and follies: and therefore I will trouble your lordship no farther with them. Of the best and finest manner of satyr, I have said enough in the comparison betwixt Juvenal and Horace: it is that sharp, well-mannered way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your lordship is the best master in this age. I will proceed to the versification, which is most proper for it, and add somewhat to what I have said already on that subject. The sort of verse which is called burlesque, consisting of eight syllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras has chosen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I spake of Donn; but by a slip of an old man's memory he was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need any commendation, and he is above my censure: his satyr is of the Varronian kind, though unmixed with prose. The choice of his numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has managed it: but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debased the dignity of style. And besides, the double rhyme, (a necessary companion of burlesque writing) is not so proper for manly satyr, for it turns earnest too much to jest, and gives us a boyish kind of pleasure. It tickles awkwardly with a kind of pain, to the best sort of readers; we are pleased ungratefully, and if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unseasonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more solid. He

might have left that task to others, who not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excrescence of a word of two or three syllables in the close. It is, indeed, below so great a master to make use of such a little instrument. But his good sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding faults. We pass through the levity of his rhyme, and are immediately carried into some admirable useful thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of verse; and has written the best in it: and had he taken another, he would always have excelled. As we say of a court-favourite, that whatsoever his office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The quickness of your imagination, my lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I would prefer the verse of ten syllables, which we call the English heroique, to that of eight. This is truly my opinion: for this sort of number is more roomy: the thought can turn itself with greater ease in a larger compass. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straitens the expression; we are thinking of the close, when we should be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too narrow for his imagination; he loses many beauties, without gaining one advantage. For a burlesque rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, it is more easily purchased in ten syllables than in eight: in both occasions it is as in a tennis-court, when the strokes of greater force are given, when we strike out and play at length. Tassone and Boileau have left us the best examples of this way, in the *Secchia Rapita*, and the *Lutrin*. And next them *Merlin Coccagus* in his *Baldus*. I will speak only of the two former, because the last is written in Latin verse. The *Secchia Rapita* is an Italian poem, a satyr of the Varronian kind. It is written in the stanza of eight, which is their measure for heroique verse. The words are stately, the numbers smooth, the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The first six lines of the stanza seem majestic and severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceived, has model'd from hence his famous *Lutrin*. He had read the burlesque poetry of Scarron, with some kind of indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation. But he copied the Italian so well, that his own may pass for an original. He writes it in the French heroique verse, and calls it an heroique poem: his sub-
ject

ject is trivial, but his verse is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of him, and some parodies; as particularly this passage in the fourth of the *Æneids*.

*Nec tibi Diva parens; generis nec Dardanus auctor,
Perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus; Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.*

Which he thus translates, keeping to the words, but altering the sense:

*Non, ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger :
Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais Horloger :
Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitresse d'un Coche ;
Caucase dans ses flancs, te forma d'une Roché :
Une Tigresse affreuse, en quelque Antre écarté,
Te fit, avec son lait, succer sa Cruauté.*

And, as Virgil in his fourth *Georgique* of the Bees, perpetually raises the lowness of his subject, by the loftiness of his words; and enobles it by comparisons drawn from empires, and from monarchs.

*Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque Duces, totiusque ordine gentis
Mores & studia, & populos, & prælia dicam.*

And again:

*Sic Genuus immortale manent; multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, & avi numerantur avorum.*

We see Boileau pursuing him in the same flights; and scarcely yielding to his master. This, I think, my lord, to be the most beautiful, and most noble kind of satyr. Here is the majesty of the heroique, finely mixed with the venom of the other; and raising the delight which otherwise would be flat and vulgar, by the sublimity of the expression. I could say somewhat more of the delicacy of this and some other of his satyrs; but it might turn to his prejudice, if it were carried back to France.

I have given your lordship but this bare hint, in what manner this sort of satyr may best be managed. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts; which are as requisite in this, as in heroique poetry itself; of which the satyr is undoubtedly a species. With these beautiful turns

I confess myself to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a conversation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzy : he asked me why I did not imitate in my verses the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham; of which, he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleasure, and with some profit, those two fathers of our English poetry; but had not seriously enough considered those beauties which give the last perfection to their works. Some sprinklings of this kind I had also formerly in my plays; but they were casual, and not designed. But this hint, thus seasonably given me, first made me sensible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the supply of them in other English authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, instead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the Davideis, an heroic poem, which is of an opposite nature to those puerilities; but no elegant turns either on the word or on the thought. Then I consulted a greater genius (without offence to the manes of that noble author) I mean Milton; but as he endeavours every where to express Homer, whose age had not arrived to that fineness, I found in him a true sublimity, lofty thoughts, which were clothed with admirable Grecisms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spencer, and which, with all their rusticity, had somewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I looked. At last I had recourse to his master, Spencer, the author of that immortal poem called the Fairy Queen; and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. Spencer had studied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer; and amongst the rest of his excellencies had copied that. Looking farther into the Italian, I found Tasso had done the same; nay more, that all the sonnets in that language, are on the turn of the first thought; which Mr. Walsb, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has observed. In short, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poem. And the French at this day are so fond of them, that they judge them to be the first beauties. *Delicate & bien tourné*, are the highest commendations, which they bestow, on somewhat which they think a master-piece.

An example of the turn on words, amongst a thousand others, is that in the last book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* :

*Heu quantum scelus est, in viscera, viscera condi !
 Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus;
 Alteriusque animantem animantis vivere leto !*

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words, is to be found in Catullus; in the complaint of Ariadne, when she was left by Theseus :

*Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat ;
 Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles :
 Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit apisci,
 Nil metuunt jurare ; nihil promittere parcunt.
 Sed simul ac cupidæ mentis satiata libido est ;
 Dicta nihil metuere ; nihil perjuriam curant.*

An extraordinary turn upon the words, is that in Ovid's *Epistolæ Heroidum*, of Sappho to Phaon :

*Si nisi quæ formâ poterit te digna videri,
 Nulla futura tua est ; nulla futura tua est.*

Lastly, a turn which I cannot say is absolutely on words, for the thought turns with them, is in the fourth *Georgique* of Virgil ; where Orpheus is to receive his wife from hell, on express condition not to look on her, till she was come on earth :

*Cùm subita incautum dementia cepit Amantem ;
 Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.*

I will not burden your lordship with more of them ; for I write to a master, who understands them better than myself. But I may safely conclude them to be great beauties : I might descend also to the mechanic beauties of heroic verse ; but we have yet no English prosodia, not so much as a tolerable dictionary, or a grammar ; so that our language is in a manner barbarous ; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not : but nothing under a public expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the present age.

I am still speaking to you, my lord : though, in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing, which my meanness can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the last petition of Abraham : if there be ten righteous

lines, in this vast preface, spare it for their sake; and also spare the next city, because it is but a little one.

I would excuse the performance of this translation, if it were all my own; but the better, though not the greater part being the work of some gentlemen, who have succeeded very happily in their undertaking; let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and those of my sons. I have perused some of the satyrs, which are done by other hands; and they seem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have seen in English verse. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal translation, but a kind of paraphrase; or somewhat which is yet more loose, betwixt a paraphrase and imitation. It was not possible for us, or any men, to have made it pleasant any other way. If rendering the exact sense of those authors, almost line for line, had been our business, Barten Holiday had done it already to our hands: and, by the help of his learned notes and illustrations, not only Juvenal and Persius, but what yet is more obscure, his own verses, might be understood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to scholars: we write only for the pleasure and entertainment of those gentlemen and ladies, who though they are not scholars, are not ignorant: persons of understanding and good sense; who not having been conversant in the original, or at least not having made Latin verse so much their business, as to be critics in it, would be glad to find, if the wit of our two great authors be answerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have therefore endeavoured to give the public all the satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether so faithful to our author, as our predecessors Holiday and Stapylton; yet we may challenge to ourselves this praise, that we shall be far more pleasing to our readers. We have followed our authors at greater distance, though not step by step, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone so close, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Persius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be pursued too close by a translator. We lose his spirit, when we think to take his body. The grosser part remains with us, but the soul is flown away, in some noble expression, or some delicate turn of words, or thought. Thus Holiday, who made this way his choice, seized the meaning of Juvenal; but the poetry has always scaped him.

They who will not grant me, that pleasure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of compassing the only end, which is instruction; must yet allow, that without the

means of pleasure, the instruction is but a bare and dry philosophy; a crude preparation of morals, which we may have from Aristotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet: neither Holiday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal, in the poetical part of him, his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way took, it was impossible for them to have succeeded in the poetique part.

The English verse, which we call heroique, consists of more than ten syllables; the Latin hexameter sometimes rises to seventeen; as for example, this verse in Virgil:

Pulverulenta putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Here is the difference of no less than seven syllables in a line, betwixt the English and the Latin. Now the medium of these, is about fourteen syllables; because the dactyle is a more frequent foot in hexameters than the spondee.

But Holiday, without considering that he writ with the disadvantage of four syllables less in every verse, endeavours to make one of his lines to comprehend the sense of one of Juvenal's. According to the falsity of the proposition was the success. He was forced to crowd his verse with ill-sounding monosyllables, of which our barbarous language affords him a wild plenty: and by that means he arrived at his pedantic end, which was to make a literal translation: his verses have nothing of verse in them, but only the worst part of it, the rhyme; and that, into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-chosen, and worse-sounding monosyllables so close together; the very sense which he endeavours to explain, is become more obscure than that of his author. So that Holiday himself cannot be understood, without as large a commentary, as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a shift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes: but his translation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompense my pains; but in Holiday and Stapylton, my ears, in the first place, are mortally offended; and then their sense is so perplexed, that I return to the original, as the more pleasing task, as well as the more easy.

This must be said for our translation, that if we give not the whole sense of Juvenal, yet we give the most considerable part of it: we give it, in general, so clearly, that few notes are

sufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at least appear in a poetique dress. We have actually made him more founding, and more elegant, than he was before in English: and have endeavoured to make him speak that kind of English, which he would have spoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If sometimes any of us (and it is but seldom) make him express the customs and manners of our native country, rather than of Rome, it is, either when there was some kind of analogy, betwixt their customs and ours; or when, to make him more easy to vulgar understandings, we give him those manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuse it. For to speak sincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded: we should either make them English, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended, nor excused, let it be pardoned, at least, because it is acknowledged; and so much the more easily, as being a fault which is never committed without some pleasure to the reader.

Thus, my lord, having troubled you with a tedious visit, the best manners will be shewn in the least ceremony. I will slip away while your back is turned, and while you are otherwise employed: with great confusion, for having entertained you so long with this discourse; and for having no other recompence to make you, than the worthy labours of my fellow-undertakers in this work, and the thankful acknowledgments, prayers, and perpetual good wishes of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obliged, Most Humble,

and Most Obedient Servant,

Aug. 18, 1692.

John Dryden.

THE
FIRST SATIRE
OF
JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet gives us first a kind of humorous reason for his writing: that being provoked by hearing so many ill poets rehearse their works, he does himself justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But since no man will rank himself with all writers, it is easy to conclude, that if such wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater esteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addict himself to satyr, than any other kind of poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this first satyr is the natural

ground-work of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one subject, but strikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following satire he has chosen some particular moral which he would inculcate; and lashes some particular vice or folly, (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted.) But our poet being desirous to reform his own age, but not daring to attempt it by an overt-act of naming living persons, inveighs only against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and historians, but also with a finer stroke of his pen, brands even the living, and personates them under dead men's names.

I have avoided as much as I could possibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illustrations, and for that reason have translated this satire somewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of the proper names, because I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deserted all the commentators, it is because they first deserted my author, or

at least have left him in so much obscurity, that too much room is left for guessing.

STILL shall I hear, and never quit the score,
Stunn'd with hoarse Codrus' Theseid, o'er
and o'er ?

Shall this man's elegies and t'other's play
Unpunish'd murder a long summer's day ?
Huge Telephus, a formidable page,
Cries vengeance ; and Orestes' bulky rage
Unsatisfy'd with margins closely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finish'd yet.
No man can take a more familiar note
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grott,
Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghosts below.
I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece ;
The Centaurs fury, and the golden fleece ;
Through the thick shades th' eternal scribler bauls,
And shades the statues on their pedestals.
The best and worst on the same theme employs
His muse, and plagues us with an equal noise.

Provok'd by these incorrigible fools,
I left declaiming in pedantic schools ;
Where, with men-boys, I strove to get renown,
Advising Sylla to a private gown.

But, since the world with writing is possest,
 I'll versify in spite ; and do my best,
 To make as much waste paper as the rest.

}

But why I lift aloft the satire's rod,
 And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius trod,
 Attend the causes which my Muse have led :
 When sapless eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
 When mannish Mevia, that two-handed whore,
 Astride on horse-back hunts the Tuscan boar,
 When all our lords are by his wealth outvy'd,
 Whose razor on my callow beard was try'd ;
 When I behold the spawn of conquer'd Nile,
 Crispinus, both in birth and manners vile,
 Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
 Chang'd oft a-day for needless luxury ;
 And finding oft occasion to be fan'd,
 Ambitious to produce his lady-hand ;
 Charg'd with light summer-rings his fingers
 sweat,

Unable to support a gem of weight :
 Such fulsom objects meeting every where,
 'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
 To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
 What hoops of iron could my spleen contain !
 When pleading Matho, born abroad for air,
 With his fat paunch fills his new-fashion'd chair,

And after him the wretch in pomp convey'd,
 Whose evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
 And but the wish'd occasion does attend
 From the poor nobles the last spoils to rend,
 Whom ev'n spies dread as their superior fiend,
 And bribe with presents ; or, when presents fail,
 They send their prostituted wives for bail :

When night-performance holds the place of merit,
 And brawn and back the next of kin disherit;
 For such good parts are in preferment's way,
 The rich old madam never fails to pay
 Her legacies, by nature's standard giv'n,
 One gains an ounce, another gains eleven :
 A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
 For which their thrice concocted blood is paid.
 With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
 At unawares has trode upon a snake ;
 Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize,
 For which the vanquish'd rhetorician dies.

What indignation boils within my veins,
 When perjur'd guardians, proud with impious
 gains,
 Choak up the streets, too narrow for their trains!
 Whose wards by want betray'd, to crimes are led
 Too foul to name, too fulsom to be read !

When he who pill'd his province scapes the laws,
 And keeps his money, though he lost his cause:
 His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
 Can rise at twelve and get him drunk ere three:
 Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
 Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain?

Such villanies rous'd Horace into wrath:

And 'tis more noble to pursue his path,

Than an old tale of Diomedes repeat,

Or lab'ring after Hercules to sweat,

Or wand'ring in the winding maze of Crete;

Or with the winged smith aloft to fly,

Or flutt'ring perish with his foolish boy.

With what impatience must the Muse behold
 The wife, by her procuring husband sold?

For tho' the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
 Of lands to her, the cuckold may succeed;

Who his taught eyes up to the cieling throws,

And sleeps all over but his wakeful nose.

When he dares hope a colonel's command,

Whose coursers kept, ran out his father's land;

Who yet a stripling, Nero's chariot drove,

Whirl'd o'er the streets, while his vain master
 strove

With boasted art to please his eunuch love.

Would it not make a modest author dare
To draw his table-book within the square,
And fill with notes, when lolling at his ease,
Mecenas-like, the happy rogue he sees
Born by six weary'd slaves in open view,
Who cancell'd an old will, and forg'd a new:
Made wealthy at the small expence of signing
With a wet seal, and a fresh interlining?
The lady, next, requires a lashing line,
Who squeez'd a toad into her husband's wine:
So well the fashionable med'cine thrives,
That now 'tis practis'd ev'n by country wives:
Pois'ning, without regard of fame or fear:
And spotted corps are frequent on the bier.
Wouldst thou to honors and preferments climb?
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves:
For virtue is but drily prais'd, and starves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate
 emboss, }
Fair palaces, and furniture of cost;
And high commands: a sneaking sin is lost.
Who can behold that rank old lecher keep
His son's corrupted wife, and hope to sleep?
Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
Eager to sin, before he can enjoy?

If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful stuff as I or Sh----ll write.

Count from the time, since old Deucalion's
boat,

Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnassus float ;
And scarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
An oracle how man might be restor'd ;
When soften'd stones and vital breath ensu'd,
And virgins naked were by lovers view'd ;
What ever since that golden age was done,
What human kind desires, and what they shun,
Rage, passions, pleasures, impotence of will,
Shall this satirical collection fill.

What age so large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more ?
When were the dice with more profusion thrown ?
The well-fill'd fob not empty'd now alone,
But gamesters for whole patrimonies play ;
The steward brings the deeds which must convey
The lost estate : what more than madness reigns,
When one short sitting many hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to supply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery ?

What age so many summer-seats did see ?
Or which of our forefathers far'd so well,
As on seven dishes, at a private meal ?

Clients of old were feasted; now a poor
Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
Which by the hungry rout is soon dispatch'd:
The paltry largesse, too, severely watch'd,
Ere given; and ev'ry face observ'd with care,
That no intruding guests usurp a share.

Known, you receive: the cryer calls aloud
Our old nobility of Trojan blood,
Who gape among the crowd for their precarious
food.

The prætors, and the tribunes voice is heard;
The freedman jostles, and will be preferr'd;
First come, first serv'd, he cries; and I, in spite
Of your great lordships, will maintain my right.
Tho born a slave, tho my torn ears are bor'd,
'Tis not the birth, 'tis money makes the lord.
The rent of five fair houses I receive;
What greater honors can the purple give?
The poor patrician is reduced to keep,
In melancholly walks, a grazier's sheep:
Not Pallus nor Licinius had my treasure;
Then let the sacred tribunes wait my leisure.
Once a poor rogue, 'tis true, I trod the street,
And trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet:
Gold is the greatest God; though yet we see
No temples rais'd to money's majesty,

No altars fuming to her pow'r divine,
 Such as to valour, peace, and virtue shine,
 And faith, and concord: where the stork on high
 Seems to salute her infant progeny :
 Prefaging pious love with her auspicious cry.
 But since our knights and senators account,
 To what their sordid begging vails amount,
 Judge what a wretched share the poor attends,
 Whose whole subsistence on those alms depends!
 Their household fire, their raiment, and their food,
 Prevented by those harpies; when a wood
 Of litters thick besiege the donor's gate,
 And begging lords and teeming ladies wait
 The promis'd dole: nay, some have learn'd the
 trick

To beg for absent persons; feign them sick,
 Close mew'd in their sedans, for fear of air :
 And for their wives produce an empty chair.
 This is my spouse: dispatch her with her share.
 'Tis Galla: let her ladyship but peep :
 No, Sir, 'tis pity to disturb her sleep.

Such fine employments our whole days divide :
 The salutations of the morning tide
 Call up the sun; those ended, to the hall
 We wait the patron, hear the lawyers bawl;

Then to the statues ; where amidst the race
 Of conqu'ring Rome, some Arab shews his face,
 Inscrib'd with titles, and profanes the place ;
 Fit to be piss'd against, and somewhat more.
 The great man, home conducted, shuts his door ;
 Old clients, weary'd out with fruitless care,
 Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair.
 Tho much against the grain forc'd to retire,
 Buy roots for supper, and provide a fire.

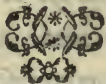
Mean time his lordship lolls within at ease,
 Pamp'ring his paunch with foreign rarities ;
 Both sea and land are ranfack'd for the feast ;
 And his own gut the sole invited guest.
 Such plate, such tables, dishes drest so well,
 That whole estates are swallow'd at a meal.
 Ev'n parasites are banish'd from his board ;
 (At once a fordid and luxurious lord :)
 Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are drest ;
 (A creature form'd to furnish out a feast.)
 But present punishment pursues his maw,
 When surfeited and swell'd, the peacock raw
 He bears into the bath ; whence want of breath,
 Repletions, apoplex, intestate death.
 His fate makes table-talk, divulg'd with scorn,
 And he, a jest, into his grave is born.

No age can go beyond us ; future times
 Can add no farther to the present crimes.
 Our sons but the same things can wish and do ;
 Vice is at stand, and at the highest flow.
 Then satire spread thy sails ; take all the winds
 can blow.

Some may, perhaps, demand what Muse can yield
 Sufficient strength for such a spacious field?
 From whence can be deriv'd so large a vein,
 Bold truth to speak, and spoken to maintain?
 When god-like freedom is so far bereft
 The noble mind, that scarce the name is left?
 Ere *scandalum magnatum* was begot,
 No matter if the great forgave or not :
 But if that honest licence now you take,
 If into rogues omnipotent you rake,
 Death is your doom, impail'd upon a stake ;
 Smear'd o'er with wax, and set on fire, to light
 The streets, and make a dreadful blaze by night.

Shall they who drench'd three uncles in a draught
 Of pois'nous juice be then in triumph brought,
 Make lanes among the people where they go,
 And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
 Disdainful glances on the crowd below?
 Be silent, and beware, if such you see ;
 'Tis defamation but to say, That's he!

Against bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,
Amidst their strokes the poet gets no harm:
Achilles may in epique verse be slain,
And none of all his myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himself for company:
But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,
And flashes in the face of guilty men,
A cold sweat stands in drops on ev'ry part;
And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart:
Muse, be advis'd; 'tis past consid'ring time,
When enter'd once the dang'rous lists of rhyme:
Since none the living villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the persons of the dead.



THE
THIRD SATIRE
OF
JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The story of this satire speaks itself. Umbricitus, the supposed friend of Juvenal, and himself a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbricitus tells his friend the reasons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obscure place. He complains that an honest man cannot get his bread at Rome. That none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raise themselves by those sordid arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several inconveniencies which arise from a city life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetousness, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for starving them. The great art of this

*satire is particularly shown, in common places ;
and drawing in as many vices, as could naturally
fall into the compass of it.*

G Riev'd tho I am an ancient friend to lose, }
I like the solitary seat he chose :
In quiet Cumæ fixing his repose :

Where, far from noisy Rome secure he lives,
And one more citizen to Sybil gives.

The road to Bajæ, and that soft recess
Which all the Gods with all their bounty blefs.

Tho I in Prochyta with greater ease
Could live, than in a street of palaces.

What scene so desert, or so full of fright, }
As tow'ring houses tumbling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light ? }

But worse than all the clatt'ring tiles; and worse
Than thousand padders, is the poet's curse.

Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhyme forbear :
But without mercy read, and make you hear.

Now while my friend, just ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart ;
He stopp'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
Where Numa modell'd once the Roman state,

In mighty councils with his nymph retir'd:
 Tho now the sacred shades and founts are hir'd
 By banish'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
 In a small basket, on a wisp of hay;
 Yet such our av'rice is, that ev'ry tree
 Pays for his head; nor sleep itself is free:
 Nor place, nor persons, now are sacred held,
 From their own grove the Muses are expell'd.
 Into this lonely vale our steps we bend,
 I and my sullen discontented friend:
 The marble caves, and aquæducts we view;
 But how adult'rate now, and different from the
 true!

How much more beauteous had the fountain been
 Embellish'd with her first created green,
 Where chrystal streams thro living turff had run,
 Contented with an urn of native stone!

Then thus Umbrilius (with an angry frown,
 And looking back on this degen'rate town,)
 Since noble arts in Rome have no support,
 And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
 No profit rises from th' ungrateful stage,
 My poverty encreasing with my age,
 'Tis time to give my just disdain a vent,
 And, cursing, leave so base a government.

Where Dedalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obscure retreat I chuse to fly:

While yet few furrows on my face are seen,
While I walk upright, an old age is green,
And Lachesis has somewhat left to spin. }

Now, now 'tis time to quit this curst place,
And hide from villains my too honest face:

Here let Arturius live, and such as he;

Such manners will with such a town agree.

Knaves who in full assemblies have the knack

Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;

Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor

By farm'd excise; can cleanse the common-shoar;

And rent the fishery; can bear the dead;

And teach their eyes dissembled tears to shed,

All this for gain; for gain they sell their very
head. }

These fellows (see what fortune's power can do)

Were once the minstrels of a country show:

Follow'd the prizes thro each paltry town,

By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.

But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays,

At their own costs exhibit public plays:

Where influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,

With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.

From thence return'd, their sordid avarice rakes
 In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
 Why hire they not the town, not ev'ry thing,
 Since such as they have fortune in a string?
 Who, for her pleasure, can her fools advance;
 And tofs 'em topmost on the wheel of chance.
 What's Rome to me, what bus'ness have I there,
 I who can neither lie nor falsly swear?
 Nor praise my patron's undeserving rhimes,
 Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
 Unskill'd in schemes by planets to foreshow,
 Like canting rascals, how the wars will go:
 I neither will, nor can prognosticate
 To the young gaping heir, his father's fate:
 Nor in the intrails of a toad have pry'd,
 Nor carry'd bawdy presents to a bride:
 For want of these town-virtues, thus, alone,
 I go conducted on my way by none:
 Like a dead member from the body rent;
 Maim'd, and unuseful to the government.
 Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
 Conscious of close intrigues, and dipt in crimes;
 Lab'ring with secrets which his bosom burn,
 Yet never must to public light return?
 They get reward alone who can betray:
 For keeping honest counsels none will pay.

He who can Verres when he will, accuse,
 The purse of Verres may at pleasure use :
 But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
 And pays the sea in tributary tides,
 Be bribe sufficient to corrupt the breast ;
 Or violate with dreams thy peaceful rest.
 Great men with jealous eyes the friend be-
 hold,
 Whose secrecy they purchase with their gold.

I haste to tell thee, nor shall shame oppose
 What confidence our wealthy Romans chose :
 And whom I most abhor : to speak my mind,
 I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find :
 To see the scum of Greece transplanted here,
 Receiv'd like Gods, is what I cannot bear.
 Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
 Obscene Orontes diving under ground,
 Conveys his wealth to Tyber's hungry shores,
 And fattens Italy with foreign whores :
 Hither their crooked harps and customs come :
 All find receipt in hospitable Rome.
 The barbarous harlots crowd the public place :
 Go, fools, and purchase an unclean embrace ;
 The painted mitre court, and the more painted
 face.

Old Romulus, and father Mars look down,
 Your herdsman primitive, your homely clown
 Is turn'd a beau in a loose tawdry gown. }
 His once unkem'd, and horrid locks, behold
 Stilling sweet oil: his neck inchain'd with gold:
 Aping the foreigners in ev'ry dress;
 Which, bought at greater cost, becomes him
 less.

Mean time they wisely leave their native land,
 From Sycion, Samos, and from Alaband,
 And Amydon, to Rome they swarm in shoals:
 So sweat and easy is the gain from fools.
 Poor refugees at first, they purchase here:
 And, soon as denizen'd, they domineer.
 Grow to the great, a flatt'ring servile rout:
 Work themselves inward, and their patrons out.
 Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
 Patient of labours, and dissembling wrongs.
 Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,
 Who bears a nation in a single man?
 A cook, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
 A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
 A dancer on the ropes, and a physician. }
 All things the hungry Greek exactly knows:
 And bid him go to heav'n, to heav'n he goes.

In short, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
But in that town which arms and arts adorn,
Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
In purple cloath'd, and lolling like a lord?
Shall he before me sign, whom t'other day
A small craft vessel hither did convey;
Where stow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he
lay?

How little is the privilege become
Of being born a citizen of Rome!
The Greeks get all by fulsom flatteries;
A most peculiar stroke they have at lies.
They make a wit of their insipid friend;
His blobber-lip, and beetle-brows commend;
His long crane-neck, and narrow shoulders praise;
You'd think they were describing Hercules.
A creaking voice for a clear trebble goes;
Tho harsher than a cock that treads and crows.
We can as grossly praise; but, to our grief,
No flatt'ry but from Grecians gains belief.
Besides these qualities, we must agree
They mimic better on the stage than we:
The wife, the whore, the shepherdes they play,
In such a free, and such a graceful way,
That we believe a very woman shown,
And fancy something underneath the gown.

But not Antiochus, nor Stratocles,
 Our ears and ravish'd eyes can only please:
 The nation is compos'd of such as these. }
 All Greece is one comedian: laugh, and they
 Return it louder than an ass can bray:
 Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep silently, }
 There seems a silent echo in their eye:
 They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry. }
 Call for a fire, their winter cloaths they take:
 Begin but you to shiver, and they shake:
 In frost and snow, if you complain of heat,
 They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear they
 sweat.

We live not on the square with such as these,
 Such are our betters who can better please:
 Who day and night are like a looking-glass;
 Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
 The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
 Prepar'd for some new piece of flattery.
 Ev'n nastiness, occasions will afford;
 They praise a belching, or well-pissing lord.
 Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free
 From bold attempts of their rank lechery.
 Thro the whole family their labours run;
 The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won: }
 Nor 'scapes the bridegroom, or the blooming son. }

If none they find for their lewd purpose fit,
 They with the walls and very floors commit.
 They search the secrets of the house, and so
 Are worshipping'd there, and fear'd for what they
 know.

And, now we talk of Grecians, cast a view
 On what, in schools, their men of morals do; }
 A rigid stoick his own pupil slew : }
 A friend, against a friend of his own cloth,
 Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
 What room is left for Romans in a town
 Where Grecians rule, and cloaks controul the gown?
 Some Diphilus, or some Protogenes,
 Look sharply out, our senators to seize :
 Engross 'em wholly, by their native art,
 And fear'd no rivals in their bubbles heart :
 One drop of poison in my patron's ear,
 One slight suggestion of a senseless fear,
 Infus'd with cunning, serves to ruin me ;
 Disgrac'd, and banish'd from the family.
 In vain forgotten services I boast ;
 My long dependance in an hour is lost :
 Look round the world, what country will appear,
 Where friends are left with greater ease than here?
 At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
 All offices of ours are out of door:

In vain we rise, and to the levees run;
 My lord himself is up, before, and gone:
 The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
 Lest his colleague outstrip him in the race:
 The childish matrons are, long since, awake;
 And, for affronts, the tardy visits take.

'Tis frequent, here, to see a free-born son
 On the left-hand of a rich hireling run;
 Because the wealthy rogue can throw away,
 For half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay:
 But you, poor sinner, though you love the vice,
 And like the whore, demure upon the price:
 And, frighted with the wicked sum, forbear
 To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.

Produce a witness of unblemish'd life,
 Holy as Numa or as Numa's wife,
 Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
 And snatch'd the trembling Goddess from the fire!
 The question is not put how far extends
 His piety, but what he yearly spends:
 Quick to the bus'ness; how he lives and eats;
 How largely gives; how splendidly he treats:
 How many thousand acres feed his sheep,
 What are his rents? what servants does he keep,
 Th' account is soon cast up; the judges rate
 Our credit in the court by our estate.

Swear by our Gods, or those the Greeks adore,
Thou art as sure forsworn, as thou art poor:
The poor must gain their bread by perjury;
And e'en the Gods, that other means deny,
In conscience must absolve 'em, when they lye. }

Add, that the rich have still a gibe in store;
And will be monstrous witty on the poor:
For the torn surtout and the tatter'd vest,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest:
The greasy gown, sully'd with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to say, The man's in mourning:
Or if the shoe be ript, or patches put,
He's wounded! see the plaister on his foot.

Want is the scorn of ev'ry wealthy fool;
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.

Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches rise,
(The master of the ceremonies cries)

This is no place for you, whose small estate
Is not the value of the settled rate:

The sons of happy punks, the pandar's heir,
Are privileg'd to sit in triumph there,
To clap the first, and rule the theatre. }

Up to the galleries, for shame retreat;
For, by the Roscian law, the poor can claim no seat.
Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed,
The man that poll'd but twelve pence for his head?

Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
 Or call'd him to assist the judging chair?
 The poor were wise, who by the rich oppress'd,
 Withdrew, and sought a sacred place of rest.
 Once they did well, to free themselves from scorn;
 But had done better never to return.
 Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie
 Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty.
 At Rome 'tis worse; where house-rent by the year,
 And servants bellies cost so devilish dear;
 And tavern-bills run high for hungry chear. }
 To drink or eat in earthen-ware we scorn,
 Which cheaply country-cupboards does adorn: }
 And coarse blue hoods on holidays are worn. }
 Some distant parts of Italy are known,
 Where none but only dead men wear a gown:
 On theatres of turf, in homely state,
 Old plays they act, old feasts they celebrate:
 The same rude song returns upon the crowd,
 And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.
 The mimic yearly gives the same delights;
 And in the mother's arms the clownish infant frights.
 Their habits (undistinguish'd by degree)
 Are plain, alike; the same simplicity, }
 Both on the stage, and in the pit, you see. }
 In

In his white cloak the magistrate appears ;
The country bumkin the same liv'ry wears.
But here, attir'd beyond our purse we go,
For useleſs ornament and flaunting ſhow :
We take on truſt, in purple robes to ſhine ;
And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice, though all things here
Are ſold, and ſold unconſcionably dear.
What will you give that Coſſus may but view
Your face, and in the crowd diſtinguiſh you ;
May take your incenſe like a gracious God,
And answer only with a civil nod ?
To pleaſe our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the fav'rite page :
Shave his firſt down, and when he pulls his hair,
The conſecrated locks to temples bear :
Pay tributary cracknels, which he ſells,
And, with our off'rings, help to raiſe his vails.

Who fears in country-towns a houſe's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall ?
But we inhabit a weak city here ;
Which buttrefſes and props but ſcarcely bear :
And 'tis the village-maſon's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling,

To cleanse the gutters, and the chinks to close ;
And, for one night, secure his lord's repose.

At Cumæ we can sleep quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear ;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.

Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched store
(Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor)
Thy own third story smokes, while thou, supine,
Art drench'd in fumes of undigested wine.

For if the lowest floors already burn,
Cock-lofts and garrets soon will take the turn.
Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
Which, in their nests unsafe, are timely fled.

Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short wife's short legs hung dangling
out;

His cupboard's head fix earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath 'em was his trusty tankard plac'd.

And, to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron cast from honest clay ;
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd ;
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd :
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread ;
And with heroic verse luxuriously were fed.

'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost.
Begg'd naked thro' the streets of wealthy Rome;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.

But if the palace of Arturius burn,
The nobles change their cloaths; the matrons
mourn;

The city-prætor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear:
And look aghast, as if the Gauls were here. }

While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies;
Some to condole; and some to bring supplies:

One sends him marble to rebuild; and one
With naked statues of the Parian stone;

The work of Polyclete, that seem to live;

While others images for altars give;

One books and skreens, and Pallas to the breast;

Another bags of gold, and he gives best.

Childless Arturius, vastly rich before,

Thus by his losses multiplies his store:

Suspected for accomplice to the fire,

That burnt his palace but to build it higher.

But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear play-house, and the players too:

Sweet country-seats are purchas'd every where,
 With lands and gardens, at less price than here
 You hire a darksome doghole by the year.

A small convenience decently prepar'd,
 A shallow well that rises in your yard,
 That spreads his easy chrystal streams around,
 And waters all the pretty spot of ground.
 There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
 And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat,
 'Tis somewhat to be lord of some small ground
 In which a lizard may, at least, turn round.

'Tis frequent, here, for want of sleep to die ;
 Which fumes of undigested feasts deny ;
 And, with imperfect heat, in languid stomachs
 fry.

What house secure from noise the poor can keep,
 When ev'n the rich can scarce afford to sleep ;
 So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome ;
 And hence the sources of diseases come.
 The drover who his fellow-drover meets
 In narrow passages of winding streets ;
 The waggoners that curse their standing teams,
 Would wake ev'n drowsy Drusus from his dreams.
 And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
 But sweep above our heads, and make their way ;

In lofty litters born, and read and write,
 Or sleep at ease : the shutters make it night.
 Yet still he reaches, first, the public place:
 The prease before him stops the client's pace.
 The crowd that follows crush his panting sides,
 And trip his heels ; he walks not, but he rides.
 One elbows him, one jostles in the shole :
 A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole :
 Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes ;
 And some rogue-soldier, with his hob-nail'd shoes,
 Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.

See with what smoke our doles we celebrate :
 A hundred guests, invited, walk in state :
 A hundred hungry slaves, with their Dutch
 kitchens wait.

Huge pans the wretches on their head must bear,
 Which scarce gigantic Corbulo could rear :
 Yet they must walk upright beneath the load ;
 Nay, run, and running blow the sparkling flames
 abroad.

Their coats, from botching newly brought, are
 torn.

Unweildly timber-trees in waggons born,
 Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie ;
 That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.

For, should their axel break, its overthrow
Would crush, and pound to dust, the crowd
below: [could know:

Nor friends their friends, nor fires their sons

Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcases would remain:

But a mash'd heap, a hotchpotch of the slain.

One vast destruction; not the soul alone,

But bodies, like the soul, invisibly are flown.

Mean time, unknowing of their fellows fate,

The fervants wash the platter, scour the plate,

Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay

The rubbers, and the bathing-sheets display ;

And oil them first; and each is handy in his way.

But he, for whom this busy care they take,

Poor ghost, is wand'ring by the Stygian lake:

Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face ;

New to the horrors of that uncouth place ;

His passage begs with unregarded pray'r :

And wants two farthings to discharge his fare.

Return we to the dangers of the night ;

And, first, behold our houses dreadful height:

From whence come broken potsherds tumbling
down;

And leaky ware, from garret-windows thrown :

Well may they break our heads, that mark the
flinty stone.

'Tis want of sense to sup abroad too late;
Unless thou first hast settled thy estate.
As many fates attend thy steps to meet,
As there are waking windows in the street.
Bless the good Gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a piss-pot only for thy share.
The scouring drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his bed-time, takes no rest that night.
Passing the tedious hours in greater pain
Than stern Achilles, when his friend was slain :
'Tis so ridic'lous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a braul :
Yet tho his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline :
Is cautious to avoid the coach and fix,
And on the laquies will no quarrel fix.
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot.
But me, who must by moon-light homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.
He stands, and bids me stand : I must abide ;
For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside,

Where did you whet your knife to-night, he
cries,

And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise?
Whose windy beans have stuft your guts, and where
Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
With what companion-cobler have you fed,
On old ox cheeks, or he-goats tougher head?
What, are you dumb? Quick, with your answer,
quick,

Before my foot salutes you with a kick.
Say, in what nasty cellar under ground,
Or what church-porch, your roguiship may be
found?

Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame,
Before the bar, for beating him you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With some remaining teeth, to chew your meat.

Nor is this all; for when retir'd, you think
To sleep securely; when the candles wink,
When ev'ry door with iron chains is barr'd,
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian robbers by no justice aw'd,
And unpaid cut-throat soldiers, are abroad,

Those venal souls, who harden'd in each ill,
To save complaints and prosecution, kill.

Chas'd from their woods and bogs, the padders
come

To this vast city, as their native home ;
To live at ease, and safely skulk in Rome.

The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
Our iron mines exhausted and destroy'd
In shackles; for these villains scarce allow
Goads for the teams, and plough-shares for the
plough.

Oh happy ages of our ancestors,
Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
One jail did all their criminals restrain;
Which now the walls of Rome can scarce
contain.

More I could say, more causes I could show
For my departure; but the sun is low:

The waggoner grows weary of my stay;
And whips his horses forwards on their way.

Farewel; and when like me o'erwhelm'd with
care,

You to your own Aquinum shall repair,
To take a mouthful of sweet country air,

Be mindful of your friend ; and send me word,
 What joys your fountains and cool shades afford :
 Then, to assist your satires, I will come ;
 And add new venom when you write of Rome.



THE
SIXTH SATIRE
OF
JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

This satire, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter invective against the fair sex. 'Tis indeed, a common-place, from whence all the moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest raileries. In his other satires, the poet has only glanced on some particular women, and generally scourged the men. But this he reserved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him I know not : but upon the whole matter he is not to be excused for imputing to all, the vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the creation : neither do I know what moral he could reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole sex, if all had been true which he alledges against them : for that had been to put an end to human kind. And to bid us be-

ware of their artifices, is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men : which turns the satire upon us, and particularly upon the poet ; who thereby makes a compliment, where he meant a libel. If he intended only to exercise his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies : and amongst the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will disprove his accusations. The whole world must allow this to be the wittiest of his satires ; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain with so much violence, so unjust a charge. I am satisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion : and on that consideration chiefly I ventured to translate him. Tho there wanted not another reason, which was, that no one else would undertake it : at least, Sir C. S. who could have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length absolutely refused so ungrateful an employment : and every one will grant, that the work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention ; and let me satisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies

were, the English are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the most infamous of any on record. They will bless themselves when they behold those examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity those monsters it produced: and believe with reason, that the species of those women is extinguished; or at least, that they were never here propagated. I may safely therefore proceed to the argument of a satire, which is no way relating to them: and first observe, that my author makes their lust the most heroic of their vices: the rest are in a manner but digression. He skims them over; but he dwells on this: when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it: 'tis one branch of it in Hippias, another in Messalina, but lust is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the first line, and takes it up with intermissions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of secret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuse them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the persons to whom they are most addicted;

and on whom they commonly bestow the last favours: as stage-players, fidlers, singing-boys, and fencers. Those who pass for chaste amongst them, are not really so; but only for their vast dowries, are rather suffered, than loved by their own husbands. That they are imperious, domineering, scolding wives: set up for learning and criticism in poetry; but are false judges. Love to speak Greek (which was then the fashionable tongue, as French is now with us) That they plead causes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear-garden. That they are gossips and news-mongers: wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their servants at home. That they lie-in for new faces once a month, are sluttish with their husbands in private; and paint and dress in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jew, diviners, and fortune-tellers: learn the arts of miscarrying; and barrenness. Buy children, and produce them for their own: Murder their husbands sons, if they stand in their way to his estate; and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to shew the occasions of all these vices, their original, and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In conclusion, if we will take the word of our malicious author, bad women are the ge-

neral standing rule ; and the good, but some few exceptions to it.

IN Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
 There was that thing call'd chastity on earth ;
 When in a narrow cave, their common shade,
 The sheep, the shepherds, and their Gods were
 laid :

When reeds and leaves, and hides of beasts were }
 spread }
 By mountain-houſewives for their homely bed, }
 And mossy pillows rais'd, for the rude husband's }
 head. }

Unlike the niceness of our modern dames,
 (Affected nymphs with new-affected names :)
 The Cynthia's and the Lelbia's of our years,
 Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears.
 Those first unpolish'd matrons, big and bold,
 Gave suck to infants of gigantic mold ;
 Rough as their savage lords who rang'd the wood,
 And fat with acorns belch'd their windy food.
 For when the world was bucksom, fresh and young,
 Her sons were undebauch'd, and therefore strong ;
 And whether born in kindly beds of Earth,
 Or struggling from the teeming oaks to birth,

Or from what other atoms they begun,
 No fires they had, or if a fire the sun.
 Some thin remains of chastity appear'd,
 Ev'n under Jove, but Jove without a beard ;
 Before the fervile Greeks had learnt to swear
 By heads of kings ; while yet the bounteous year
 Her common fruits in open plains expos'd,
 Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were inclos'd.
 At length uneasy Justice upwards flew,
 And both the sisters to the stars withdrew ;
 From that old æra whoring did begin,
 So venerably ancient is the sin.
 Adult'ers next invade the nuptial state,
 And marriage-beds creak'd with a foreign weight ;
 All other ills did iron times adorn ;
 But whores and silver in one age were born.
 Yet thou, they say, for marriage dost provide :
 Is this an age to buckle with a bride ?
 They say thy hair the curling art is taught,
 The wedding-ring perhaps already bought :
 A sober man like thee to change his life !
 What fury would possess thee with a wife ?
 Art thou of every other death bereft,
 No knife, no ratbane, no kind halter left ?

(For

(For every noose compar'd to her's is cheap)
Is there no city-bridge from whence to leap?
Would'st thou become her drudge, who dost enjoy
A better sort of bedfellow, thy boy?
He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleasure palls;
Nor with insatiate heavings calls for more,
When all thy spirits were drain'd out before.
But still Urfidius courts the marriage-bait,
Longs for a son to settle his estate,
And takes no gifts, tho every gaping heir
Would gladly grease the rich old batchelor.
What revolution can appear so strange,
As such a leacher, such a life to change?
A rank, notorious whoremaster, to choose
To thrust his neck into the marriage-noose?
He who so often in a dreadful fright
Had in a coffer 'scap'd the jealous cuckold's sight,
That he to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
The man's grown mad: to ease his frantic pain,
Run for the surgeon; breathe the middle vein:
But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
To Juno, regent of the marriage-bed,

And let him every deity adore,
 If his new bride prove not an arrant whore
 In head and tail, and every other pore. }
 On Ceres' feast, restrain'd from their delight,
 Few matrons there, but curse the tedious night :
 Few whom their fathers dare salute, such lust
 Their kisses have, and come with such a gust.
 With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
 Such is thy bride, and such thy genial bed.
 Think'st thou one man is for one woman meant?
 She, sooner with one eye would be content.

And yet 'tis nois'd, a maid did once appear
 In some small village, tho' fame says not where:
 'Tis possible; but sure no man she found;
 'Twas desert, all, about her father's ground:
 And yet some lustful God might there make bold,
 Are Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?
 Many a fair nymph has in a cave been spread,
 And much good love without a feather bed.
 Whither would'st thou to chuse a wife resort,
 The park, the mall, the play-house, or the court?
 Which way soever thy adventures fall,
 Secure alike of chastity in all.

One sees a dancing-master cap'ring high,
 And raves, and pisses, with pure ecstasy:

Another does, with all his motions move,
 And gapes, and grins as in the feat of love :
 A third is charm'd with the new opera notes,
 Admires the song, but on the finger dotes :
 The country lady in the box appears,
 Softly she warbles over all she hears ;
 And sucks in passion, both at eyes and ears. }

The rest (when now the long vacation's come,
 The noisy hall and theatres grown dumb)
 Their mem'ries to refresh, and chear their hearts,
 In borrow'd breeches act the players parts.
 The poor, that scarce have wherewithal to eat,
 Will pinch, to make the singing-boy a treat.
 The rich, to buy him, will refuse no price ;
 And stretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.
 Tragedians, acting love, for lust are fought :
 (Tho but the parrots of a poet's thought.)
 The pleading lawyer, tho for counsel us'd,
 In chamber-practice often is refus'd.
 Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs ;
 (The product of concurring theatres.)
 Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
 And a young sword-man to thy lands is born.

Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,
 And left him for a brother of the sword :

To wond'ring Pharos with her love she fled,
 To shew one monster more than Africk bred:
 Forgetting house and husband, left behind
 Ev'n children too; she sails before the wind;
 False to 'em all, but constant to her kind.

}

But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
 She could the play-house and the players leave.
 Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred,
 She lodg'd on down, and in a damask bed;
 Yet daring now the dangers of the deep,
 On a hard mattress is content to sleep.

Ere this, 'tis true, she did her fame expose:
 But that, great ladies with great ease can lose.
 The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear:
 So much her lust was stronger than her fear.
 But had some honest cause her passage prest,
 The smallest hardship had disturb'd her breast:
 Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
 But womankind, in ills, is ever bold.

Were she to follow her own lord to sea,
 What doubts or scruples would she raise to
 stay?

Her stomach sick, and her head giddy grows;
 The tar and pitch are nauseous to her nose.
 But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
 Women are never sea-sick with a friend.

Amidst the crew, she walks upon the board;
 She eats, she drinks, she handles every cord:
 And if she spews, 'tis thinking of her lord. }

Now ask, for whom her friends and fame she lost?
 What youth, what beauty could th'adult'rer boast?
 What was the face, for which she could sustain
 To be call'd mistress to so base a man?

The gallant, of his days had known the best: }
 Deep scars were seen indented on his breast;
 And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their needful }
 rest.

A promontory wen, with grieved grace,
 Stood high, upon the handle of his face:

His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin:
 His beard was stubble, and his cheeks were thin.
 But 'twas his fencing did her fancy move:
 'Tis arms and blood and cruelty they love.
 But should he quit his trade, and sheath his sword,
 Her lover would begin to be her lord.

This was a private crime; but you shall hear
 What fruits the sacred bows of monarchs bear:
 The good old sluggard but began to snore,
 When from his side up rose th'imperial whore:
 She who prefer'd the pleasures of the night
 To poms, that are but impotent delight:

Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
 To cope with a more masculine embrace:
 Muffled she march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
 Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,
 One whom in secret service she could trust;
 The rival and companion of her lust.

To the known brothel-house she takes her
 way;

And for a nasty room gives double pay;
 That room in which the rankest harlot lay.
 Prepar'd for fight, expectingly she lies,
 With heaving breasts and with desiring eyes.
 Still as one drops, another takes his place,
 And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace.

At length when friendly darkness is expir'd,
 And ev'ry strumpet from her cell retir'd,
 She lags behind, and ling'ring at the gate,
 With a repining sigh submits to fate:

All filth without, and all a fire within,
 Tir'd with the toil, unsated with the sin.
 Old Cæsar's bed the modest matron seeks;
 The steam of lamps still hanging on her cheeks,
 In ropy smut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
 She brings him back the product of the night.

Now should I sing what poisons they provide;
 With all their trumpery of charms beside;

And all their arts of death : it would be known
Lust is the smallest sin the sex can own.

Cæsinia still, they say, is guiltless found
Of ev'ry vice, by her own lord renown'd :
And well she may, she brought ten thousand
pound.

She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaste;
His tongue is ty'd in golden fetters fast :
He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour ;
Who would not do as much for such a dower ?
She writes love-letters to the youth in grace ;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face ;
And might do more ; her portion makes it good ;
Wealth has the privilege of widowhood.

These truths with his example you disprove,
Who with his wife is monstrously in love :
But know him better ; for I heard him swear,
'Tis not that she's his wife, but that she's fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
Let her eyes lessen, and her skin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the saucy steward say,
Pack up with all your trinkets, and away ;
You grow offensive both at bed and board :
Your betters must be had to please my lord.

Mean time she's absolute upon the throne :
And knowing time is precious, loses none :
She must have flocks of sheep, with wool more fine
Than silk, and vineyards of the noblest wine :
Whole droves of pages for her train she craves :
And sweeps the prisons for attending slaves.
In short, whatever in her eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, she wants at home.
When winter shuts the seas, and fleecy snows
Make houses white, she to the merchant goes ;
Rich crystals of the rock she takes up there,
Huge agat vases, and old China ware :
Then Berenice's ring her finger proves,
More precious made by her incestuous loves :
And infamously dear : a brother's bribe,
Ev'n God's anointed, and of Judah's tribe :
Where barefoot they approach the sacred shrine,
And think it only sin to feed on swine.

But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town ? Suppose her free from strife, }
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemish'd life ;
Chaste as the Sabines, whose prevailing charms
Dismiss'd their husbands, and their brothers arms :
Grant her, besides, of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began ;

Suppose all these, and take a poet's word;
A black swan is not half so rare a bird.
A wife, so hung with virtues, such a freight,
What mortal shoulders could support the weight!
Some country-girl, scarce to a curt'sey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed:
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state,
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without-doors wait,
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.

O Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
Against my wife, and let my children go:
But fullen Pæan shoots at sons and mothers too.
His Niobe and all his boys he lost;
Ev'n her, who did her num'rous offspring boast,
As fair and fruitful as the sow that carry'd
The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.

What beauty or what chastity can bear
So great a price, if stately and severe
She still insults, and you must still adore;
Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.
Upbraided with the virtues she displays,
Seven hours in twelve, you loath the wife you
praise;

Some faults, tho small, intolerable grow ;
 For what so nauseous and affected too,
 As those that think they due perfection want,
 Who have not learnt to lisp the Grecian cant?
 In Greece, their whole accomplishments they seek :
 Their fashion, breeding, language, must be Greek :
 But raw, in all that does to Rome belong,
 They scorn to cultivate their mother-tongue.
 In Greek they flatter, all their fears they speak,
 Tell all their secrets ; nay, they scold in Greek ;
 Ev'n in the feat of love, they use that tongue.
 Such affectations may become the young ;
 But thou, old hag, of threescore years and three,
 Is shewing of thy parts in Greek for thee ?

Ζῆλὸς καὶ ψυχὴ ! All those tender words

The momentary trembling blifs affords,
 The kind soft murmurs of the private sheets
 Are bawdy, while thou speak'st in public streets.
 Those words have fingers ; and their force is
 such,

They raise the dead, and mount him with a touch.
 But all provocatives from thee are vain :
 No blandishment the slacken'd nerve can strain.

If then thy lawful spouse thou canst not love,
 What reason should thy mind to marriage move ?

Why all the charges of the nuptial feast,
 Wine and deserts, and sweet-meats to digest?
 Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight,
 Giv'n for their first and only happy night?

If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
 To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
 Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke:
 But for no mercy from thy woman look.

For tho, perhaps, she loves with equal fires,
 To absolute dominion she aspires;

Joys in the spoils, and triumphs o'er thy purse;
 The better husband makes the wife the worse.

Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy,
 All offices of ancient friendship die;
 Nor hast thou leave to make a legacy.

By thy imperious wife thou art bereft;
 A privilege, to pimps and panders left;

Thy testament's her will; where she prefers
 Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,

Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.

Go drag that slave to death: Your reason, why
 Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die?

What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,
 The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.

Call'st thou that slave a man, the wife replies:
 Prov'd, or unprov'd, the crime, the villain dies.

I have the sovereign pow'r to save or kill;
And give no other reason but my will.

Thus the she-tyrant reigns, till pleas'd with
change,

Her wild affections to new empires range:
Another subject-husband she desires;
Divorc'd from him, she to the first retires,
While the last wedding-feast is scarcely o'er,
And garlands hang yet green upon the door.
So still the reck'ning rises; and appears
In total sum, eight husbands in five years.
The title for a tomb-stone might be fit;
But that it would too commonly be writ.

Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
She sharpens her, instructs her how to flea
Her husband bare, and then divides the prey. }
She takes love-letters, with a crafty smile,
And, in her daughter's answer, mends the style.
In vain the husband sets his watchful spies;
She cheats their cunning, or she bribes their eyes.
The doctor's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full health is sick.
The panting stallion, at the closet-door,
Hears the consult, and wishes it were o'er.
Can'st thou, in reason, hope, a bawd so known,
Should teach her other manners than her own?

Her int'rest is in all th' advice she gives :
 'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives.

No cause is try'd at the litigious bar,
 But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
 They form the process, all the briefs they write;
 The topics furnish, and the pleas indite;
 And teach the toothless lawyer how to bite. }

They turn viragos too; the wrestler's toil
 They try, and smear their naked limbs with oil :
 Against the post their wicker shields they crush,
 Flourish the sword, and at the flastron push.

Of ev'ry exercise the mannish crew
 Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;
 Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights t'engage,
 But rout the gladiators on the stage.

What sense of shame in such a breast can lie,
 Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly?

Yet to be wholly man she would disclaim;
 To quit her tenfold pleasure at the game,
 For frothy praises and an empty name. }

Oh what a decent fight 'tis to behold
 All thy wife's magazine by auction sold !
 The belt, the crested plume, the several suits
 Of armour, and the Spanish leather boots!
 Yet these are they, that cannot bear the heat
 Of figur'd silks, and under farcenet sweat.

Behold the strutting Amazonian whore,
 She stands in guard with her right foot before :
 Her coats tuck'd up ; and all her motions just,
 She stamps, and then cries hah ! at ev'ry thrust :
 But laugh to see her tir'd with many a bout,
 Call for the pot, and like a man piss out.
 The ghosts of ancient Romans, should they rise,
 Would grin to see their daughters play a prize.
 Besides, what endless brawls by wives are bred :
 The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
 Then, when she has thee sure within the sheets,
 Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
 Conscious of crimes herself, she teizes first ;
 Thy servants are accus'd ; thy whore is curst ;
 She acts the jealous, and at will she cries :
 For women's tears are but the sweat of eyes.
 Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'st that love sincere,
 And suck'st between her lips the falling tear :
 But search her cabinet, and thou shalt find
 Each tiller there with love-epistles lin'd.
 Suppose her taken in a close embrace,
 This you would think so manifest a case,
 No rhetoric could defend, no impudence out-
 face ;
 And yet ev'n then she cries the marriage-vow
 A mental reservation must allow ;

And there's a silent bargain still imply'd,
 The parties should be pleas'd on either side :
 And both may for their private needs provide. }
 Tho men yourselves, and women us you call,
 Yet *homo* is a common name for all.

There's nothing bolder than a woman caught ;
 Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.

You ask from whence proceed these monstrous
 crimes ?

Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,
 Our matrons were : no luxury found room
 In low-rooft houses, and bare walls of lome ;
 Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas light,
 And frugal sleep supply'd the quiet night,
 While pinch'd with want, their hunger held 'em
 straight ;

When Hannibal was hov'ring at the gate :
 But wanton now and lolling at our ease,
 We suffer all th' invet'rate ills of peace,
 And wasteful riot ; whose destructive charms
 Revenge the vanquish'd world, of our victorious
 arms.

No crime, no lustful postures are unknown ;
 Since Poverty, our guardian God, is gone :
 Pride, laziness, and all luxurious arts,
 Pour like a deluge in, from foreign parts :

Since gold obscene, and silver found the way,
 Strange fashions with strange bullion to convey,
 And our plain simple manners to betray. }

What care our drunken dames to whom they
 spread?

Wine no distinction makes of tail or head.
 Who lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
 For hot eringoes and fat oysters call :
 Full brimmers to their fuddled noses thrust ;
 Brimmers, the last provocatives of lust.
 When vapours to their swimming brains advance,
 And double tapers on the tables dance.

Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,
 What Tullia talks to her confiding slave,
 At Modesty's old statue ; when by night
 They make a stand, and from their litters
 light ;

The good man early to the levee goes,
 And treads the nasty paddle of his spouse.

The secrets of the Goddess nam'd the Good,
 Are ev'n by boys and barbers understood :
 Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
 Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe ;
 With music rais'd, they spread abroad their hair ;
 And toss their heads like an enamour'd mare :

Laufella

Laufella lays her garland by, and proves
The mimic lechery of manly loves.
Rank'd with the lady the cheap sinner lies;
For here not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal strife;
'Tis downright lust, and acted to the life.
So full, so fierce, so vig'rous, and so strong,
That, looking on, would make old Nestor young.
Impatient of delay, a gen'ral sound,
An universal groan of lust goes round;
For then, and only then, the sex sincere is found. }
Now is the time of action; Now begin,
They cry, and let the lusty lovers in.
The whoresons are asleep; then bring the slaves,
And watermen, a race of strong-back'd knaves.

I wish, at least, our sacred rites were free
From those pollutions of obscenity:
But 'tis well known what finger, how disguis'd,
A lewd audacious action enterpris'd;
Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed instrument;
A grateful present to those holy choirs,
Where the mouse, guilty of his sex, retires;
And ev'n male-pictures modestly are vail'd;
Yet no profaneness on that age prevail'd;

No scoffers at religious rites are found;
 Tho now, at ev'ry altar they abound.

I hear your cautious counsel, you would say,
 Keep close your women under lock and key:
 But, who shall keep those keepers? Women, nurs't
 In craft: begin with those, and bribe them first.
 The sex is turn'd all whore; they love the game:
 And mistresses and maids are both the same.

The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,
 Will borrow clothes, and chair, to see the play:
 She, who before had mortgag'd her estate,
 And pawn'd the last remaining piece of plate.
 Some are reduc'd their utmost shifts to try:
 But women have no shame of poverty.
 They live beyond their stint; as if their store
 The more exhausted, would encrease the more:
 Some men, instructed by the lab'ring ant,
 Provide against th' extremities of want;
 But womankind, that never knows a mean,
 Down to the dregs their sinking fortune drain:
 Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear:
 And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.

There are who in soft eunuchs place their bliss;
 To shun the scrubbing of a bearded kiss;
 And 'scape abortion; but their solid joy
 Is when the page, already past a boy,

Is capon'd late; and to the guelder shown,
With his two pounders to perfection grown.
When all the navel-string could give, appears;
All but the beard, and that's the barber's loss, not
theirs.

Seen from afar, and famous for his ware,
He struts into the bath, among the fair:
Th' admiring crew to their devotions fall;
And, kneeling, on their new Priapus call.
Kerv'd for his lady's use, and with her lies;
And let him drudge for her, if thou art wise,
Rather than trust him with thy fav'rite boy;
He proffers death, in proffering to enjoy.

If songs they love, the singer's voice they
force

Beyond his compass 'till his quail-pipe's hoarse;
His lute and lyre, with their embrace is worn;
With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn:
Run over all the strings, and kiss the case;
And make love to it, in the master's place.

A certain lady once of high degree,
To Janus vow'd, and Vesta's deity,
That Pollio might, in singing, win the prize;
Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:

She pray'd, and brib'd; what could she more have
done

For a sick husband, or an only son?

With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,

The shameless suppliant at the altar stands;

The forms of pray'r she solemnly pursues;

And, pale with fear, the offer'd intrails views.

Answer, ye Pow'rs: for, if you heard her vow,

Your Godships, sure, had little else to do.

This is not all; for actors, they implore:

An impudence not known to heav'n before.

Th' Aruspex, tir'd with this religious rout,

Is forc'd to stand so long, he gets the gout.

But suffer not thy wife abroad to roam,

If she loves singing, let her sing at home;

Not strut in streets, with Amazonian pace;

For that's to cuckold thee before thy face.

Their endless itch of news comes next in play;

They vent their own, and hear what others say.

Know what in Thrace, or what in France is done;

Th' intrigues betwixt the stepdam, and the son.

Tell who loves who, what favours some partake:

And who is jilted for another's sake.

What pregnant widow in what month was made;

How oft she did, and doing, what she said.

She, first, beholds the raging comet rise :
 Knows whom it threatens, and what lands destroys,
 Still for the newest news she lies in wait ;
 And takes reports just ent'ring at the gate.
 Wrecks, floods, and fires; whatever she can meet,
 She spreads ; and is the fame of ev'ry street.

This is a grievance ; but the next is worse ;
 A very judgment, and her neighbours curse :
 For, if their barking dog disturb her ease,
 No pray'r can bind her, no excuse appease.
 Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd ;
 But first the master, who the curr maintain'd,
 Must feel the scourge : by night she leaves her bed,
 By night her bathing equipage is led,
 That marching armies a less noise create ;
 She moves in tumult, and she sweats in state.
 Mean while, her guests their appetites must keep ;
 Some gape for hunger, and some gasp for sleep.
 At length she comes, all flush'd ; but ere she sup, }
 Swallows a swinging preparation-cup ; }
 And then to clear her stomach, spews it up. }
 The deluge-vomit all the floor o'erflows,
 And the sour savour nauseates ev'ry nose.
 She drinks again ; again she spews a lake ;
 Her wretched husband sees, and dares not speak :

But mutters many a curse against his wife ;
And damns himself for chusing such a life.

But of all plagues, the greatest is untold ;
The book-learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.

The critic-dame, who at her table sits :
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits ;
And pities Dido's agonizing fits. }

She has so far th' ascendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word :
The man of law is non-plust, in his sute ;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.

Hammers, and beating anvils, you would swear,
And Vulcan with his whole militia there.

Tabors and trumpets cease ; for she alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring moon.

Ev'n wit's a burthen, when it talks too long :
But she who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and should wear a
beard ;

And mix among the philosophic herd.

O what a midnight curse has he, whose side
Is pester'd with a mood and figure bride !

Let mine, ye Gods ! (if such must be my fate)
No logic learn, nor history translate ;

But rather be a quiet, humble fool :

I hate a wife to whom I go to school,

Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows
 Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;
 Corrects her country-neighbour; and, a-bed,
 For breaking Priscian's, breaks her husband's head.

The gawdy gossip, when she's set agog,
 In jewels drest, and at each ear a bob,
 Goes flaunting out, and in her trim of pride,
 Thinks all she says or does, is justify'd.
 When poor, she's scarce a tolerable evil;
 But rich, and fine, a wife's a very devil.

She duely, once a month, renews her face;
 Mean time, it lies in dawb, and hid in grease;
 Those are the husband's nights; she craves her due,
 He takes fat kisses, and is stuck with glue.

But to the lov'd adult'rer when she steers,
 Fresh from the bath, in brightness she appears:
 For him the rich Arabia sweats her gum;
 And precious oils from distant Indies come:
 How haggardly soe'er she looks at home. }

Th' eclipse then vanishes; and all her face
 Is open'd, and restor'd to ev'ry grace,
 The crust remov'd, her cheeks as smooth as silk,
 Are polish'd with a wash of asses milk;
 And should she to the farthest North be sent,
 A train of these attend her banishment.

But hadst thou seen her plaister'd up before,
 'Twas so unlike a face, it seem'd a sore.

'Tis worth our while, to know what all the
 day

They do, and how they pass their time away,
 For, if o'er-night the husband has been slack,
 Or counterfeited sleep, and turn'd his back,
 Next day, be sure, the servants go to wrack. }
 The chamber-maid and dresser, are call'd whores;
 The page is stript, and beaten out of doors.
 The whole house suffers for the master's crime:
 And he himself is warn'd, to wake another time.

She hires tormentors by the year; she treats
 Her visitors, and talks; but still she beats.
 Beats while she paints her face, surveys her gown,
 Casts up the day's account, and still beats on:
 Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
 She bids 'em in the devil's name be gone.
 Compar'd with such a proud, insulting dame,
 Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.
 For, if she hastes abroad to take the air,
 Or goes to Isis' church (the bawdy-house of pray'r)
 She hurries all her handmaids to the task;
 Her head, alone, will twenty dressers ask.
 Psecas, the chief, with breast and shoulders bare,
 Trembling, considers ev'ry sacred hair;

If any straggler from his rank be found,
A pinch must, for the mortal sin, compound.
Psecas is not in fault: but in the glass,
The dame's offended at her own ill face.
The maid is banish'd; and another girl
More dext'rous, manages the comb and curl;]
The rest are summon'd on a point so nice;
And first, the grave old woman gives advice.
The next is call'd, and so the turn goes round,
As each for age, or wisdom, is renown'd:
Such counsel, such deliberate care they take,
As if her life and honour lay at stake:
With curls on curls, they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tow'r.
A giantess she seems; but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.
Duck-legg'd, short-waisted, such a dwarf she is,
That she must rise on tip-toes for a kiss.
Mean while, her husband's whole estate is spent!
He may go bare, while she receive his rent.
She minds him not; she lives not as a wife,
But like a bawling neighbour, full of strife:
Near him, in this alone, that she extends
Her hate to all his servants and his friends.

Bellona's priests, an eunuch at their head,
About the streets a mad procession lead;

The venerable guelding, large, and high,
 O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
 His aukward clergymen about him prance ;
 And beat the timbrels to their mystic dance,
 Guiltless of testicles, they tear their throats,
 And squeak, in treble, their unmanly notes.
 Mean while, his cheeks the mitred prophet swells,
 And dire presages of the year foretels.
 Unless with eggs (his priestly hire) they haste
 To expiate, and avert th' autumnal blast.
 And add beside a murrey-colour'd vest,
 Which, in their places, may receive the pest :
 And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear,
 To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.
 Th' astonisht matrons pay, before the rest ;
 That sex is still obnoxious to the priest.

Thro ye they beat, and plunge into the stream,
 If so the God has warn'd 'em in a dream.

Weak in their limbs, but in devotion strong, }
 On their bare hands and feet they crawl along }
 A whole field's length, the laughter of the }
 throng.

Should Io (Io's priest I mean) command
 A pilgrimage to Meroe's burning sand,
 Thro deserts they would seek the secret spring ;
 A holy water for lustration bring.

How can they pay their priests too much respect,
Who trade with heav'n, and earthly gains neglect!
With him, domestic Gods discourse by night:
By day, attended by his choir in white,
The bald-pate tribe runs madding thro the street,
And smile to see with how much ease they cheat.
The ghostly fire forgives the wife's delights,
Who sins, thro frailty, on forbidden nights;
And tempts her husband in the holy time,
When carnal pleasure is a mortal crime.
The sweating image shakes his head, but he
With mumbled pray'rs atones the Deity.
The pious priesthood the fat goose receive,
And they once brib'd, the godhead must forgive.

No sooner these remove, but full of fear,
A gypsy Jewels whispers in your ear,
And begs an alms: an high-priest's daughter she,
Vers'd in their Talmud; and divinity,
And prophecies beneath a shady tree. }
Her goods a basket, and old hay her bed,
She strolls, and telling fortunes gains her bread:
Farthings, and some small monies, are her fees;
Yet she interprets all your dreams for these.
Foretells th' estate, when the rich uncle dies,
And sees a sweet-heart in the sacrifice.

Such toys, a pidgeon's intrails can disclose :
 Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes :
 In dogs, a victim more obscene, he rakes ;
 And murder'd infants for inspection takes :
 For gain, his impious practice he pursues ;
 For gain will his accomplices accuse.

More credit, yet, is to Chaldeans giv'n ;
 What they foretel, is deem'd the voice of heav'n.
 Their answers, as from Hammon's altar, come ;
 Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb,
 And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
 Believes what fond astrologers relate.

Of these the most in vogue is he, who sent
 Beyond seas, is return'd from banishment,
 His art who to aspiring Otho sold ;
 And sure succession to the crown foretold.
 For his esteem is in his exile plac'd ;
 The more believ'd, the more he was disgrac'd.
 No astrologic wizard honour gains,
 Who has not oft been banish'd, or in chains.
 He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
 But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear.

From him your wife enquires the planets
 will,
 When the black jaundice shall her mother kill :

Her sister's and her uncle's end, would know:
 But, first, consults his art, when you shall go.
 And, what's the greatest gift that heav'n can give,
 If, after her, th' adulterer shall live.

She neither knows nor cares to know the rest;
 If Mars and Saturn shall the world infest;
 Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays,
 Will interpose, and bring us better days.

Beware the woman too, and shun her sight,
 Who in these studies does herself delight,
 By whom a greasy almanack is born,
 With often handling, like chaste amber worn:
 Not now consulting, but consulted, she
 Of the twelve houses, and their lords, is free.
 She, if the scheme a fatal journey show,
 Stays safe at home, but lets her husband go.
 If but a mile she travel out of town,
 The planetary hour must first be known,
 And lucky moment; if her eye but akes
 Or itches, its decumbiture she takes.
 No nourishment receives in her disease,
 But what the stars and Ptolomy shall please.
 The middle sort, who have not much to spare,
 To chiromancers cheaper art repair,
 Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines
 more fair.

But the rich matron, who has more to give,
 Her answers from the Brachman will receive :
 Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely stands,
 And, with his compass, measures seas and lands.

The poorest of the sex, have still an itch
 To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
 The dairy-maid enquires, if she shall take
 The trusty taylor, and the cook forsake.

Yet these, tho poor, the pain of childbed bear;
 And, without nurses, their own infants rear :
 You seldom hear of the rich mantle, spread
 For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
 Such is the pow'r of herbs ; such arts they use
 To make them barren, or their fruit to lose.
 But thou, whatever slops she will have bought,
 Be thankful, and supply the deadly draught :
 Help her to make man-slaughter ; let her bleed,
 And never want for favin at her need.
 For, if she holds till her nine months be run,
 Thou mayst be father to an Æthiop's son.
 A boy, who ready gotten to thy hands,
 By law is to inherit all thy lands :
 One of that hue, that should he cross the way,
 His omen would discolour all the day.

I pass the foundling by, a race unknown,
 At doors expos'd, whom matrons make their own :

And into noble families advance
 A nameless issue, the blind work of chance.
 Indulgent fortune does her care employ,
 And, smiling, broods upon the naked boy:
 Her garment spreads, and laps him in the fold,
 And covers with her wings, from nightly cold:
 Gives him her blessing; puts him in a way;
 Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
 Him she promotes; she favours him alone,
 And makes provision for him, as her own.

The craving wife, the force of magic tries,
 And philters for th' unable husband buys:
 The potion works not on the part design'd;
 But turns his brains, and stupifies his mind.
 The fotted moon-calf gapes, and staring on,
 Sees his own bus'ness by another done:
 A long oblivion, a benumbing frost,
 Constrains his head; and yesterday is lost:
 Some nimbler juice would make him foam and
 rave,

Like that Cæsonia to her Caius gave:
 Who, plucking from the forehead of the sole
 His mother's love, infus'd it in the bowl:
 The boiling blood ran hissing in his veins,
 Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.

The Thund'rer was not half so much on fire,
 When Juno's girdle kindled his desire.
 What woman will not use the pois'ning trade;
 When Cæsar's wife the precedent has made;
 Let Agrippina's mushroom be forgot,
 Giv'n to a slav'ring, old, unuseful sot;
 That only clos'd the driv'ling dotard's eyes,
 And sent his godhead downward to the skies.
 But this fierce potion calls for fire and sword;
 Nor spares the common, when it strikes the
 lord.

So many mischiefs were in one combin'd;
 So much one single pois'ner cost mankind.

If stepdames seek their sons-in-law to kill,
 'Tis venial trespass; let them have their will:
 But let the child, entrusted to the care
 Of his own mother, of her bread beware:
 Beware the food she reaches with her hand;
 The morsel is intended for thy land.

Thy tutor be thy taster, ere thou eat;
 There's poison in thy drink, and in thy meat.

You think this feign'd; the satire in a rage
 Struts in the buskins of the tragic stage,
 Forgets his bus'ness is to laugh and bite;
 And will of deaths and dire revenges write.

Would

Would it were all a fable, that you read;
 But Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
 I (she confesses) in the fact was caught,
 Two sons dispatching at one deadly draught.
 What two! Two sons, thou viper, in one day!
 Yes, sev'n, she cries, if sev'n were in my way.
 Medea's legend is no more a lye;
 One age adds credit to antiquity.
 Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
 And murders then were done: but not for gain.
 Less admiration to great crimes is due,
 Which they thro wrath, or thro revenge, pursue.
 For, weak of reason, impotent of will,
 The sex is hurry'd headlong into ill:
 And, like a cliff from its foundation torn,
 By raging earthquakes, into seas is born.
 But those are fiends, who crimes from thought
 begin:

And cool in mischief, meditate the sin.
 They read th' example of a pious wife,
 Redeeming, with her own, her husband's life;
 Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
 Would save their lap-dog sooner than their lord.

Where-e'er you walk, the Belides you meet;
 And Clytemnestras grow in ev'ry street:

But here's the difference ; Agamemnon's wife
Was a gross butcher with a bloody knife ;
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And subtle poisons are employ'd alone :
Unless some antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with balsam all the nobler parts :
In such a case, reserv'd for such a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.



THE
TENTH SATIRE
OF
JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet's design, in this divine satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind; and to set out the folly of them. He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial atchievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of those that owned them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally chuse so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the Gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of heaven, lies within a very small compass. 'Tis but health of body and mind. And if we have these, it is not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

LOOK round the habitable world, how few
 Know their own good; or knowing it, pursue.
 How void of reason are our hopes and fears!

What in the conduct of our life appears
 So well design'd, so luckily begun,
 But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?

Whole houses, of their whole desires possess'd,
 Are often ruin'd, at their own request.

In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
 When made obnoxious to our own desire.

With laurels some have fatally been crown'd;
 Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
 In that unnavigable stream were drown'd. }

The brawny fool, who did his vigour boast;
 In that presuming confidence was lost:

But more have been by avarice oppress'd,
 And heaps of money crowded in the chest:
 Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
 Than files of marshall'd figures can account.

To which the stores of Cræsus, in the scale,
 Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
 In the vast shadow of the British whale. }

For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
 When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
 A troop of cut-throat guards were sent to seize
 The rich men's goods, and gut their palaces:

The mob, commission'd by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.

The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush;
And sees a red-coat rise from ev'ry bush:
The beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each, is to be richer than the rest:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl,
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine.

Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursu'd, by several ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd the woful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What store of brine supply'd the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt 'em ake;
Tho in his country-town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor ax, nor tribune did appear:

Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow :

What had he done, had he beheld, on high,
Our prætor seated, in mock majesty;
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back:
A fute of hangings had not more oppress'd
His shoulders, than that long, laborious vest :
A heavy gugaw, (call'd a crown,) that spread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head :
And would have crush'd it with the massy
freight,

But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight :
A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
Add now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majesty)
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white :
In their own natures false and flatt'ring tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.

In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at human kind :

Learn from so great a wit ; a land of bogs
 With ditches fenc'd, a heav'n fat with fogs,
 May form a spirit fit to sway the state ;
 And make the neighb'ring monarchs fear their
 fate.

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears ;
 At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears :
 An equal temper in his mind he found,
 When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
 'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request,
 Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.

Some ask for envy'd pow'r ; which public hate
 Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate :
 Down go the titles ; and the statue crown'd,
 Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
 The guiltless horses and the chariot wheel,
 The same effects of vulgar fury feel :
 The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
 While the lung'd bellows hissing fire provoke ;
 Sejanus, almost first of Roman names,
 The great Sejanus crackles in the flames :
 Form'd in the forge, the pliant brass is laid
 On anvils ; and of head and limbs are made,
 Pans, cans, and piss-pots, a whole kitchen-trade. }

Adorn your doors with laurels ; and a bull,
Milk white, and large, lead to the Capitol ;
Sejanus with a rope, is dragg'd along ;
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng !
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a snout, and what a hanging face ?
By heav'n, I never could endure his sight ;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light ?
What is the charge, and who the evidence,
(The saviour of the nation and the prince ?)
Nothing of this ; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament :
Nay, sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more,
He's guilty ; and the question's out of door.
How goes the mob ? (for that's a mighty thing,)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king :
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die.

But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cry'd Sejanus, with a shout as loud ;
Had his designs (by fortune's favour blest)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppress'd.
But long, long since, the times have chang'd their
face,
The people grown degenerate and base :

Not suffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.

Our wise fore-fathers, great by sea and land,
Had once the pow'r and absolute command;
All offices of trust, themselves dispos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd
depos'd.

But we who give our native rights away,
And our enslav'd posterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to see a puppet-show.

There was a damn'd design, cries one, nodoubt;
For warrants are already issued out:
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He's dipt for certain, and plays least in fight:
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the senate slack in his defence!
Come let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
And spurn the wretched corps of Cæsar's foe:
But let our slaves be present there, lest they
Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
About Sejanus' punishment and crimes.

Now tell me truly, wouldst thou change thy fate
To be, like him, first minister of state?

To have thy levees crouded with resort,
 Of a depending, gaping, servile court :
 Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
 Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown :
 To hold thy prince in pupil age, and sway
 That monarch, whom the master'd world obey ?
 While he intent on secret lust alone,
 Lives to himself, abandoning the throne ;
 Coop'd in a narrow isle, observing dreams
 With flattering wizards, and erecting schemes !

I well believe, thou wouldst be great as he ;
 For ev'ry man's a fool to that degree ;
 All wish the dire prerogative to kill ;
 Ev'n they would have the pow'r, who want the
 will :

But wouldst thou have thy wishes understood,
 To take the bad together with the good,
 Wouldst thou not rather chuse a small renown,
 To be the may'r of some poor paltry town,
 Bigly to look, and barb'rously to speak ;
 To pound false weights, and scanty measures break ?
 Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
 In ev'ry wish, and knew not how to pray :
 For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store
 Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,

Rais'd a top-heavy tow'r, of monstrous height,
Which mould'ring, crush'd him underneath the
weight.

What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruin'd him, who, greater than the Great,
The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke;
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
What else but his immoderate lust of pow'r,
Pray'rs made and granted in a luckless hour?
For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.

The boy, who scarce has paid his entrancedown
To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his satchel must be born to school,)
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes:
But both those orators, so much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:
The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in dogrel, or who punn'd in prose.

" Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome:
" Till I, thy consul sole, consol'd thy doom."
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.

I rather would be Mævius, thrash for rhimes
 Like his, the scorn and scandal of the times,
 Than that Philipique fatally divine,
 Which is inscrib'd the second, should be mine.
 Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
 Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
 Who shook the theatres and sway'd the state
 Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
 Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
 His fire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a shop,
 From Mars his forge, sent to Minerva's schools,
 To learn th' unlucky art of wheedling fools.

With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
 All things beyond their native worth we
 strain:

The spoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
 An empty coat of armour hung above
 The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph born,
 A streamer from a boarded galley torn,
 A chap-faln beaver loosely hanging by
 The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
 On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
 And fighting casts a mournful look below;
 Of ev'ry nation, each illustrious name,
 Such toys as these have cheated into fame:

Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.

So much the thirst of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would Virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chace of fame, by few pursu'd,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse.
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.

Great Hannibal within the balance lay;
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with th' Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the Pyrenæans past,
And steepy Alps, the mounds that nature cast:

And with corroding juices, as he went,
 A passage thro the living rocks he rent.
 Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
 He pours his head-long rage on Italy ;
 In three victorious battles over-run ;
 Yet still uneasy, cries, 'There's nothing done,
 Till level with the ground their gates are laid ;
 And Punic flags on Roman tow'rs display'd.
 Ask what a face belong'd to his high fame :
 His picture scarcely would deserve a frame :
 A sign-post dawber would disdain to paint
 The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
 Now what's his end, O charming Glory ! say
 What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play ?
 In one deciding battle overcome,
 He flies, is banish'd from his native home :
 Begg refuge in a foreign court, and there
 Attends, his mean petition to prefer ;
 Repuls'd by surly grooms, who wait before
 The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.

What wond'rous sort of death has heav'n
 design'd,

Distinguish'd from the herd of human kind,
 For so untam'd, so turbulent a mind !

Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
 Are doom'd t' avenge the tedious bloody war ;

But poison, drawn thro a ring's hollow plate,
Must finish him ; a sucking infant's fate.

Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys, and be a theme at school.

One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind ;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd :
And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out.

Yet enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide :
“ Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
“ The mighty soul, how small a body holds.”

Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and sail'd about ;
Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore :
Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees ;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the bowfy poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the sea his slave ?
(Tho Neptune took unkindly to be bound ;
And Eurys never such hard usage found
In his Æolian prison under ground ;)

What God so mean, ev'n he who points the way,
So merciless a tyrant to obey!

But how return'd he, let us ask again?

In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,
Choak'd with the slaughter'd bodies of his train. }

For fame he pray'd, but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his pray'r.

Jove grant melength of life, and years good store
Heap on my bended back, I ask no more.

Both sick and healthful, old and young conspire
In this one silly mischievous desire.

Mistaken blessing which old age they call,

'Tis a long, nasty, darksom hospital,

A ropy chain of rheums; a visage rough,

Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a skin of buff.

A stitch-faln cheek, that hangs below the jaw;

Such wrinkles, as a skilful hand would draw

For an old grandam ape, when, with a grace,

She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face.

In youth, distinctions infinite abound;

No shape, or feature, just alike are found;

The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong; }

But the same foulness does to age belong,

The self-same palsy, both in limbs and tongue. }

The

The skull and forehead one bald barren plain ;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain.
Besides th' eternal drivel, that supplies
The dropping beard, from nostrils, mouth and eyes.
His wife and children loath him, and, what's worse,
Himself does his offensive carrion curse !
Flatt'ers forsake him too ; for who would kill
Himself, to be remember'd in a will ?
His taste not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the relish of a nobler treat.
The limber nerve, in vain provok'd to rise,
Inglorious from the field of battle flies :
Poor feeble dotard, how could he advance
With his blue head-piece, and his broken lance ?
Add, that endeavouring still without effect,
A lust more sordid justly we suspect.

Those senses lost, behold a new defeat,
The soul dislodging from another seat.
What music, or enchanting voice, can cheer
A stupid, old, impenetrable ear ?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre he sits to see ;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear :
Under an actor's nose, he's never near.

His boy must bawl, to make him understand
 The hour o' th' day, or such a lord's at hand :
 The little blood that creeps within his veins,
 Is but just warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
 In fine, he wears no limb about him sound :
 With sores and sicknesses beleaguer'd round :
 Ask me their names, I sooner could relate
 How many drudges on salt Hippias wait ;
 What crouds of patients the town-doctor kills,
 Or how, last fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
 What provinces by Basilus were spoil'd,
 What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd :
 How many bouts a-day that bitch has try'd ;
 How many boys that pedagogue can ride !
 What lands and lordships for their owner know
 My quondam barber, but his worship now.

This dotard of his broken back complains,
 One his legs fail, and one his shoulders pains :
 Another is of both his eyes bereft ;
 And envies who has one for aiming best.
 A fifth, with trembling lips expecting stands,
 As in his childhood, cramm'd by others hands ;
 One, who at sight of supper open'd wide
 His jaws before, and whetted grinders try'd ;
 Now only yawns, and waits to be supply'd :

Like a young swallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her fasting mother brings.

His loss of members is a heavy curse,
But all his faculties decay'd, a worse!
His servants names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his friend who sup'd with him last
night.

Not ev'n the children he begot and bred;
Or his will knows 'em not: for, in their stead,
In form of law, a common hackney jade,
Sole heir, for secret services, is made:
So lewd and such a batter'd brothel whore,
That she defies all comers, at her door.

Well, yet suppose his senses are his own,
His lives to be chief mourner for his son:
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
These are the fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
Griefs always green, a household still in tears,
Sad poms: a threshold throng'd with daily biers;
And liveries of black for length of years.

Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king
Was longest liv'd of any two-legg'd thing;

Blest, to defraud the grave so long, to mount
 His number'd years, and on his right-hand count;
 Three hundred seasons, guzzling must of wine:
 But, hold a while, and hear himself repine
 At fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
 Which, merciless in length, the midmost sister
 drew.

When his brave son upon the fun'ral pyre
 He saw extended, and his beard on fire;
 He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his friends, what
 crime

Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time?

Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles slain,
 And thus Ulysses' father did complain.

How fortunate an end had Priam made,
 Among his ancestors a mighty shade,
 While Troy yet stood: when Hector, with the
 race

Of royal bastards, might his fun'ral grace:
 Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
 And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
 Had heav'n so blest him, he had dy'd before
 The fatal fleet to Sparta Paris bore.

But mark what age produc'd; he liv'd to see
 His town in flames, his falling monarchy:

In fine, the feeble fire, reduced by fate,
To change his scepter for a sword, too late,
His last effort before Jove's altar tries;
A soldier half, and half a sacrifice:
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.

At least, he dy'd a man; his queen surviv'd;
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.

I hasten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates, and rich Cræsus' fate;
Whom Solon wisely counsell'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.

That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage begg'd his bread,
All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young!
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman streets; descending from his state,
In that blest hour he should have begg'd his fate;
Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his triumphant soul with shouts expir'd.

Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent favour sent:

But public pray'rs impos'd on heav'n, to give
 Their much lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
 The city's fate and his conspir'd to save
 The head, reserv'd for an Egyptian slave.

Cethegus, tho a traytor to the state,
 And tortur'd, 'scap'd this ignominious fate :
 And Sergius, who a bad cause bravely try'd,
 All of a piece, and undiminish'd, dy'd.

To Venus, the fond mother makes a pray'r,
 That all her sons and daughters may be fair ;
 True, for the boys a mumbling vow she sends ;
 But for the girls, the vaulted temple rends :
 They must be finish'd pieces : 'tis allow'd
 Diana's beauty made Latona proud :
 And pleas'd, to see the wond'ring people pray
 To the new-rising sister of the day.

And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow :
 And fair Virginia would her fate bestow
 On Rutila ; and change her faultless make
 For the foul rumple of her camel-back.

But, for his mother's boy, the beau, what
 frights

His parents have by day, what anxious nights !
 Form join'd with virtue is a sight too rare :
 Chaste is no epithet to suit with fair.

Suppose the same traditionary strain
 Of rigid manners, in the house remain ;
 Inveterate truth an old plain Sabine's heart ;
 Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part ;
 Infus'd into his soul a sober grace,
 And blusht a modest blood into his face,
 (For Nature is a better guardian far,
 Than faucy pedants, or dull tutors are :)
 Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at man ;
 (So much almighty bribes, and presents, can ;)
 Ev'n with a parent, where persuasions fail,
 Money is impudent, and will prevail.

We never read of such a tyrant king
 Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him sing.
 Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
 E'er made a mistress of an ugly page :
 Sporus, his spouse, nor crooked was, nor lame, }
 With mountain back, and belly, from the game }
 Cross-barr'd : but both his sexes well became. }
 Go, boast your Springal, by his beauty curst
 To ills ; nor think I have declar'd the worst ;
 His form procures him journey-work ; a strife
 Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife :
 Guess, when he undertakes this public war,
 What furious beasts offended cuckolds are.

Adult'ers are with dangers round beset;
 Born under Mars, they cannot 'scape the net;
 And from revengeful husbands oft have try'd
 Worfe handling, than severest laws provide:
 One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel art,
 Makes Colon suffer for the peccant part.

But your Endymion, your smooth, smock'd-
 fac'd boy,
 Unrivall'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy:
 Not so: one more salacious, rich, and old,
 Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold:
 Now he must moil, and drudge, for one he
 loaths:

She keeps him high, in equipage and clothes:
 She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
 And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
 In all things else immoral, stingy, mean;
 But, in her lusts, a conscionable quean.

She may be handsom, yet be chaste, you
 say;
 Good observator, not so fast away:
 Did it not cost the modest youth his life,
 Who shunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?
 And was not t'other stripling forced to fly,
 Who coldly did his patron's queen deny;
 And pleaded laws of hospitality?

The ladies charg'd 'em home, and turn'd the tale;
With shame they redden'd, and with spight grew
pale.

'Tis dang'rous to deny the longing dame;
She loses pity, who has lost her shame.

Now Silius wants thy counsel, gives advice;
Wed Cæsar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.

Her comet-eyes she darts on ev'ry grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his face.

Adorn'd with bridal pomp she sits in state;

The public notaries and Aruspex wait:

The genial bed is in the garden drest:

The portion paid, and ev'ry rite express'd,

Which in a Roman marriage is profess'd.

'Tis no stol'n wedding, this, rejecting awe,

She scorns to marry, but in form of law:

In this moot case, your judgment; to refuse

Is present death, besides the night you lose;

If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;

A day or two of anxious life you gain:

Till loud reports thro all the town have past,

And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the
last.

Indulge thy pleasure, youth, and take thy swing;

For not to take is but the self-same thing:

Inevitable death before thee lies ;
 But looks more kindly thro a lady's eyes.

What then remains ? Are we depriv'd of will,
 Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill ?
 Receive my counsel, and securely move ;
 Intrust thy fortune to the Pow'rs above.
 Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
 What their unerring wisdom sees thee want :
 In goodness as in greatness they excel ;
 Ah that we lov'd ourselves but half so well !
 We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
 Are hot for action, and desire to wed ;
 Then wish for heirs : but to the Gods alone
 Our future offspring, and our wives, are known ;
 Th' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son. }

Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
 That altars be not wholly built in vain ;
 Forgive the Gods the rest, and stand confin'd
 To health of body, and content of mind ;
 A soul, that can securely death defy,
 And count it nature's privilege to die ;
 Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
 The load of life, and exercis'd in pain :
 Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire ;
 That all things weighs, and nothing can admire :

That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble ease.

The path to peace is virtue : what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow :
Fortune was never worshipp'd by the wise ;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.



THE
SIXTEENTH SATIRE
OF
JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet in this satire, proves, that the condition of a soldier is much better than that of a country-man: first, because a country-man, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a soldier; who is only to be judged by a court-martial: and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is also assured to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch: whereas, the townsman or peasant is delayed in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he is heard in the court. The soldier is also privileged to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases, without consideration of parentage, or relations; which is denied to all other Romans. This satire was written by Ju-

venal, when he was a commander in Ægypt; it is certainly his, tho I think it not finished. And if it be well observed, you will find he intended an inveſtive againſt a ſtanding army.

WHAT vaſt prerogatives, my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty man of war!

For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Tho raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
Befriend me, my good ſtars, and all goes right: }
One happy hour is to a ſoldier better,
Than mother Juno's recommending letter,
Or Venus, when to Mars ſhe would prefer
My ſuit, and own the kindneſs done to her.

See what our common privileges are:
As, firſt, no ſaucy citizen ſhall dare
To ſtrike a ſoldier, nor when ſtruck, reſent
The wrong, for fear of farther puniſhment:
Not tho his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a ſtring, in bumps his forehead riſe,
Shall he preſume to mention his diſgrace,
Or beg amends for his demolish'd face.
A booted judge ſhall ſit to try his cauſe,
Not by the ſtatute, but by martial laws;
Which old Camillus order'd, to confine
The brawls of ſoldiers to the trench and line:

A wise provision ; and from thence 'tis clear ;
 That officers a soldier's cause should hear :
 And taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
 An honest man may hope to be reliev'd.
 So far 'tis well : but with a gen'ral cry,
 The regiment will rise in mutiny,
 The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
 And, if refus'd, will threaten to disband.
 Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace ;
 The remedy is worse than the disease :
 This cause is worthy him, who in the hall
 Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl :
 But wouldst thou, friend, who hast two legs alone,
 (Which, heav'n be prais'd, thou yet mayst call thy
 own)

Wouldst thou to run the gantlet these expose
 To a whole company of hob-nail'd shoes ?
 Sure the good-breeding of wise citizens
 Should teach 'em more good-nature to their shins.

Besides whom canst thou think so much thy friend,
 Who dares appear thy business to defend ?
 Dry up thy tears and pocket up th' abuse,
 Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse :
 The judge cries out, Your evidence produce. }
 Will he, who saw the soldier's mutton-fist,
 And saw thee maul'd, appear within the list,

To witness truth? When I see one so brave,
 The dead, think I, are risen from the grave;
 And with their long spade beards, and matted
 hair,

Our honest ancestors are come to take the air.
 Against a clown, with more security,
 A witness may be brought to swear a lye,
 Than, tho his evidence be full and fair,
 To vouch a truth against a man of war.

More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
 Which are a standing army's perquisites.

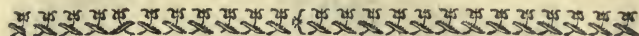
If any rogue vexatious suits advance
 Against me for my known inheritance,
 Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
 Or take the sacred land-mark from my bounds,
 Those bounds, which with possession and with
 pray'r,

And offer'd cakes, have been my annual care:
 Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
 Deny their hands, and then refuse to pay;
 I must with patience all the terms attend,
 Among the common causes that depend,
 Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
 Is still encumber'd with some new delay:
 Perhaps the cloth of state is only spread,
 Some of the quorum may be sick a-bed;

That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
 O'er night was bowfy, and goes out to piss :
 So many rubs appear, the time is gone
 For hearing, and the tedious suit goes on :
 But buff and belt-men never know these cares,
 No time, nor trick of law, their action bars :
 Their cause they to an easier issue put :
 They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.

Another branch of their revenue still
 Remains, beyond their boundless right to kill,
 Their father yet alive, impow'r'd to make a will. }
 For, what their prowess gain'd, the law declares
 Is to themselves alone, and to their heirs :
 No share of that goes back to the begetter,
 But if the son fights well, and plunders better,
 Like stout Coranus, his old shaking fire
 Does a remembrance in his will desire :
 Inquisitive of fights, and longs in vain
 To find him in the number of the slain :
 But still he lives, and rising by the war,
 Enjoys his gains, and has enough to spare :
 For 'tis a noble general's prudent part
 To cherish valour, and reward desert :
 Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and whore ;
 Sometimes be lousy, but be never poor.

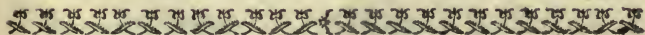




TRANSLATIONS

FROM

P E R S I U S.



VOL. IV.

Z

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

PERZEL

AND

THE
FIRST SATIRE
OF
P E R S I U S.

Argument of the PROLOGUE to the First Satire.

The design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in most of his satires. For which reason, though he was a Roman knight; and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the first satire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE
F I R S T S A T I R E.

I Never did on cleft Parnassus dream,
 Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream;
 Nor can remember when my brain inspir'd,
 Was, by the Muses, into madness fir'd.
 My share in pale Pyrene I resign;
 And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
 Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
 To nobler poets, for a nobler song:
 Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,
 Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
 Before the shrine I lay my rugged numbers down. }
 Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
 Or with a voice endu'd the chatt'ring pye?
 'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appease:
 Want taught their masters, and their masters these.
 Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
 The hungry witlings have it in their eye;
 Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic presents bring:
 You say they squeak; but they will swear they sing.

Argument of the First Satire.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this satire. But I must add, that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill placed and worse applied. Amongst the poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who in the luxury of their fortunes, set up for wits and judges. The satire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lives. The reader may observe that our poet was a stoick philosopher; and that all his moral sentences, both here and in all the rest of his satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

T H E
F I R S T S A T I R E.

In Dialogue betwixt the P O E T and his
F R I E N D or M O N I T O R.

P E R S I U S.

HOW anxious are our cares, and yet how vain
The bent of our desires!

Friend. Thy spleen contain :
For none will read thy satires.

Persius. This to me?

Friend. None; or what's next to none, but two
or three,

'Tis hard, I grant,

Persius. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry scriblers have the public ear :
That this vast universal fool, the town,
Should cry up Labeo's stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend
To clap with such, who fools and knaves commend :
Their smiles and censures are to me the same;
I care not what they praise, or what they blame,
In full assemblies let the crowd prevail ;
I weigh no merit by the common scale,

The conscience is the test of ev'ry mind ;
 " Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find."
 But where's that Roman?--Somewhat I would say,
 But fear;---let fear, for once, to truth give way.
 Truth lends the Stoick courage: when I look
 On human acts, and read in Nature's book,
 From the first pastimes of our infant age,
 To elder cares, and man's severer page ;
 When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
 We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward :
 Then, then I say,---or would say, if I durst--
 But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.

Friend. Once more forbear.

Persius. I cannot rule my spleen;
 My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.

First, to begin at home: our authors write
 In lonely rooms, secur'd from public sight ;
 Whether in prose, or verse, 'tis all the same :
 The prose is fustian, and the numbers lame.

All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of words,
 Lab'ring with sound, that little sense affords.

They comb, and then they order ev'ry hair :

A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness, wear: }

A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear. }

Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
 They mount, a God's name, to be seen and heard.
 From their high scaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
 And ogling all their audience ere they speak.
 The nauseous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,
 With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,
 And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line
 The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.
 At open fulsom bawdry they rejoice,
 And slimy jest applaud with broken voice.
 Base prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy bread?
 Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
 At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays:
 And gives the sign where he expects their praise.

Why have I learn'd, say'st thou, if thus confin'd,
 I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
 Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
 Will split the quarry, and shoot out the head.
 Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
 Dar'st thou apply that adage of the school;
 As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
 And "science is not science till reveal'd?"
 Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to see
 The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry, That's
 he:

That's he whose wond'rous poem is become
 A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
 Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown'd;
 And often quoted when the bowls go round.
 Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly rehearse;
 And add to wine the luxury of verse.
 One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,
 Eats and recites some lamentable rhyme:
 Some senseless Phillis, in a broken note,
 Snuffling at nose, and croaking in his throat:
 Then graciously the mellow audience nod:
 Is not th' immortal author made a God?
 Are not his manes blest, such praise to have?
 Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
 And roses (while his loud applause they sing)
 Stand ready from his sepulcher to spring?

All these, you cry, but light objections are;
 Meer malice, and you drive the jest too far.
 For does there breathe a man, who can reject
 A gen'ral fame, and his own lines neglect?
 In cedar tablets worthy to appear,
 That need not fish, or frankincense to fear?

Thou, whom I make the adverse part to bear,

Be answer'd thus: if I by chance succeed
 In what I write, (and that's a chance indeed)

Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame's deserv'd reward :

But this I cannot grant, that thy applause
Is my work's ultimate, or only cause.

Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize ;
For mark what vanity within it lies.

Like Labeo's Iliads, in whose verse is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound :
Such little elegies as nobles write,

Who would be poets, in Apollo's spight.

Them and their woful works the Muse defies :
Products of citron beds, and golden canopies.

To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart

To make a supper, with a fine desert ;

And to thy thread-bare friend, a cast old fute
impart.

Thus brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, Tell
me, friend,

(For I love truth, nor can plain speech offend,)

What says the world of me and of my Muse ?

The poor dare nothing tell but flatt'ring news :
But shall I speak ? Thy verse is wretched rhyme ;
And all thy labours are but loss of time.

Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is high ;

Thou writ'st not, but thou pissest poetry.

All authors to their own defects are blind;
 Hadst thou but, Janus like, a face behind,
 To see the people, what splay-mouths they make;
 To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:
 Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
 When most a-thirst, of an Apulian bitch:
 But noble scriblers are with flatt'ry fed;
 For none dare find their faults, who eat their bread.
 To pass the poets of patrician blood,
 What is't the common reader takes for good?
 The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
 Soft without sense, and without spirit flow:
 So smooth and equal, that no fight can find
 The rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.
 So even all, with such a steady view,
 As if he shut one eye to level true.
 Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings,
 The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
 The gentle poet is alike in all;
 His reader hopes no rise and fears no fall.

Friend. Hourly we see, some raw pin-feather'd
 thing

Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing;
 Who for false quantities was whipt at school
 But t'other day, and breaking grammar-rule,

Whose trivial art was never try'd above

The bare description of a native grove :

Who knows not how to praise the country store, }

The feasts, the baskets, nor the fatted boar ; }

Nor paint the flow'ry fields that paint them-
selves before. }

Where Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,

Whose shining plough-share was in furrows worn,

Met by his trembling wife, returning home,

And rustically joy'd, as chief of Rome :

She wip'd the sweat from the dictator's brow ; }

And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw ; }

The lictors bore in state their lord's triumphant
plough. }

Some love to hear the fustian poet roar ;

And some on antiquated authors pore :

Rummage for sense ; and think those only good

Who labour most, and least are understood.

When thou shalt see the blear-ey'd fathers teach

Their sons, this harsh and mouldy sort of speech ;

Or others new affected ways to try,

Of wanton smoothness, female poetry ;

One would enquire from whence this motly
stile

Did first our Roman purity defile :

For our old dotards cannot keep their seat;
But leap and catch at all that's obsolete.

Others, by foolish ostentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to save their head,
Bring trifling tropes, instead of solid sense:
And mind their figures more than their defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-skull'd judges cry
Well mov'd, oh finely said, and decently!
Theft (says th' accuser) to thy charge I lay,
O Pedius: what does gentle Pedius say?
Studious to please the genius of the times,
With periods, points, and tropes he flurs his crimes:
"He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
"And took but with intention to restore."

He lards with flourishes his long harangue;
'Tis fine, say'st thou; what, to be prais'd, and hang?
Effeminate Roman, shall such stuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
Say, should a shipwreck'd sailor sing his woe,
Wouldst thou be mov'd to pity, or bestow
An alms? What's more preposterous than to see
A merry beggar? Mirth in misery?

Persius. He seems a trap, for charity, to lay:
And cons, by night, his lesson for the day.

Friend. But to raw numbers, and unfinish'd verse,
Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse:

" 'Tis tagg'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys,
 " The mid-part chimes with art, which never flat is.
 " The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
 " Or he who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd
 Appennine."

Perfias. All this is doggrel stuff.

Friend. What if I bring
 A nobler verse? " Arms and the man I sing."

Perfius. Why name you Virgil with such fops
 as these?

He's truly great, and must for ever please:
 Nor fierce, but awful, in his manly page;
 Bold in his strength, but sober in his rage.

Friend. What poems think you soft? and to be
 read

With languishing regards, and bending head?

Perfius. " Their crooked horns the Mimallo-
 nian crew

" With blasts inspir'd; and Bassaris who flew
 " The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
 " Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
 " And Mænas, when with ivy bridles bound, }
 " She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung }
 around;
 " Evion from woods and floods repairing echo's }
 found."

Could such rude lines a Roman mouth become,
Were any manly greatness left in Rome?
Mænas and Atys in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the lab'ring head;
No blood from bitten nails those poems drew:
But churn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew.

Friend. 'Tis fustian all; 'tis execrably bad:
But if they will be fools, must you be mad?
Your satires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear so blunt a verse.
Their doors are barr'd against a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl without.
Expect such pay as railing rhimes deserve,
Y' are in a very hopeful way to starve.

Persus. Rather than so, uncensur'd let 'em be;
All, all is admirably well, for me.
My harmless rhyme shall 'scape the dire disgrace
Of common-snoars, and ev'ry pissing-place.
Two painted serpents shall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you must not urine here.
This shall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little bawbles, when they play.

Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But lash'd the city, and dissected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought;
He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his grinders caught.

Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,
 Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:
 And, with a fly insinuating grace,
 Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face:
 Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found;
 And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
 With seeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
 But made the desperate passies when he smil'd.

Could he do this, and is my Muse controll'd
 By servile awe? Born free, and not be bold?
 At least, I'll dig a hole within the ground;
 And to the trusty earth commit the sound:
 The reeds shall tell you what the poet fears,
 "King Midas has a snout, and asses ears."
 This mean conceit, this darling mystery,
 Which thou think'st nothing, friend, thou shalt
 not buy,

Nor will I change for all the flashy wit,
 That flatt'ring Labeo in his Iliads writ.

Thou, if there be a thou in this base town,
 Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
 He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inspir'd
 With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd:
 Who, at enormous villany, turns pale,
 And steers against it with a full-blown sail,

Like Aristophanes, let him but smile
On this my honest work, tho writ in homely
style:

And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear less droffy, read those lines again.
May they perform their author's just intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty :
Who fortune's fault upon the poor can throw ;
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged shoe :
Lay nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eye-sight, when the mind is
clear,

When thou thyself, thus insolent in state,
Art but, perhaps, some country magistrate ;
Whose pow'r extends no farther than to speak
Big on the bench, and scanty weights to break.

Him, also, for my cenfor I disdain,
Who thinks all science, as all virtue vain ;
Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys ;
And, with his foot, the sacred dust destroys :
Whose pleasure is to see a strumpet tear
A Cynick's beard, and lug him by the hair.

Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run ;
 But when the bus'ness of the day is done,
 On dice, and drink, and drabs, they spend their
 afternoon.



THE
SECOND SATIRE
OF
P E R S I U S.

THE ARGUMENT.

This satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument, concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the Second Alcibiades. Our author has induced it with great mystery of art, by taking his rise from the birth-day of his friend; on which occasions, prayers were made, and sacrifices offered by the native. Persius commending the purity of his friend's views, descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The satire is divided into three parts: the first is the exordium to Macrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses. The second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein men com-

monly sinned against right reason, and offended in their requests. The third part consists in shewing the repugnances of those prayers and wishes, to those of other men, and inconsistencies with themselves. He shews the original of these vows, and sharply invcighs against them: and lastly, not only corrects the false opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addresses made to heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

THE
SECOND SATIRE.

Dedicated to his friend PLOTIUS MACRINUS, on
his birth-day.

LET this auspicious morning be express
With a white stone, distinguish'd from the rest:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul,
Till thy wit sparkle, like the chearful bowl,
Pray; for thy pray'rs the test of heav'n will bear;
Nor need'st thou take the Gods aside, to hear:

While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
 Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come;
 And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
 Heav'n's help, to prosper their black vows invoke.
 So boldly to the Gods mankind reveal
 What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
 Give me good fame, ye Pow'rs, and make me just:
 Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust:
 In private then:—When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
 My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
 Or—O thou Thund'rer's son, great Hercules,
 That once thy bounteous Deity would please
 To guide my rake, upon the chinking sound
 Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground!

O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head;
 I should possess th' estate, if he were dead!
 He's so far gone with rickets, and with th' evil,
 That one small dose will send him to the devil.

This is my neighbour Nerius his third spouse,
 Of whom in happy time he rids his house.
 But my eternal wife!--Grant heav'n I may
 Survive to see the fellow of this day!
 Thus, that thou mayst the better bring about
 Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout:

358 THE SECOND SATIRE

In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
 To wash th' obscenities of night away.
 But pr'ythee tell me, ('tis a small request)
 With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou possess'd?
 Wouldst thou prefer him to some man? Suppose
 I dipp'd among the worst, and Staius chose?
 Which of the two would thy wise head declare
 The trustier tutor to an orphan heir?
 Or, put it thus:---Unfold to Staius, straight,
 What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of late:
 He'll stare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
 Can'st thou indulge him in this villainy!
 And think'st thou, Jove himself, with patience
 then

Can hear a pray'r condemn'd by wicked men?
 That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
 And leaves his bus'ness to be done by fate?
 Because his thunder splits some burley tree,
 And is not darted at thy house and thee?
 Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
 Just at the perpetration of thy crime:
 And makes thee a sad object of our eyes,
 Fit for Ergenna's pray'r and sacrifice?
 What well-fed off'ring to appease the God,
 What pow'rful present to procure a nod,

Hast thou in store? What bribe hast thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard?

Our superstitions with our life begin :

Th' obscene old grandam, or the next of kin,
The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
And first of spittle a lustration makes :

Then in the spawl her middle-finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Pretending force of magick to prevent,
By virtue of her nasty excrement.

Then dandles him with many a mutter'd pray'r
That heav'n would make him some rich miser's
heir,

Lucky to ladies, and, in time, a king ;

Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel-string.

But no fond nurse is fit to make a pray'r :

And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear ;

Not tho she prays in white, with lifted hands :

A body made of brass the crone demands

For her lov'd nursling, strung with nerves of wire,

Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire :

Unconscionable vows, which when we use,

We teach the Gods, in reason, to refuse.

Suppose they were indulgent to thy wish ;

Yet the fat intrails in the spacious dish,

Would stop the grant: the very over-care
 And nauseous pomp, would hinder half the pray'r.
 Thou hop'st with sacrifice of oxen slain
 To compass wealth, and bribe the God of gain,
 To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase;
 Fool! to expect them from a bullock's grease!
 And think'st that when the fatten'd flames aspire,
 Thou see'st th' accomplishment of thy desire!
 Now, now, my bearded harvest gilds the plain,
 The scanty folds can scarce my sheep contain,
 And showers of gold come pouring in amain! }
 Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams
 on,

Till his lank purse declares his money gone.

Should I present them with rare figur'd plate,
 Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight;
 O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
 And thy left side, with trembling pleasure, sweat!
 Thou measur'st by thyself the Pow'r's Divine;
 Thy Gods are burnish'd, gold and silver is their
 shrine.

Thy puny Godlings of inferior race,
 Whose humble statues are content with brass,
 Should some of these, in visions purg'd from
 phlegm,
 Foretell events, or in a morning dream;

Ev'n those thou wouldst in veneration hold ;
 And, if not faces, give 'em beards of gold.
 The priests in temples, now no longer care
 For Saturn's brass, or Numa's earthen ware ;
 Or vestal urns, in each religious rite :
 This wicked gold has put 'em all to flight.
 O souls, in whom no heav'nly fire is found,
 Fat minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground !
 We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
 And think what pleases us must please the Gods.
 Of oil and cassia one th' ingredients takes,
 And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes :
 Another finds the way to dye in grain ;
 And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian
 stain ;
 Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
 Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes ;
 Then melts the mass : all these are vanities !
 Yet still some profit from their pains may rise :
 But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
 What are the Gods the better for this gold ?
 The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
 These presents, bribes the Pow'rs to give him more :
 As maids to Venus offer baby-toys,
 To bless the marriage-bed with girls and boys.

But let us for the Gods a gift prepare,
 Which the great man's great charges cannot bear :
 A soul, where laws both human and divine,
 In practice more than speculation shine :
 A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
 Pure in the last recesses of the mind :
 When with such off'rings to the Gods I come,
 A cake, thus giv'n, is worth a hecatomb.



THE
THIRD SATIRE
OF
PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author has made two satires concerning study; the first and the third: the first related to men; this to young students, whom he desired to be educated in the stoick philosophy: he himself sustains the person of the master, or præceptor, in this admirable satire. Where he upbraids the youth of sloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one scholar reproaching his fellow students with late rising to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the teacher. And addressing himself particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that by reason of their high birth, and the great possessions of their fathers, they are careless of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philosophy: and withal, inculcates to them the miseries which will attend them in the whole

course of their life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The title of this satire, in some ancient manuscripts, was The Reproach of Idleness; tho in others of the scholiasts it is inscribed, Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich. In both of which the intention of the poet is pursued; but principally in the former.

[I remember I translated this satire, when I was a King's scholar at Westminster-school, for a Thursday-night's Exercise; and believe that it, and many other of my Exercises of this nature, in English verse, are still in the hands of my learned master, the reverend doctor Busby.]

IS this thy daily course? The glaring sun
 Breaks in at ev'ry chink: the cattle run
 To shades, and noon-tide rays of summer shun,
 Yet plung'd in sloth we lie; and snore supine,
 As fill'd with fumes of undigested wine.

This grave advice some sober student bears;
 And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
 The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
 His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise:
 Then rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate;
 And cries, I thought it had not been so late:

My cloaths make haste: why when! if none be
near,

He mutters first, and then begins to swear:
And brays aloud, with a more clam'rous note,
Than an Arcadian ass can stretch his throat.

With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment with the smoother side display'd;
He takes the papers; lays 'em down again;
And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
Some peevish quarrel streight he strives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick;
Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin
It sinks, nor can the characters be seen.

O wretch, and still more wretched ev'ry day!
Are mortals born to sleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and spoon-meat; for thy gugaws cry:
Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby.
No more accuse thy pen; but charge the crime
On native sloth, and negligence of time.
Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends, to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thyself, and that's a worse deceit.
Beware the public laughter of the town;
Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown.

A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd vessel found;
 'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.

Yet, thy moist clay is pliant to command;
 Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand:
 Now take the mold; now bend thy mind to feel
 The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.

But thou hast land; a country-seat, secure
 By a just title; costly furniture;
 A fuming-pan thy Lares to appease:
 What need of learning when a man's at ease?
 If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
 Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
 Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree
 Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree;
 And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree.
 Who, clad in purple, can'st thy censor greet;
 And, loudly, call him cousin, in the street.

Such pageantry be to the people shown:
 There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own:
 I know thee to thy bottom; from within
 Thy shallow center, to the utmost skin:
 Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
 So trim, so dissolute, so loosely drest?

But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drench'd too deep;
 His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep;

Fatten'd in vice; so callous, and so gross,
He sins, and sees not; senseless of his loss.
Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.

Great father of the Gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus punish him: set virtue in his sight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces
bright:

But set her distant, make him pale to see
His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity!

Sicilian tortures and the brazen bull,
Are emblems, rather than express the full
Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more:
The wretch, who sitting at his plenteous board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed sword
Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with less dread, and more securely dine.
Ev'n in his sleep he starts, and fears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice
wife;

Down, down, he goes; and from his darling friend
Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.

When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
 Would blear my eyes with oil to stay from school;
 Averse from pains, and loth to learn the part
 Of Cato, dying with a dauntless heart:
 Tho much, my master, that stern virtue prais'd,
 Which o'er the vanquisher the vanquish'd rais'd;
 And my pleas'd father came with pride to see
 His boy defend the Roman liberty.

But then my study was to cog the dice,
 And dext'rously to throw the lucky sice:
 To shun ames-ace, that swept my stakes away;
 And watch the box, for fear they should convey
 False bones, and put upon me in the play. }
 Careful, besides, the whirling top to whip,
 And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.

Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
 What's good or ill, and both their ends discern:
 Thou in the stoick-porch, severely bred,
 Hast heard the dogmas of great Zeno read:
 There on the walls, by Polygnotus' hand,
 The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches stand.
 Where the shorn youth to midnight lectures rise,
 Rous'd from their slumbers to be early wise:
 Where the coarse cake, and homely husks of beans,
 From pamp'ring riot the young stomach weans:

And

And where the Samian Y directs thy steps to run
To Virtue's narrow steep, and broad-way Vice to
shun.

And yet thou snor'st ; thou draw'st thy drunken
breath,

Sour with debauch ; and sleep'st the sleep of death :
Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd ;
Thy body is dissolv'd as is thy mind.

Hast thou not, yet, propos'd some certain end,
To which thy life, thy ev'ry act may tend ?

Hast thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow ?

Or like a boy pursu'st the carrion crow

With pellets, and with stones, from tree to tree :
A fruitless toil, and liv'st *extempore* ?

Watch the disease in time : for, when within
The dropsy rages and extends the skin,

In vain for Hellebore the patient cries,

And fees the doctor ; but too late is wise :

Too late, for cure, he proffers half his wealth ;

Conquest and Guibbons cannot give him health.

Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind, }

Why you were made, for what you were design'd ; }

And the great moral end of human kind.

Study thyself : what rank or what degree

The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee :

And all the offices of that estate
 Perform ; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
 Pray justly, to be heard : nor more desire
 Than what the decencies of life require.
 Learn what thou ow'st thy country, and thy
 friend ;

What's requisite to spare, and what to spend :
 Learn this ; and after, envy not the store
 Of the greaz'd advocate, that grinds the poor :
 Fat fees from the defended Umbrian draws ;
 And only gains the wealthy client's cause.
 To whom the Marsians more provision send,
 Than he and all his family can spend.

Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,
 And potted fowl, and fish come in so fast,
 That ere the first is out, the second stinks :
 And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
 But, here, some captain of the land or fleet,
 Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit ;
 Cries, I have sense to serve my turn, in store ;
 And he's a rascal who pretends to more.

Dammee, what-e'er those book-learn'd blockheads
 say,

Solon's the very'st fool in all the play.
 Top-heavy drones, and always looking down,
 (As over-ballasted within the crown !)

Mutt'ring betwixt their lips some mystic thing,
 Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,
 Meer madmen's dreams : for what the schools }
 have taught, }
 Is only this, that nothing can be brought }
 From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd }
 to nought. }

Is it for this they study? to grow pale,
 And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
 For this, in rags accouter'd, are they seen,
 And made the may-game of the public spleen?

Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
 A story, which is just thy parallel.

A spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
 Fell sick, and thus to his physician said :

Methinks I am not right in ev'ry part;

I feel a kind of trembling at my heart :

My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong;

Besides a filthy furr upon my tongue.

The doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill :

And, after, bid him for four days be still.

Three days he took good counsel, and began

To mend, and look like a recov'ring man :

The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but sends

His boy to one of his old trusty friends :

Adjuring him, by all the Pow'rs Divine,
To pity his distress, who could not dine
Without a flaggon of his healing wine. }
He drinks a swilling draught ; and, lin'd within,
Will supple in the bath his outward skin :
Whom should he find but his phyfician there,
Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.
Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath ;
Drinking is dang'rous, and the bath is death.
'Tis nothing, fays the fool : but fays the friend,
This nothing, fir, will bring you to your end.
Do I not fee your dropfy belly fwell ?
Your yellow fkin ?--No more of that ; I'm well.
I have already bury'd two or three }
That flood betwixt a fair eftate and me,
And, doctör, I may live to bury thee. }
Thou tell'ft me, I look ill ; and thou look'ft worfe.
I've done, fays the phyfician ; take your courfe.
The laughing fot, like all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk ; then bathes and drinks
again :
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing thro his jaws a belching fteam :
Amidft his cups with fainting fhiv'ring seiz'd,
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er difcas'd,

His hand refuses to sustain the bowl :
 And his teeth chatter, and his eye-balls roll :
 Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul :
 Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
 Of hireling mourners for his funeral due.

Our dear departed brother lies in state,
 His heels stretch'd out, and pointing to the gate :
 And slaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead
 master wait.

They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole ;
 And there's an end of a luxurious fool.

But what's thy fulsome parable to me ?

My body is from all diseases free :

My temp'rate pulse does regularly beat ;

Feel, and be satisfy'd, my hands and feet :

These are not cold, nor those oppress'd with heat.

Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,

And thou shalt find me hale in ev'ry part.

I grant this true : but, still, the deadly wound
 Is in thy soul ; 'tis there thou art not sound.

Say, when thou see'st a heap of tempting gold,

Or a more tempting harlot dost behold ;

Then, when she casts on thee a side-long glance,

Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.

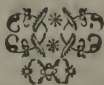
Some coarse cold fallad is before thee set;
 Bread with the bran perhaps, and broken meat;
 Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat. }

These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth:
 What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth?
 Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy pallat sore?
 That bete and radishes will make thee roar?

Such is the unequal temper of thy mind;
 Thy passions, in extremes, and unconfin'd:
 Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,
 As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears.

And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
 The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow;
 When fed with fuel and with flames below. }

With foam upon thy lips and sparkling eyes,
 Thou say'st, and dost, in such outrageous wise:
 That mad Orestes, if he saw the show,
 Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.



THE
FOURTH SATIRE
OF
P E R S I U S.

Our author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan; both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskilfully he managed the common-wealth: and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages, during the latter part of his first five years; tho he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the counsels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his Pharsalia; for his very compliment looked askint as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise. For here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state-affairs, without judgment or experience. It is

probable that he makes Seneca, in this satire, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name. And, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice. He also reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices pass for virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here described as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which was to satirize his prodigality and voluptuousness; to which he makes a transition. I find no instance in history of that emperor's being a Pathique, tho Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the second and third satires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third satire is taken from the first of those dialogues.

The commentators before Casaubon, were ignorant of our author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to public magistracy: but this excellent scholiast has unravelled the whole mystery; and made it apparent,

that the sting of this satire was particularly aimed at Nero.

W^Hoe'er thou art, whose forward years are bent

On state-affairs to guide the government;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said
To the lov'd youth, whom he at Athens bred.

Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,
Our second hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the grounds, from whence thou dost
prepare

To undertake, so young, so vast a care?
Perhaps thy wit: (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent the beard:)
'Tis seldom seen, that senators so young,
Know when to speak and when to hold their
tongue.

Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate;
When the mad people rise against the state,
To look them into duty: and command
An awful silence with thy lifted hand.
'Then to bespeak 'em thus: Athenians, know
Against right reason all your counsels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that;
Nor t'other question proper for debate.

But thou, no doubt, can'st set the business right,
 And give each argument its proper weight :
 Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the scale :
 Seest where the reasons pinch, and where they fail,
 And where exceptions o'er the general rule pre-
 vail.

And, taught by inspiration, in a trice,
 Can'st punish crimes, and brand offending vice.

Leave, leave to fathom such high points as these,
 Nor be ambitious, e'er the time, to please :
 Unseasonably wise, till age, and cares,
 Have form'd thy soul, to manage great affairs.
 Thy face, thy shape, thy outside, are but vain;
 Thou hast not strength such labours to sustain:
 Drink hellebore, my boy, drink deep and purge
 thy brain.

What aim'st thou at, and whither tends thy
 care,
 In what thy utmost good? Delicious fare;
 And, then, to sun thyself in open air.

Hold, hold; are all thy empty wishes such?
 A good old woman would have said as much.
 But thou art nobly born, 'tis true; go boast
 Thy pedigree, the thing thou valu'st most:
 Besides thou art a beau: what's that, my child?
 A fop well drest, extravagant, and wild:

She, that cries herbs, has less impertinence;
And, in her calling, more of common sense.

None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret imperfections of his mind:
But ev'ry one is eagle-ey'd, to see
Another's faults, and his deformity.
Say, dost thou know Vectidius? Who, the wretch
Whose lands beyond the Sabines largely stretch;
Cover the country, that a sailing kite
Can scarce o'er fly 'em, in a day and night;
Him dost thou mean, who, spite of all his store,
Is ever craving, and will still be poor?
Who cheats for half-pence, and who doffs his coat,
To save a farthing in a ferry-boat?
Ever a glutton, at another's cost,
But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost?
Who eats and drinks with his domestic slaves;
A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curse and anger of the Gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?
At harvest-home, and on the sheering-day,
When he should thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
And better Ceres; trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
He 'says the wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirsty servants but a smack.

To a short meal he makes a tedious grace,
 Before the barley-pudding comes in place:
 Then, bids fall on; himself, for saving charges,
 A peel'd slic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.

Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whose life's
 a dream

Of lazy pleasures, tak'st a worse extream.
 'Tis all thy bus'ness, bus'ness how to shun;
 To bask thy naked body in the sun;
 Suppling thy stiffen'd joints with fragrant oil:
 Then, in thy spacious garden, walk a while,
 To suck the moisture up, and soak it in:
 And this, thou think'st, but vainly think'st, unseen.
 But, know, thou art observ'd: and there are those
 Who, if they durst, would all thy secret sins expose.
 The depilation of thy modest part:
 Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart,
 His engine-hand, and ev'ry lewder art. }
 When prone to bear, and patient to receive,
 Thou tak'st the pleasure, which thou can'st not give.
 With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek;
 And then thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy cheek:
 Of these thy barbers take a costly care,
 While thy salt tail is overgrown with hair.
 Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
 Can smooth the roughness of thy shameful parts.

Not five, the strongest that the Circus breeds,
 From the rank soil can root those wicked weeds:
 Tho suppled first with scap, to ease thy pain,
 The stubborn fern springs up, and sprouts again.

Thus others we with defamations wound,
 While they stab us ; and so the jest goes round.
 Vain are thy hopes, to 'scape censorious eyes ;
 Truth will appear through all the thin disguise :
 Thou hast an ulcer which no leach can heal,
 Tho thy broad shoulder-belt the wound conceal.
 Say thou art sound and hale in ev'ry part,
 We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart.
 We know thee fullen, impotent, and proud :
 Nor can'st thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'st the
 croud.

But when they praise me, in the neighbourhood.
 When the pleas'd people take me for a God,
 Shall I refuse their incense ? Not receive
 The loud applauses which the vulgar give ?

If thou dost wealth, with longing eyes, behold ;
 And, greedily, art gaping after gold ;
 If some alluring girl, in gliding by,
 Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious eye,
 And thou with a consenting glance, reply ;
 If thou, thy own solicitor become,
 And bid'st arise the lumpish pendulum :

If thy lewd lust provokes an empty storm,
 And prompts to more than nature can perform;
 If, with thy guards, thou scour'st the streets by
 night,
 And dost in murders, rapes, and spoils delight;
 Please not thyself, the flatt'ring crowd to hear;
 'Tis fulsome stuff to feed thy itching ear.
 Reject the nauseous praises of the times:
 Give thy base poets back thy cobbled rhimes:
 Survey thy soul, not what thou do'st appear,
 But what thou art; and find the beggar there.



THE
FIFTH SATIRE
OF
PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The judicious Casaubon, in his proem to this satire, tells us, that Aristophanes the grammarian being asked, what poem of Archilochus his Iambics he preferred before the rest; answered, the longest. His answer may justly be applied to this fifth satire; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive: for this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my learned master, Dr. Busby; to which I am not only obliged myself for the best part of my own education, and that of my two sons; but have also received from him the first and truest taste of Persius. May he be pleased to find in this translation, the gratitude, or at least some small acknowledgment of his unworthy scholar, at the

distance of twenty four years, from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This satire consists of two distinct parts: the first contains the praises of the stoick philosopher Cornutus, master and tutor to our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius, to his well-deserving master; and the mutual friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a man. As also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his institution. From hence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject: wherein he first complains of the sloth of scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty: here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoicks, which affirms, that the wise or virtuous man is only free; and that all vicious men are naturally slaves. And, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable satire.

THE
FIFTH SATIRE.

Inscribed to the Reverend Dr. BUSBY.

The Speakers PERSIUS and CORNUTUS.

PERSIUS.

OF ancient use to poets it belongs,
To wish themselves an hundred mouths
and tongues:

Whether to the well lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend the labors of the stage,
Or sing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman jav'lin from his thighs.

CORNUTUS.

And why wouldst thou these mighty morsels chuse,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choak the muse?
Let fustian poets with their stuff be gone,
And suck the mists that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne or Thyestes' feast they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verse indite.
Thou neither, like a bellows, swell'st thy face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning mass

Of melting ore ; nor canst thou strain thy throat,
 Or murmur in an undistinguish'd note,
 Like rolling thunder till it breaks the cloud,
 And rattling nonsense is discharg'd aloud.
 Soft elocution does thy stile renown,
 And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown :
 Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
 To laugh at follies or to lash at vice.
 Hence draw thy theme, and to the stage permit
 Raw-head and bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
 Ragoufts for Tereus or Thyestes drest ;
 'Tis task enough for thee t' expose a Roman feast.

P E R S I U S.

'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
 In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
 With wind and noise ; but freely to impart,
 As to a friend, the secrets of my heart ;
 And, in familiar speech, to let thee know
 How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
 Knock on my heart : for thou hast skill to find
 If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind ;
 And, thro the veil of words, thou view'st the
 naked mind.

For this a hundred voices I desire,
 To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire ;

Yet never could be worthily exprest,
How deeply thou art seated in my breast.
When first my childish robe resign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden bulla (hung on high
To household Gods) declar'd me past a boy;
And my white shield proclaim'd my liberty:
When with my wild companions, I could rowl
From street to street, and sin without controul;
Just at that age, when manhood set me free,
I then depos'd myself, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wise bosom I repos'd my head,
And by my better Socrates was bred.
Then thy streight rule set virtue in my sight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reason took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand:
Long summer-days thy precepts I rehearse;
And winter-nights were short in our converse:
One was our labour, one was our repose,
One frugal supper did our studies close.

Sure on our birth some friendly planet shone;
And, as our souls, our horoscope was one:
Whether the mounting twins did heav'n adorn,
Or, with the rising balance we were born;

Both have the same impressions from above ;
 And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
 What star I know not, but some star I find,
 Has giv'n thee an ascendant o'er my mind.

CORNUTUS.

Nature is ever various in her frame :
 Each has a different will ; and few the same :
 The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
 To the parch'd Indies, and the rising sun ;
 From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they
 bear,
 Bart'ring for spices their Italian ware ;
 The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
 Indulge his sloth, and batten with his sleep :
 One bribes for high preferments in the state ;
 A second shakes the box, and sits up late :
 Another shakes the bed, dissolving there,
 Till knots upon his gouty joint appear,
 And chalk is in his crippled fingers found ;
 Rots like a doddard oak, and piecemeal falls to
 ground ;
 Then his lewd follies he would late repent ;
 And his past years, that in a mist were spent.

PERSIUS.

But thou art pale, in nightly studies, grown,
 To make the stoick institutes thy own ;

Thou long with studious care hast till'd our youth,
And sown our well-purg'd ears with wholesome
truth.

From thee both old and young, with profit learn
The bounds of good and evil to discern.

CORNUTUS.

Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
And to to-morrow would the search delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

PERSIUS.

But is one day of ease too much to borrow?

CORNUTUS.

Yes, sure: for yesterday was once to-morrow.
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd;
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task;
Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.
O freedom! first delight of human kind!
Not that which bondmen from their masters find,
The privilege of doles: not yet t'inscribe
Their names in this or t'other Roman tribe:
That false enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are made citizens by turning round.

How, replies one, can any be more free?
 Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
 Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside;
 So true a rogue, for lying's sake he ly'd:
 But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
 Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.
 Good Gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,
 If wealthy Marcus surety will become!
 Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
 Of certain truth, He said it, is enough.
 A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
 'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscrib'd his name.
 This is true liberty, as I believe;
 What can we farther from our caps receive,
 Than as we please without controul to live?
 Not more to noble Brutus could belong.
 Hold, says the Stoick, your assumption's wrong:
 I grant true freedom you have well defin'd:
 But, living as you list, and to your mind,
 And loosely tack'd, all must be left behind.
 What since the prætor did my fetters loose,
 And left me freely at my own dispose,
 May I not live without controul and awe,
 Excepting still the letter of the law?

Hear me with patience while thy mind I free
 From those fond notions of false liberty:

'Tis not the prætor's province to bestow
 True freedom ; nor to teach mankind to know
 What to ourselves, or to our friends we owe. }
 He cou'd not set thee free from cares and strife,
 Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life :
 As well he for an ass a harp might string,
 Which is against the reason of the thing ;
 For reason still is whisp'ring in your ear,
 Where you are sure to fail, th' attempt forbear.
 No need of public sanctions this to bind, }
 Which nature has implanted in the mind :
 Not to pursue the work, to which we're not }
 design'd.

Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou shou'lt try }
 To mix it, and mistake the quantity,
 The rules of physic wou'd against thee cry. }
 The high-shoo'd ploughman, shou'd he quit the }
 land,
 To take the pilot's rudder in his hand, }
 Artless of stars, and of the moving sand,
 The Gods wou'd leave him to the waves and wind,
 And think all shame was lost in human kind.

Tell me, my friend, from whence hadst thou
 the skill,
 So nicely to distinguish good from ill ?

Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass,
 What piece is tinkers metal, what will pass?
 And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
 This to condemn, and that to ratify?
 When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
 But never craving, or oppress'd with care?
 The baits of gifts, and money to despise,
 And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?
 When thou canst truly call these virtues thine,
 Be wise and free, by heaven's consent, and mine.

But thou, who lately of the common strain,
 Wert one of us, if still thou dost retain
 The same ill habits, the same follies too,
 Gloss'd over only with a saint-like show,
 Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
 Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.
 Thou can'st not wag thy finger, or begin
 "The least light motion, but it tends to sin."

How's this? Not wag my finger, he replies? }
 No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor sacrifice,
 Can ever make a madman free, or wise. }

"Virtue and vice are never in one soul:

"A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool."

A heavy bumkin, taught with daily care,
 Can never dance three steps with a becoming
 air.

PERSIUS.

In spight of this, my freedom still remains.

CORNUTUS.

Free! what, and fetter'd with so many chains?
 Canst thou no other master understand
 Than him that free'd thee by the prætor's wand?
 Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
 With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,
 To servile duties, thou wouldst fear no more;
 The gallows and the whip are out of door.
 But if thy passions lord it in thy breast,
 Art thou not still a slave, and still oppress'd?
 Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
 When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap;
 Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
 Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain;
 The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
 At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes:
 What must I do? he cries: What? says his lord:
 Why rise, make ready, and go streight aboard:
 With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
 Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
 Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take
 With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back:
 And with post-haste thy running markets make.

Be sure to turn the penny; lye and swear;
'Tis wholsome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will hear:
Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even:
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heav'n?

Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
Each saddled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unless
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuousness:
And he may ask this civil question: Friend,
What dost thou make a shipboard? to what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the
sea?

Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid,
On a brown george, with lowly swobbers fed,
Dead wine, that stinks of the borrachio, sup
From a foul jack, or greasy maple-cup?
Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy store
From six i' th' hundred, to six hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For, not to live at ease, is not to live;
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.

Speak ; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure, chuse
To be thy lord ? Take one, and one refuse.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have ;
And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a slave.

Nor think when once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy marks of servitude are gone :
The struggling greyhound gnaws his leash in vain ;
If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the chain.

Says Phædra to his man, Believe me, friend,
To this uneasy love I'll put an end :
Shall I run out of all ? My friends disgrace,
And be the first lewd unthrift of my race ?
Shall I the neighbours nightly rest invade
At her deaf doors, with some vile serenade ?
Well hast thou freed thyself, his man replies,
Go, thank the Gods, and offer sacrifice.
Ah, says the youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart ?
Weak soul ! and blindly to destruction led !
She break her heart ! she'll sooner break your head.
She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her, with a single hair.
But shall I not return ? Now, when she sues !
Shall I my own, and her desires refuse ?
Sir, take your course : but my advice is plain :
Once freed, 'tis madness to resume your chain.

Ay ; there's the man, who loos'd from lust and
pelf,

Less to the prætor owes, than to himself.

But write him down a slave, who, humbly proud,
With presents begs preferments from the crowd ;
That early suppliant who salutes the tribes,
And sets the mob to scramble for his bribes :
That some old dotard, sitting in the sun,
On holidays may tell, that such a feat was done :
In future times this will be counted rare.

Thy superstition too may claim a share :

When flow'rs are strew'd, and lamps in order
plac'd,

And windows with illuminations grac'd,
On Herod's day ; when sparkling bowls go round,
And tunny's tails in savoury sauce are drown'd,
Thou mutter'st pray'rs obscene ; nor dost refuse
The fasts and sabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
Then a crack'd egg-shell thy sick fancy frights,
Besides the childish fear of walking sprights.
Of o'ergrown gelding priests thou art afraid ;
The timbrel, and the squintifego maid
Of Isis, awe thee : lest the Gods for sin,
Should, with a swelling dropsy, stuff thy skin :
Unless three garlick heads the curse avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.

Preach this among the brawny guards, say'st
thou,

And see if they thy doctrine will allow :

The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,

Would bellow out a laugh, in a base note ;

And prize a hundred Zeno's just as much

As a clipt sixpence, or a schilling Dutch.



THE
SIXTH SATIRE
OF
P E R S I U S.

This sixth satire treats an admirable common-place of moral philosophy; of the true use of riches. They are certainly intended by the Power who bestows them, as instruments and helps of living commodiously ourselves; and of administering to the wants of others, who are oppressed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One error, tho on the right hand, yet a great one, is, that they are no helps to a virtuous life; the other places all our happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worse extream. The mean betwixt these, is the opinion of the Stoicks; which is, that riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous life; in case we rightly understand how to give according to right reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well, is called liberality: and it is of this

virtue that Persius writes in this satire; wherein he not only shews the lawful use of riches, but also sharply inveighs against the vices which are opposed to it; and especially of those, which consist in the defects of giving or spending; or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus his friend, and a poet also. Enquires first of his health and studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition, and the desire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice: and being sensible that few men either desire or use riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main design of the whole satire.

THE
SIXTH SATIRE.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, a Lyric Poet.

HAS winter caus'd thee, friend, to change
thy feat,

And seek in Sabine air a warm retreat?

Say, do'st thou yet the Roman harp command?

Do the strings answer to thy noble hand?

Great master of the muse, inspir'd to sing
 The beauties of the first created spring;
 The pedigree of nature to rehearse,
 And sound the Maker's work, in equal verse.
 Now sporting on thy lyre the loves of youth.
 Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
 Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
 Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.

For me, my warmer constitution wants
 More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
 And therefore to my native shoars retir'd,
 I view the coast old Ennius once admir'd;
 Where cliffs on either sides their points dis-
 play;

And, after, opening in an ampler way,
 Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.

'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard
 The port of Luna says our learned bard;
 Who in a drunken dream beheld his soul
 The fifth within the transmigrating roll;
 Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
 Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
 And last of all the line did into Ennius pass.

Secure and free from business of the state;
 And more secure of what the vulgar prate,

Here

Here I enjoy my private thoughts ; nor care
What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare :
Survey the neighb'ring fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger crop than mine :

To see a beggar's brat in riches flow,
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow ;
Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear
My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer.

Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine that stink
Of cask ; nor in a nasty flaggon drink ;

Let others stuff their guts with homely fare ;

For men of diff'rent inclinations are ;

Tho born perhaps beneath one common star.

In minds and manners twins oppos'd we see

In the same sign, almost the same degree :

One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine ;

Does at a penny's cost in herbs repine,

And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.

Prepar'd as priest of his own rites to stand,

He sprinkles pepper with a sparing hand.

His jolly brother, opposite in sense,

Laughs at his thrift ; and lavish of expence,

Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.

For me, I'll use my own ; and take my share ;
Yet will not turbots for my slaves prepare ;

Nor be so nice in taste myself to know
If what I swallow be a thrush, or no.
Live on thy annual income; spend thy store;
And freely grind, from thy full threshing-floor;
Next harvest promises as much, or more. }
Thus I would live: but friendship's holy band, }
And offices of kindness hold my hand: }
My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand, }
His riches in th' Ionian main are lost;
And he himself stands shiv'ring on the coast;
Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf Gods with fruitless pray'r.
Their images, the relicks of the wrack,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shews her open'd side,
And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride.
From thy new hope, and from thy growing store,
Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will set him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say,
'Tis mine that wealth thou squander'st thus away;

What is't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
Or without spices lets thy body burn?
If odours to thy ashes he refuse,
Or buys corrupted cassia from the Jews?
All these, the wiser Bestius will reply,
Are empty pomp, and dead-men's luxury:
We never knew this vain expence, before
Th' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unfinew'd Rome.
Our sweating hinds their sallads, now, defile,
Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
But, to thy fortune be not thou a slave:
For what hast thou to fear beyond the grave?
And thou who gap'st for my estate, draw near;
For I would whisper somewhat in thy ear.
Hear'st thou the news, my friend? th' express is
come

With laurell'd letters from the camp to Rome:
Cæsar salutes the queen and senate thus:
My arms are on the Rhine victorious.
From mourning altars sweep the dust away:
Cease fasting, and proclaim a fat thanksgiving day.
The goodly empress, jollily inclin'd,
Is to the welcome bearer wond'rous kind:

And, setting her good housewifry aside,
Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.
The captive Germans, of gigantic size,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize :
The spoils of kings, and conquer'd camps we boast,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal post:

Now, for so many glorious actions done
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæsar's health :
Besides, in gratitude for such high matters,
Know I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.
Say, wouldst thou hinder me from this expence?
I disinheret thee, if thou dar'st take offence.
Yet more, a public largess I design
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine :
Controul me not, for fear I change my will.

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,
You give as if you were the Persian king :
Your land does no so large revenues bring.
Well ; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir ?
If thou car'st little, less shall be my care :
Were none of all my father's sisters left ;
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft :
None by an uncle's or a grandame's side,
Yet I could some adopted heir provide.

I need but take my journey half a day
 From haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,
 Where fortune throws poor Manius in my way. }
 Him will I choofe: What him, of humble birth,
 Obscure, a foundling, and a fon of earth?
 Obscure? Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
 My father, grandfire, and great-grandfire too:
 If farther I derive my pedigree,
 I can but guefs beyond the fourth degree.
 The reft of my forgotten ancestors,
 Were fons of earth, like him, or fons of whores.

Yet why wouldft thou, old covetous wretch,
 afpire

To be my heir, who might'ft have been my fire?
 In nature's race, fhouldft thou demand of me
 My torch, when I in courfe run after thee?
 Think I approach thee, like the God of gain,
 With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:
 Thy mod'rate fortune from my gift receive;
 Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
 But take it as it is, and ask no more.
 What, when thou haft embezzel'd all thy ftore?
 Where's all thy father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
 Some I have mortgag'd, to fupply my want:

The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
 All spent, and on the self-same errand gone,
 How little then to my poor share will fall?
 Little indeed; but yet that little's all.

Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
 Be careful still of the main chance, my son;
 Put out thy principal, in trusty hands:
 Live on the use; and never dip thy lands:
 But yet what's left for me? What's left, my
 friend!

Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.
 Is not my fortune at my own command?
 Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
 Upon my sallads, boy: shall I be fed
 With sodden nettles, and a sing'd sow's head?
 'Tis holiday; provide me better cheer;
 'Tis holiday, and shall be round the year.
 Shall I my household Gods and genius cheat,
 To make him rich, who grudges me my meat?
 That he may loll at ease; and pamper'd high,
 When I am laid, may feed on gible-pie?
 And when his throbbing lust extends the vein,
 Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?
 Shall I in homespun cloth be clad, that he
 His paunch in triumph may before him see?

Go, miser, go ; for lucre sell thy soul ;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to
pole :

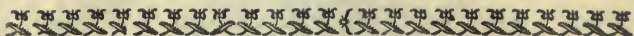
That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vast estate he left his son !

How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves !

Increase thy wealth, and double all thy store ;
'Tis done: now double that, and swell the score ;
To ev'ry thousand add ten thousand more. }

Then say, Chrysippus, thou who wouldst confine
Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

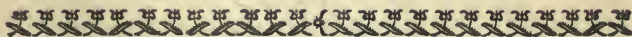




TRANSLATIONS

FROM

H O M E R.



СВЯТЫЙ ПРАВОСЛАВНЫЙ КРЕСТ

СВЯТЫЙ ПРАВОСЛАВНЫЙ КРЕСТ

1884

Я. Л. М. О. Н.

СВЯТЫЙ ПРАВОСЛАВНЫЙ КРЕСТ



THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryses, priest of Apollo, brings presents to the Grecian princes, to ransom his daughter Chryseis, who was prisoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whose captive and mistress the young lady was, refuses to deliver, threatens the venerable

old man, and dismisses him with contumely. The priest craves vengeance of his God; who sends a plague among the Greeks: which occasions Achilles, their great champion, to summon a council of the chief officers: he encourages Calchas, the high priest and prophet, to tell the reason, why the Gods were so much incensed against them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him: then, emboldened by the hero, he accuses the general as the cause of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refusing the presents offered for her ransom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, against his will, to restore Chryseis, with gifts, that he might appease the wrath of Phæbus; but, at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his slave Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Thetis; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became sensible of his injustice. At the same time, he retires from the camp into his ships, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. Thetis prefers her son's petition to Jupiter, who grants her suite. Juno suspects her errand, and quarrels with her husband, for his grant; till

Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of nectar, and sends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' son, OMuse, resound;
 Whose dire effects the Grecian army
 found,

And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
 Were sent, in early youth, to shades of night:
 Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made:
 So was the sov'reign will of Jove obey'd:
 From that ill-omen'd hour when strife begun,
 Betwixt Atrides' great, and Thetis' god-like son.

What Pow'r provok'd, and for what cause,
 relate,

Sow'd, in their breasts, the seeds of stern debate:
 Jove's and Latona's son his wrath express'd,
 In vengeance of his violated priest,
 Against the king of men; who swoln with pride,
 Refus'd his presents, and his pray'rs deny'd.
 For this the God a swift contagion spread
 Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.

For venerable Chryses came to buy,
 With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
 Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood;
 Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his God:

Bare was his hoary head ; one holy hand
 Held forth his laurel crown, and one his sceptre of
 command.

His suit was common ; but above the rest,
 To both the brother-princes thus address'd :

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian pow'rs,
 So may the Gods who dwell in heav'nly bow'rs
 Succeed your siege, accord the vows you make,
 And give you Troy's imperial town to take ;
 So, by their happy conduct, may you come
 With conquest back to your sweet native home ;
 As you receive the ransom which I bring,
 (Respecting Jove, and the far-shooting king,)
 And break my daughter's bonds, at my desire ;
 And glad with her return her grieving fire.

With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
 To take the gifts, to set the damsel free.
 The king of men alone with bury burn'd ;
 And haughty, these opprobrious words return'd :
 Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my sight,
 Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight :
 Nor dare to tread this interdicted strand,
 Lest not that idle sceptre in thy hand,
 Nor thy God's crown, my vow'd revenge with-
 stand.

Hence on thy life: the captive maid is mine;
 Whom not for price or pray'rs I will resign:
 Mine she shall be, till creeping age and time
 Her bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her prime.
 Till then my royal bed she shall attend;
 And having first adorn'd it, late ascend:
 This, for the night; by day, the web and loom,
 And homely household-task, shall be her doom,
 Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her sweet native
 home.

He said: the helpless priest reply'd no more,
 But sped his steps along the hoarse-resounding
 shore:

Silent he fled; secure at length he stood,
 Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invok'd his God.

O source of sacred light, attend my pray'r,
 God with the silver bow, and golden hair;
 Whom Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
 And whose broad eye their happy soil surveys;
 If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy shrine
 The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
 And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
 Hear, and my just revenge propitious aid.
 Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy shafts attest
 How much thy pow'r is injur'd in thy priest.

He pray'd, and Phœbus hearing, urg'd his flight,
With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample shoulders threw;
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they
flew.

Black as a stormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compass'd the devoted ground.
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and sumpters sent:

Th' essay of rage, on faithful dogs the next;
And last, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
The God nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
Nine days the camp with fun'ral fires was fill'd;
The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
Who bears heav'n's awful sceptre in her hand,
A council summon'd: for the Goddess griev'd
Her favour'd host should perish unreliev'd.

The kings assembled, soon their chief inclose;
Then from his seat the Goddess-born arose,
And thus undaunted spoke: What now remains,
But that once more we tempt the watry plains,
And wand'ring homeward, seek our safety hence,
In flight at least, if we can find defence?

Such

Such woes at once encompass us about,
 The plague within the camp, the sword without.
 Consult, O king, the prophets of th' event :
 And whence these ills, and what the Gods intent,
 Let them by dreams explore ; for dreams from
 Jove are sent.

What want of offer'd victims, what offence
 In fact committed could the Sun incense,
 To deal his deadly shafts ? What may remove
 His settled hate, and reconcile his love ?
 That he may look propitious on our toils ;
 And hungry graves no more be glutted with our
 spoils.

Thus to the king of men the hero spoke,
 Then Calchas the desir'd occasion took :
 Calchas the sacred seer, who had in view
 Things present and the past ; and things to come
 foreknew.

Supreme of augurs, who, by Phœbus taught,
 The Grecian pow'rs to Troy's destruction brought.
 Skill'd in the secret causes of their woes,
 The reverend priest in graceful act arose :
 And thus bespoke Pelides : Care of Jove,
 Favour'd of all th' immortal Pow'rs above ;

Wouldst thou the seeds deep sown of mischief
know,

And why, provok'd Apollo bends his bow?
Plight first thy faith, inviolably true,
To save me from those ills, that may ensue.

For I shall tell ungrateful truths, to those
Whose boundless pow'rs of life and death dispose.
And sov'reigns, ever jealous of their state,
Forgive not those whom once they mark for hate;
Ev'n tho' th' offence they seemingly digest,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breast,
Bursts forth in flames; whose unresist'd pow'r
Will seize th' unwary wretch, and soon devour.
Such, and no less is he, on whom depends
The sum of things; and whom my tongue of force
offends.

Secure me then from his foreseen intent,
That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may
prevent.

To this the stern Achilles made reply:
Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,
To speak what Phœbus has inspir'd thy soul
For common good; and speak without controul.
His Godhead I invoke, by him I swear,
That while my nostrils draw this vital air,

None shall presume to violate those bands;
 Or touch thy person with unhallow'd hands:
 Ev'n not the king of men that all commands.

At this, resum'g heart, the prophet said:
 Nor hecatomb unslain, nor vows unpaid,
 On Greeks, accurs'd, this dire contagion bring,
 Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King;
 But he the tyrant, whom none dares resist,
 Affronts the Godhead in his injur'd priest:
 He keeps the damsel captive in his chain,
 And presents are refus'd, and pray'rs preferr'd in
 vain.

For this th' avenging Pow'r employs his darts;
 And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
 Thus will persist, relentless in his ire,
 Till the fair slave be render'd to her fire:
 And ransom-free restor'd to his abode,
 With sacrifice to reconcile the God:
 Then he, perhaps, atton'd by pray'r, may cease
 His vengeance justly vow'd, and give the peace.

Thus having said, he sate: thus answer'd then,
 Upstarting from his throne, the king of men,
 His breast with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire;
 Which rolling round, he shot in sparkles on the
 fire:

Augur of ill, whose tongue was never found
Without a priestly curse, or boding sound ;
For not one blest'd event foretold to me
Pass'd thro that mouth, or pass'd unwillingly.
And now thou dost with lies the throne invade,
By practice harden'd in thy stand'ring trade.
Obtending heav'n, for whate'er ills befall ;
And sputt'ring under specious names thy gall.
Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
Are in his priest profan'd, and I the cause :
Since I detain a slave, my sov'reign prize ;
And sacred gold, your idol-god, despise.
I love her well : and well her merits claim,
To stand preferr'd before my Grecian dame :
Not Clytemnestra's self in beauty's bloom
More charm'd, or better ply'd the various
loom :
Mine is the maid ; and brought in happy hour,
With every household-grace adorn'd, to bless my
nuptial bow'r.
Yet shall she be restor'd ; since public good
For private int'rest ought not to be withstood,
To save th' effusion of my people's blood.
But right requires, if I resign my own,
I should not suffer for your sakes alone ;

Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
 And by your common suffrage have obtain'd.
 The slave without a ransom shall be sent:
 It rests for you to make th' equivalent.

To this the fierce Thessalian prince reply'd:
 O first in pow'r, but passing all in pride,
 Griping, and still tenacious of thy hold,
 Wouldst thou the Grecian chiefs, tho largely soul'd,
 Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
 And with their loss thy sacrilege restore?
 Whate'er by force of arms the soldier got,
 Is each his own, by dividend of lot:
 Which to resume, were both unjust, and base;
 Not to be born but by a servile race.
 But this we can: if Saturn's son bestows
 The sack of Troy, which he by promise owes;
 Then shall the conqu'ring Greeks thy loss restore,
 And with large int'rest make th' advantage more.

To this Atrides answer'd: Tho thy boast
 Assumes the foremost name of all our host,
 Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
 Controll'd by thee, I tamely should resign.
 Shall I release the prize I gain'd by right,
 In taken towns; and many a bloody fight,

While thou detain'st Briseis in thy bands,
 By priestly glossing on the God's commands?
 Resolve on this, (a short alternative)
 Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give;
 Else I, assure thy soul, by sov'reign right
 Will seize thy captive in thy own despatch.
 Or from stout Ajax, or Ulysses, bear
 What other prize my fancy shall prefer:
 Then softly murmur, or aloud complain,
 Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain.
 But more of this, in proper time and place;
 To things of greater moment less us pass.

A ship to sail the sacred seas prepare;
 Proud in her trim; and put on board the fair,
 With sacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of
 pray'r.

The crew well chosen, the command shall be
 In Ajax; or if other I decree,
 In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or if I please in thee:
 Most fit thyself to see perform'd th' intent
 For which my pris'ner from my sight is sent;
 (Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may
 relent.

At this, Achilles roul'd his furious eyes,
 Fix'd on the king askant; and thus replies,

O, impudent, regardful of thy own,
 Whose thoughts are center'd on thyself alone,
 Advanc'd to sovereign sway, for better ends
 Than thus like abject slaves to treat thy friends.
 What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
 Against the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
 Not I: nor such forc'd respect I owe;
 Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
 What wrong from Troy remote, could I sustain,
 To leave my fruitful soil, and happy reign,
 And plough the furges of the stormy main? }
 Thee, frontless man, we follow'd from afar;
 Thy instruments of death, and tools of war.
 Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
 We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on
 the throne.

For thee we fall in fight; for thee redress
 Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
 And now thou threaten'st with unjust decree,
 To punish thy affronting heav'n, on me.
 To seize the prize which I so dearly bought;
 By common suffrage giv'n, confirm'd by lot.
 Mean match to thine: for still above the rest,
 Thy hook'd rapacious hands usurp the best.

Tho mine are first in fight, to force the prey;
And last sustain the labours of the day.
Nor grudge I thee, the much the Grecians give;
Nor murm'ring take the little I receive.

Yet ev'n this little, thou, who wouldst ingross
The whole, insatiate, envy'st as thy loss.

Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return:

Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,

Than from an equal here sustain the public scorn. }

The king, whose brows with shining gold were
bound,

Who saw his throne with scepter'd slaves encom-
pass'd round,

Thus answer'd stern: Go, at thy pleasure, go:

We need not such a friend, nor fear we such a foe.

There will not want to follow me in fight:

Jove will assist, and Jove assert my right.

But thou of all the kings (his care below)

Art least at my command, and most my foe.

Debates, dissensions, uproars are thy joy;

Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to destroy.

Strength is of brutes, and not thy boast alone;

At least 'tis lent from heav'n; and not thy own.

Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,

And there thy ant-born Myrmidons command.

But mark this menace ; since I must resign
 My black-ey'd maid, to please the Pow'rs divine :
 (A well-rigg'd vessel in the port attends,
 Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)
 The ship shall waft her to her wish'd abode,
 Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-shooting
 God.

This thus dispatch'd, I owe myself the care,
 My fame and injur'd honour to repair :
 From thy own tent, proud man, in thy despight,
 This hand shall ravish thy pretended right.
 Briseis shall be mine, and thou shalt see,
 What odds of awful pow'r I have on thee :
 That others at thy cost may learn the difference
 of degree.

At this th' impatient hero sourly smil'd :
 His heart impetuous in his bosom boil'd.
 And jostled by two tides of equal sway,
 Stood, for a while, suspended in his way.
 Betwixt his reason, and his rage untam'd ;
 One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd :
 That only counsell'd to the safer side ;
 This to the sword, his ready hand apply'd.
 Unpunish'd to support th' affront was hard :
 Nor easy was th' attempt to force the guard.

But soon the thirst of vengeance fir'd his blood:
Half shone his faulchion, and half sheath'd it stood.

In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
Commission'd by th' imperial wife of Jove,
Descended swift: (the white-arm'd Queen was
loath

The fight should follow; for she favour'd both :)
Just as in act he stood, in clouds inshrin'd,
Her hand she fasten'd on his hair behind;
Then backward by his yellow curls she drew;
To him, and him alone confess'd in view.
Tam'd by superior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghast at first, and stupid with surprize:
But by her sparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin-warrior known, he thus bespoke.

Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my wrongs?
To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs?

Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus rejoin'd;
I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If reason will resume her sov'reign sway,
And sent by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal she loves you both, and I protect;
Then give thy guardian Gods their due respect;
And cease contention; be thy words severe,
Sharp as he merits: but the sword forbear,

An hour unhop'd already wings her way,
 When he his dire affront shall dearly pay :
 When the proud king shall sue, with treble gain,
 To quit thy loss, and conquer thy disdain.
 But thou, secure of my unfailing word,
 Compose thy swelling soul, and sheath the sword.

The youth thus answer'd mild; Auspicious
 Maid,

Heav'n's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.
 The Gods are just, and when, subduing sense,
 We serve their Pow'rs, provide the recompence.
 He said; with surly faith believ'd her word,
 And in the sheath, reluctant, plung'd the sword.
 Her message done, she mounts the bless'd abodes,
 And mix'd among the senate of the Gods.

At her departure his disdain return'd :
 The fire she fann'd, with greater fury burn'd ;
 Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent :
 Dastard, and drunkard, mean and insolent :
 Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
 In threats the foremost, but the lag in fight ;
 When didst thou thrust amid the mingled preace,
 Content to bid the war aloof in peace ?
 Arms are the trade of each plebeian soul ;
 'Tis death to fight ; but kingly to controul.

Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary pow'r,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
These, traitor, are thy talents; safer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldst thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their souls as abject as their state.
But, by this scepter, solemnly I swear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch
shall bear :

Torn from the tree, and giv'n by Jove to those
Who laws dispense, and mighty wrongs oppose)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift shall bribe it, and no pray'r persuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield
His conqu'ring arms, with corps to strow the field,
Then shalt thou mourn thy pride; and late confess
My wrong repented, when 'tis past redress.
He said : and with disdain, in open view,
Against the ground his golden sceptre threw;
Then fate : with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnashing grinders churn'd.

But from his seat the Pylian prince arose,
With reas'ning mild, their madness to compose :
Words, sweet as honey, from his mouth distill'd ;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd ;

And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for courage; still in council great.

What worse, he said, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than these distemper'd heats? If both the lights
Of Greece their private int'rest disunites!
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
And let these youthful passions be repress'd:
I flourish'd long before your birth; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men,
Than these dim eyes shall e'er behold agen. }
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theseus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With these I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide; their fame to share.
Nor idle stood with unassisting hands,
When salvage beasts, and men's more salvage bands,
Their virtuous toil subdu'd: yet those I sway'd,
With pow'rful speech: I spoke, and they obey'd.
If such as those my counsels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminish'd name,
Shall lose of lustre, by subjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.
Thou, king of men, stretch not thy sov'reign sway
Beyond the bounds free subjects can obey:

But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
 Atchiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
 Nor, thou, brave champion, with his pow'r con-
 tend,
 Before whose throne, ev'n kings their lower'd
 scepters bend.

The head of action he, and thou the hand,
 Matchless thy force; but mightier his command:
 Thou first, O king, release the rights of sway;
 Pow'r, self-restrain'd, the people best obey.
 Sanctions of law from thee derive their source;
 Command thyself, whom no commands can force.
 The son of Thetis, rampire of our host, [lost.
 Is worth our care to keep; nor shall my pray'rs be

Thus Nestor said, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
 His silence next; but ponder'd ere he spoke.
 Wise are thy words, and glad I would obey,
 But this proud man affects imperial sway.
 Controuling kings, and trampling on our state,
 His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
 The Gods have giv'n him strength: but whence
 the stile

Of lawless pow'r assum'd, or licence to revile?
 Achilles cut him short; and thus reply'd:
 My worth allow'd in words, is in effect deny'd.

For who but a poltron, possess'd with fear,
 Such haughty insolence can tamely bear?
 Command thy slaves: my freeborn soul disdains
 A tyrant's curb; and restiff breaks the reins.
 Take this along; that no dispute shall rise
 (Tho mine the woman) for my ravish'd prize:
 But she excepted, as unworthy strife,
 Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,
 Touch ought of mine beside, by lot my due,
 But stand aloof, and think profane to view:
 This fauchion, else, not hitherto withstood,
 These hostile fields shall fatten with thy blood.

He said; and rose the first: the council broke;
 And all their grave consults dissolv'd in smoke.

The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance vent,
 Patroclus follow'd silent to his tent.

Mean time, the king with gifts a vessel stores;
 Supplies the banks with twenty chosen oars:
 And next, to reconcile the shooter God,
 Within her hollow fides the sacrifice he stow'd:
 Chryseis last was set on board; whose hand
 Ulysses took, intrusted with command:
 They plow the liquid seas, and leave the less'ning
 land.

Atrides then, his outward zeal to boast,
 Bade purify the sin-polluted host.

With perfect hecatombs the God they grac'd ;
 Whose offer'd entrails in the main were cast.
 Black bulls, and bearded goats on altars lie ;
 And clouds of sav'ry stench involve the sky.
 These pomps the royal hypocrite design'd
 For shew ; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind :
 Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
 At length discover'd his conceal'd intent.
 Talthybius, and Eurybates the just,
 Heralds of arms, and ministers of trust,
 He call'd, and thus bespoke : Haste hence your
 way ;

And from the Goddeſs-born demand his prey.
 If yielded, bring the captive : if deny'd,
 The king (ſo tell him) ſhall chaſtiſe his
 pride :

And with arm'd multitudes in perſon come
 To vindicate his pow'r, and juſtify his doom.

This hard command unwilling they obey,
 And o'er the barren ſhore purſue their way,
 Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Theſſa-
 lians lay. }

Their ſov'reign ſeated on his chair, they find ;
 His penſive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
 And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind. }

With

With gloomy looks he saw them ent'ring in
 Without salute: nor durst they first begin,
 Fearful of rash offence and death foreseen.
 He soon the cause divining, clear'd his brow;
 And thus did liberty of speech allow.

Interpreters of Gods and Men, be bold:
 Awful your character, and uncontroll'd,
 Howe'er unpleasing be the news you bring,
 I blame not you, but your imperious king.
 You come, I know, my captive to demand;
 Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand.
 But you, authentic witnesses I bring,
 Before the Gods, and your ungrateful king;
 Of this my manifest: that never more
 This hand shall combat on the crooked shore;
 No, let the Grecian pow'rs oppress'd in fight,
 Unpity'd perish in their tyrant's fight.
 Blind of the future, and by rage misled,
 He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
 Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
 And his insulted camp from foes defend.
 He said, and soon obeying his intent,
 Patroclus brought Briseis from her tent;
 Then to th' intrusted messengers resign'd:
 She wept, and often cast her eyes behind:

Forc'd from the man she lov'd: they led her
thence,

Along the shore, a pris'ner to their prince.

Sole on the barren sands the suff'ring chief
Roar'd out for anguish, and indulg'd his grief.
Cast on his kindred seas a stormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus bespoke.

Unhappy parent, of a short-liv'd son,
Since Jove in pity by thy pray'rs was won
To grace my small remains of breath with
fame,

Why loads he this imbitter'd life with shame?
Suff'ring his king of men to force my slave,
Whom, well deserv'd in war, the Grecians gave.

Set by old Ocean's side the Goddess heard;
Then from the sacred deep her head she rear'd:
Rose like a morning-mist; and thus begun
To sooth the sorrows of her plaintive son.
Why cries my Care, and why conceals his
smart?

Let thy afflicted parent share her part.

Then, sighing from the bottom of his breast,
To the Sea-Goddess thus the Goddess-born ad-
dres'd.

Thou know'st my pain, which telling but recalls:
By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls;

The ranfack'd city, taken by our toils,
 We left, and hither brought the golden spoils;
 Equal we shar'd them; but before the rest,
 The proud Prerogative had seiz'd the best.

Chryseis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
 Chryseis rosy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
 Her fire, Apollo's priest, arriv'd to buy,
 With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughter's
 liberty.

Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood,
 Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his God:
 Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
 Held forth his laurel-crown, and one, his scepter
 of command.

His suit was common, but above the rest
 To both the brother-princes was address'd.
 With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
 To take the gifts, to set the pris'ner free.
 Not so the tyrant, who with scorn the priest
 Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words dismiss'd.
 The good old man, forlorn of human aid,
 For vengeance to his heav'nly patron pray'd:
 The Godhead gave a favourable ear,
 And granted all to him he held so dear;

In an ill hour his piercing shafts he sped ;
 And heaps on heaps of slaughter'd Greeks lay
 dead,

While round the camp he rang'd : at length arose
 A seer who well divin'd ; and durst disclose
 The source of all our ills : I took the word ;
 And urg'd the sacred slave to be restor'd,
 The God appeas'd : the swelling monarch storm'd :
 And then the vengeance vow'd, he since perform'd :
 The Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
 Have to the royal priest his daughter sent ;
 But from their haughty king his heralds came,
 And seiz'd, by his command, my captive dame,
 By common suffrage giv'n ; but, thou, be won,
 If in thy pow'r, t' avenge thy injur'd son :
 Ascend the skies ; and supplicating move
 Thy just complaint, to cloud-compelling Jove.]
 If thou by either word or deed hast wrought
 A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
 Urge him by that : for often hast thou said
 Thy pow'r was once not useless in his aid,
 When he, who high above the highest reigns,
 Surpris'd by traitor Gods, was bound in chains.
 When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
 And his blue brother of the seas conspir'd,

Thou freed'st the sovereign from unworthy bands,
 Thou brought'st Briareus with his hundred
 hands,

(So call'd in heav'n, but mortal men below

By his terrestrial name *Ægeon* know :

Twice stronger than his fire, who fate above
 Assessor to the throne of thund'ring Jove.)

The Gods, dismay'd at his approach, withdrew,
 Nor durst their unaccomplish'd crime pursue.

That action to his grateful mind recal ;

Embrace his knees, and at his footstool fall :

That now, if ever, he will aid our foes ;

Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp inclose :

Ours beaten to the shore, the siege forsake ;

And what their king deserves, with him partake.

That the proud tyrant, at his proper cost,

May learn the value of the man he lost.

To whom the Mother-goddess thus reply'd,

Sigh'd ere she spoke, and while she spoke she cry'd,

Ah wretched me ! by fates averse, decreed,

To bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed !

Did envious heav'n not otherwise ordain,

Safe in thy hollow ships thou shouldst remain ;

Nor ever tempt the fatal field again.

But now thy planet sheds his pois'nous rays
 And short, and full of sorrow are thy days.
 For what remains, to heav'n I will ascend,
 And at the Thund'rer's throne thy suit commend.
 Till then, secure in ships, abstain from fight;
 Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy spight.
 For yesterday the court of heav'n with Jove
 Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.

Twelve days the Gods their solemn revels keep,
 And quaff with blameless Ethiops in the deep.
 Return'd from thence, to heav'n my flight I take,
 Knock at the brazen gates, and Providence awake.
 Embrace his knees, and suppliant to the fire,
 Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy desire.

She said: and parting left him on the place,
 Swoln with disdain, resenting his disgrace:
 Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
 He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.

Mean time with prosp'rous gales Ulysses
 brought

The slave, and ship with sacrifices fraught,
 To Chrysa's port: where ent'ring with the tide
 He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he ply'd.
 Furl'd every sail, and drawing down the mast,
 His vessel moor'd; and made with haulsers fast,

Descending on the plain, ashore they bring
 The hecatomb to please the shooter king.
 The dame before an altar's holy fire
 Ulysses led; and thus bespoke her fire.

Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd:
 The king of men thy daughter has restor'd;
 And sent by me with presents and with pray'r;
 He recommends him to thy pious care.
 That Phœbus at thy suit his wrath may cease,
 And give the penitent offenders peace.

He said, and gave her to her father's hands,
 Who glad receiv'd her, free from servile bands.
 This done, in order they, with sober grace,
 Their gifts around the well-built altar place.
 Then wash'd, and took the cakes; while Chryses
 stood

With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his God.

God of the silver bow, whose eyes survey	}
The sacred Cilla, thou whose awful sway	
Chrysa the bless'd, and Tenedos obey:	
Now hear, as thou before my pray'r hast heard,	
Against the Grecians, and their prince, preferr'd:	
Once thou hast honour'd, honour once again	
Thy priest; nor let his second vows be vain,	

But from th' afflicted host and humbled prince
Avert thy wrath, and cease thy pestilence.
Apollo heard, and conquering his disdain,
Unbent his bow, and Greece respir'd again.

Now when the solemn rites of pray'r were past,
Their salted cakes on crackling flames they cast.
Then, turning back, the sacrifice they sped:
The fatted oxen flew, and flea'd the dead.
Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd
T' involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
Sweet-breads and collops were with skewers
prick'd

About the sides; imbibing what they deck'd.
The priest with holy hands was seen to tine
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire, and as it burn'd
On five sharp broachers rank'd, the roast they
turn'd;

These morsels stay'd their stomachs; then the rest
They cut in legs and fillets for the feast;
Which drawn and serv'd, their hunger they
appease

With sav'ry meat, and set their minds at ease.

Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'd.

The first libations to the Gods they pour :
 And then with songs indulge the genial hour.
 Holy debauch ? Till day to night they bring,
 With hymns and peæns to the bowyer king.
 At sun-set to their ship they make return,
 And snore secure on decks, till rosy morn.

The skies with dawning day were purpled
 o'er;

Awak'd, with lab'ring oars they leave the shore :
 The Pow'r appeas'd, with winds suffic'd the
 sail,

The bellying canvas strutted with the gale ;
 The waves indignant roar with surly pride,
 And press against the sides, and beaten off divide.
 They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
 Superior, till the Trojan port they held :
 Then hauling on the strand their gally moor,
 And pitch their tents along the crooked shore.

Mean time the Goddess-born in secret pin'd ;
 Nor visited the camp, nor in the council join'd,
 But keeping close, his gnawing heart he fed
 With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head :
 And wish'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
 And of the Greeks oppress'd in fight to hear the
 dying sounds.

Now, when twelve days compleat had run their
race,

The Gods bethought them of the cares belonging
to their place.

Jove at their head ascending from the sea,
A shoal of puny Pow'rs attend his way.

Then Thetis, not unmindful of her son,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Pursu'd their track ; and waken'd from his rest,
Before the sovereign stood a morning guest.

Him in the circle, but apart, she found :

The rest at awful distance stood around.

She bow'd, and ere she durst her sute begin,

One hand embrac'd his knees, one prop'd his
chin.

Then thus. If I, celestial fire, in ought
Have serv'd thy will, or gratify'd thy thought,
One glimpse of glory to my issue give ;
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.

Dishonour'd by the king of men he stands :

His rightful prize is ravish'd from his hands.

But thou, O father, in my son's defence,

Assume thy pow'r, assert thy providence.

Let Troy prevail, till Greece th' affront has paid

With doubled honours ; and redeem'd his aid.

She ceas'd, but the confid'ring God was
mute :

Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her sute :
Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply,
Or grant me my petition, or deny :
Jove cannot fear : then tell me to my face
That I, of all the Gods, am least in grace.
This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
And sighing first, this answer he return'd.

Know'ft thou what clamors will disturb my
reign,

What my stunn'd ears from Juno must sustain ?
In council she gives licence to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.
And now she will my partial pow'r upbraid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.
But thou depart, and shun her jealous sight,
The care be mine, to do Pelides right.
Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely :
When nodding to thy sute, he bows the sky.
This ratifies th' irrevocable doom :
The sign ordain'd, that what I will shall come :
The stamp of heav'n, and seal of fate. He said,
And shook the sacred honours of his head.
With terror trembled heav'n's subsiding hill :
And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil.

The Goddess goes exulting from his sight,
And seeks the seas profound; and leaves the
realms of light.

He moves into his hall: the Pow'rs resort,
Each from his house to fill the sovereign's court.
Nor waiting summons, nor expecting stood;
But met with reverence, and receiv'd the God.
He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place:
But sullen discontent fate low'ring on her face.
With jealous eyes, at distance she had seen,
Whisp'ring with Jove, the silver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of tongue (her silence broke)
Thus turbulent in rattling tone she spoke.

Author of ills, and close contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what prostitute of love,
Has held thy ear so long, and begg'd so hard,
For some old service done, some new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that's your special care,
The comfort never must the council share.
One gracious word is for a wife too much:
Such is a marriage-vow, and Jove's own faith is
such.

Then thus the Sire of Gods, and men below,
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
Ev'n Goddesses are women: and no wife
Has pow'r to regulate her husband's life:

Counsel she may ; and I will give thy ear
 The knowledge first, of what is fit to hear,
 What I transact with others, or alone,
 Beware to learn ; nor press too near the throne.
 To whom the Goddess with the charming
 eyes,

What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies !
 When did I search the secrets of thy reign,
 Tho' privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in vain ?
 But well thou do'st, to hide from common sight
 Thy close intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
 Nor doubt I, but the silver-footed dame,
 Tripping from sea, on such an errand came,
 To grace her issue, at the Grecians cost,
 And for one peevish man destroy an host.

To whom the Thund'rer made this stern
 reply ;

My household curse, my lawful plague, the spy
 Of Jove's designs, his other squinting eye ;
 Why this vain prying, and for what avail ?
 Jove will be master still, and Juno fail.
 Should thy suspicious thoughts divine aright,
 Thou but becom'st more odious to my sight,
 For this attempt : uneasy life to me,
 Still watch'd, and importun'd, but worse for
 thee.

Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late
 The Gods behold, and tremble at thy fate.
 Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
 To lift a hand against Omnipotence.

This heard, th' imperious Queen fate mute
 with fear :

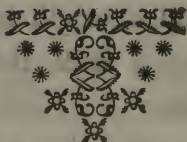
Nor further durst incense the gloomy Thunderer.
 Silence was in the court at this rebuke :
 Nor could the Gods abash'd, sustain their so-
 v'reign's look.

The limping Smith observ'd the sadden'd feast,
 And hopping here and there, (himself a jest)
 Put in his word, that neither might offend ;
 To Jove obsequious, yet his mother's friend.
 What end in heav'n will be of civil war,
 If Gods of pleasure will for mortals jar ?
 Such discord but disturbs our jovial feast ;
 One grain of bad, embitters all the best.
 Mother, tho wise yourself, my counsel weigh ;
 'Tis much unsafe my sire to disobey.
 Not only you provoke him to your cost,
 But mirth is marr'd, and the good chear is lost.
 Tempt not his heavy hand ; for he has pow'r
 To throw you headlong, from his heav'nly tow'r.
 But one submissive word, which you let fall,
 Will make him in good humour with us all.

He said no more ; but crown'd a bowl, unbid :
 The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid :
 Then put it to her hand ; and thus pursu'd,
 This curst quarrel be no more renew'd.
 Be, as becomes a wife, obedient still ;
 Tho griev'd, yet subject to her husband's will.
 I would not see you beaten ; yet afraid
 Of Jove's superior force, I dare not aid.
 Too well I know him, since that hapless hour
 When I, and all the Gods employ'd our pow'r
 To break your bonds : me by the heel he drew,
 And o'er heav'n's battlements with fury threw.
 All day I fell ; my flight at morn begun,
 And ended not but with the setting sun.
 Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian ground
 Receiv'd my batter'd skull, the Sinthians heal'd
 my wound.

At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother smil'd,
 And smiling took the cup the clown had fill'd.
 The reconciler-bowl went round the board,
 Which empty'd, the rude skinker still restor'd.
 Loud fits of laughter seiz'd the guests, to see
 The limping God so deft at his new ministry.
 The feast continu'd till declining light :
 They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then
 'twas night.

Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire ;
 The Muses sung ; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
 Drunken at last, and drowsy they depart,
 Each to his house ; adorn'd with labour'd art
 Of the lame architect : the thund'ring God
 Ev'n he withdrew to rest, and had his load.
 His swimming head to needful sleep apply'd ;
 And Juno lay unheeded by his side.



HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

From the Sixth Book of the I L I A D.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hector, returning from the field of battle, to visit Helen his sister-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand to hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to see his wife Andromache, and his infant son Astyanax. The description of that interview is the subject of this translation.

THUS having said, brave Hector went to see
His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.

He found her not at home; for she was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant son,
To climb the steepy tow'r of Ilion: }

From whence, with heavy heart, she might survey
The bloody business of the dreadful day.

Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain,
And sought the lord of her desires in vain.

But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When she, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and ask'd of ev'ry one,
Which way she took, and whither she was gone;

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If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
 In long procession to Minerva's fane?
 The servants answer'd, Neither to the court,
 Where Priam's sons and daughters did resort,
 Nor to the temple was she gone, to move
 With prayers the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove;
 But more solicitous for him alone,
 Than all their safety, to the tow'r was gone,
 There to survey the labours of the field,
 Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield;
 Swiftly she pass'd, with fear and fury wild;
 The nurse went lagging after with the child.

This heard, the noble Hector made no stay;
 Th' admiring throng divide, to give him way;
 He pass'd thro' every street, by which he came,
 And at the gate he met the mournful dame.

His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
 Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
 His wife, who brought in dow'r Cilicia's crown,
 And, in herself, a greater dow'r alone:
 Aetion's heir, who on the woody plain
 Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign.
 Breathless she flew, with joy and passion wild;
 The nurse came lagging after with her child.

The royal babe upon her breast was laid;
 Who, like the morning star, his beams display'd.

Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave :
But him Aftyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.

Hector beheld him with a silent smile ;
His tender wife stood weeping by the while :
Press'd in her own, his warlike hand she took,
Then sigh'd, and thus prophetically spoke.

Thy dauntless heart (which I foresee too late)
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate :
Nor dost thou pity, with a parent's mind,
This helpless orphan, whom thou leav'st behind ;
Nor me, th' unhappy partner of thy bed ;
Who must in triumph by the Greeks be led :
They seek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppress thy single might :
Better it were for miserable me
To die, before the fate which I foresee.
For ah ! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death ?

Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years :
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left ;
By stern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
His fatal hand my royal father slew ;

He flew Aetion, but despoil'd him not ;
 Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot ;
 Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below,
 And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe :
 A tomb he rais'd ; the mountain nymphs around
 Inclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.

My seven brave brothers in one fatal day
 To death's dark mansions took the mournful way ;
 Slain by the same Achilles, while they keep
 The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep.
 My mother, who the royal sceptre sway'd,
 Was captive to the cruel victor made,
 And hither led ; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
 Her native country did again behold,
 And but beheld : for soon Diana's dart
 In an unhappy chace transfix'd her heart.

But thou, my Hector, art thyself alone
 My parents, brothers, and my lord in one :
 O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
 Nor tempt the dangers of the dusty plain ;
 But in this tow'r, for our defence, remain.
 Thy wife and son are in thy ruin lost :
 This is a husband's and a father's post.
 The Scæan gate commands the plains below ;
 Here marshal all thy soldiers as they go ;
 And hence with other hands repel the foe.

By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief ascent,
 And thither all their pow'rs are daily bent :
 The two Ajaces have I often seen,
 And the wrong'd husband of the Spartan queen :
 With him his greater brother ; and with these
 Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones :
 Uncertain if by augury, or chance,
 But by this easy rise they all advance ;
 Guard well that pass, secure of all beside.
 To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd.

That and the rest are in my daily care ;
 But should I shun the dangers of the war,
 With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
 And their proud ladies with their sweeping trains.
 The Grecian swords and lances I can bear :
 But loss of honour is my only fear.
 Shall Hector, born to war, his birth-right yield,
 Belye his courage, and forsake the field ?
 Early in rugged arms I took delight,
 And still have been the foremost in the fight :
 With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
 And am the champion of my father's crown.
 And yet my mind forebodes, with sure presage,
 That Troy shall perish by the Grecian rage.
 The fatal day draws on, when I must fall ;
 And universal ruin cover all.

Not Troy itself, tho built by hands divine,
 Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
 My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
 Whose valour yet defends th' unhappy town;
 Not these, nor all their fates which I foresee,
 Are half of that concern I have for thee.
 I see, I see thee, in that fatal hour,
 Subjected to the victor's cruel pow'r;
 Led hence a slave to some insulting sword,
 Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
 A spectacle in Argos, at the loom,
 Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
 Or from deep wells the living stream to take,
 And on thy weary shoulders bring it back.
 While, groaning under this laborious life,
 They insolently call thee Hector's wife;
 Upbraid thy bondage with thy husband's name;
 And from my glory propagate thy shame.
 This when they say, thy sorrows will increase
 With anxious thoughts of former happiness;
 That he is dead who could thy wrongs redress. }
 But I, oppress'd with iron sleep before,
 Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.

He said—

Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
 The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.

The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
 And on his nurse's neck reclining lay,
 His unknown father shunning with affright,
 And looking back on so uncouth a sight ;
 Daunted to see a face with steel o'er-spread,
 And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
 His fire and mother smil'd with silent joy ;
 And Hector hasten'd to relieve his boy ;
 Dismis'd his burnish'd helm, that shone afar,
 The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war :
 Th' illustrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took :
 Hugg'd in his arms, and kiss'd, and thus he spoke.

Parent of Gods and Men, propitious Jove,
 And you bright synod of the Pow'rs above ;
 On this my son your gracious gifts bestow ;
 Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
 To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
 To shield the people, and assert the crown :
 That, when hereafter he from war shall come ;
 And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
 Some aged man, who lives this act to see,
 And who in former times remember'd me,
 May say, the son in fortitude and fame
 Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name :
 That at these words his mother may rejoice,
 And add her suffrage to the public voice.

Thus having said,
 He first with suppliant hands the Gods ador'd :
 Then to the mother's arms the child restor'd :

With tears and smiles she took her son, and press'd
 Th' illustrious infant to her fragrant breast.
 He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
 And eas'd her sorrows with this last relief.

My wife and mistress, drive thy fears away,
 Nor give so bad an omen to the day;
 Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
 To take my life before the fatal hour.

When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
 Th' irrevocable doom of destiny.

Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
 There task thy maids, and exercise the loom,
 Employ'd in works that womankind become. }

The toils of war, and feats of chivalry
 Belong to men, and most of all to me.

At this, for new replies he did not stay,
 But lac'd his crested helm, and strode away.
 His lovely consort to her house return'd,
 And looking often back in silence mourn'd:
 Home when she came, her secret woe she vents,
 And fills the palace with her loud laments;
 Those loud laments her echoing maids restore,
 And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

F I N I S.









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